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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER

K.C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L., D.Litt.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

REMINISCENCES OF JESUS
BY AN EYE-WITNESS

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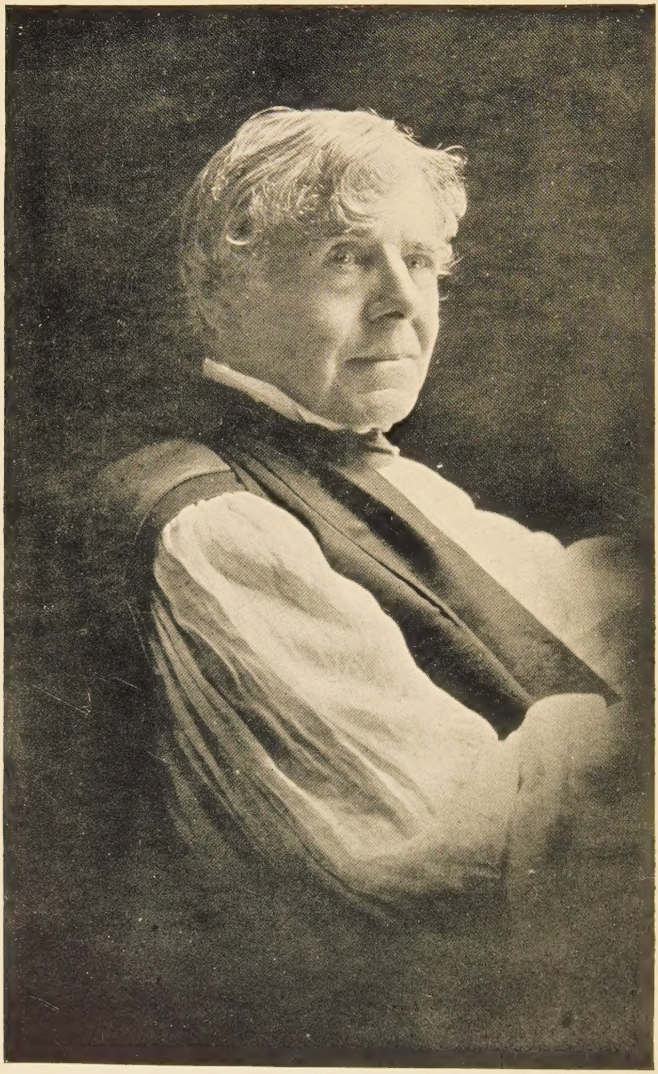

WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, 1912 A.D.

Frontispiece]

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER

K.C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L., D.Litt.

BISHOP OF RIPON, CHAPLAIN TO QUEEN VICTORIA, AND CLERK OF THE CLOSET TO EDWARD VII. AND GEORGE V.

BY

H. D. A. MAJOR, M.A., D.D.

PRINCIPAL OF RIPON HALL, OXFORD, AND SOMETIME LIBRARIAN AT THE PALACE, RIPON

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PREFACE

Of the great prelates of the Victorian Age, Blomfield, Tait, Temple, Benson, Lightfoot, Westcott, Magee, Creighton, none was quite as distinguished for pulpit eloquence and personal charm as William Boyd Carpenter. In consequence, it has come to be supposed that he was distinguished for nothing else. Popular gifts deprive their possessor of a reputation for solid virtues. This biographical sketch, based upon the study of a great mass of material, consisting of diaries, notebooks, correspondence, press reports, published works, and personal knowledge (for the writer was the Bishop's Librarian for seven years), indicates that William Boyd Carpenter was very much more than an eloquent and courtly Victorian prelate. He was not only an active pastor and hard-working bishop, the originator of a number of practical Church reforms, but also a Christian prophet.

It is the fashion of our complacent Georgian idealists to regard the Victorian Age as a sort of Cimmerian Chaos of competitive industrialism, scientific materialism, and smug hypocrisy, and to ignore the extraordinary amount of work the Victorians accomplished in the spheres of intellectual enlightenment and of political and social reform. The Victorians had their ignorances and

their limitations, their sickly sentiment and their bad taste, and the age that follows them is highly sensitive to their defects. But the Victorians had great courage, great energy, and great kindness of heart. William Boyd Carpenter shared to a remarkable degree in the intellectual, religious, and social aspirations of his age.

Like the heroes of faith in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, he saw and saluted the Divine Promises afar off. In the researches and working hypotheses of the Age of Science in which his lot was cast, he thought he perceived principles and results which were of supreme importance for the moral and spiritual education of his fellow human beings, and his evolution as a Christian teacher and leader is marked by an eager effort to understand them, and to utilise them in his presentation of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. His chief merit is that he strove to do this, and did it with remarkable deftness, when not a few of his clerical contemporaries thought of them as errors to be confuted, or as "profane novelties" to be vilified and abhorred.

William Boyd Carpenter, although not a socialist but an individualist, shared to the full in the Victorian dreams of social betterment. He advocated a national system of old age pensions long before it became practical politics, and defended the Salvation Army when it had few friends. Although the Bishop never identified the Kingdom of God with meat and drink, but with love, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost, yet his Gospel was essentially a Gospel of this life. It was very far removed from the Gospel of the

enlightened Bishop Butler, who in the preceding century could plead for the evangelisation of our West Indian slaves without pleading for their liberation.

"If the necessity of the case requires that they may be treated with the utmost rigour that humanity will at all permit, as they certainly are; and, for our advantage, made as miserable as they well can be in the present world; this surely heightens our obligation to put them into as advantageous a situation as we are able, with regard to another." *

Bishop Boyd Carpenter's Gospel was much more concerned with here and now than with there and hereafter.

In a Church which was becoming rapidly clericalised, Boyd Carpenter was essentially a layman's bishop: he had little understanding of, and little sympathy with, the clerical mind. Hierarchical dignity and ecclesiastical professionalism were utterly repugnant to him. He told with verve the anecdote of the patient who said: "Now, doctor, don't be professional, but tell me the truth."

His dislike of professionalism was symbolised by his refusal to wear gaiters, so felicitously described by a newspaper reporter on a notable occasion.

"When the bishops unrobed in the crypt of St. Paul's after the service, it was observed that the Bishop of Ripon alone was wearing trousers."

* Butler's *Public Sermons*, i. § 8.

Asceticism and ritualism, not self-sacrificing service and seemly order, were repugnant to him. They seemed to embody and proclaim a false conception of the Christian religion. The service of God he believed to be natural in the highest sense of that term. Human duties were Divine duties: hence for an Englishman the service of the Church could not be divorced from service to the Nation.

These ideals are not popular in clerical circles to-day, but had Church leaders of the Bishop's type been multiplied, and had his temper and outlook prevailed, the Church of England would have commanded an influence with the nation incomparably greater than that which it at present possesses. Those who knew Boyd Carpenter best may often have forgotten that he was a bishop, but they could never fail to be conscious that they were in the presence of a personality essentially Christian and essentially human.

> "Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

The Bishop wrote two volumes of autobiography: *Some Pages of My Life* (1910), and *Further Pages of My Life* (1916).*

These volumes deal mainly with his family and personal life, and somewhat fully with his experiences as a Court Chaplain. They are brimful of picturesque detail and human interest, but inadvertently they do their author something of an injustice. They give an impression that

* Published by Williams & Norgate.

they are written by one more interested in small things than in great, and more concerned with personal relationships than with public duties. The self-sacrificing energy and uncompromising principles which dominated his life can hardly be said to stand out at all in these volumes. As we lay them down we murmur to ourselves: "How delightful to be a Victorian bishop!"

In this volume I have made no attempt to traverse ground which the Bishop had already covered. Intimate personal experiences are best told at first hand as he has told them. I have attempted rather to deal with his life in its public aspects and relationships. What shall I live for? is the main problem which life presents for solution to Adamus Adami. A modern humorist sets forth parabolically rather than historically the difficulty of decision.

> The great Emperor Otto
> Could not decide on a motto.
> His mind wavered between
> "*L'état c'est Moi*" and "*Ich dien.*"

Ich dien is the motto which the life of William Boyd Carpenter expresses. Beneath his gentle manner and ready wit were serious purposes, unflinching principles, and high endeavour.

I wish to thank those who kindly lent me letters which they had received from the Bishop. Where those letters have been used, acknowledgments are made in the text. Where no acknowledgment is made of the source of letters and documents, these have come from the Bishop's executors and family, who entrusted me with all the correspondence and papers in their possession.

I am greatly indebted to the Rev. A. W. Fletcher, M.A., LL.B., sometime Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop, for carefully reading and cataloguing some 5000 letters of the Bishop's correspondence. I am equally indebted to the Rev. Charles Jenkinson, B.A., LL.B., for his help in classifying the contents of the Bishop's papers and diaries. I am indebted to my wife for the index and much laborious typing.

HENRY D. A. MAJOR.

RIPON HALL, OXFORD,
December 31, 1924.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

William Boyd Carpenter was born on March 26, 1841, in Liverpool. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Carpenter, M.A., Minister of St. Michael's Church in that city. His mother was Hester, daughter of Archibald Boyd of Londonderry. His maternal grandmother was Anne MacNeill, daughter of Duncan MacNeill of Dunmore, whose other daughter, Hester, married John MacNeill, K.C.B., V.C., of Colonsay, who became equerry to Queen Victoria. This Highland lineage, which is redolent of R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, made the future bishop a connection by marriage of that great Victorian nobleman, the Duke of Argyll, and a cousin of one of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting.

His mother's family, the Boyds, were a vigorous North of Ireland stock. One of the future bishop's uncles, Archibald Boyd, who died Dean of Exeter, enjoyed, when Vicar of Christchurch, Cheltenham, the doubtful privilege of having as his curate F. W. Robertson of Brighton. "It's ill work," said Mrs. Carlyle, "being married to a

genius," and it is probably only one degree less difficult for a normal Church of England incumbent to have a Christian prophet as his curate. Robertson of Brighton, who had a tender regard for his vicar's sister, addressed to her some interesting letters which were afterwards published by the Bishop.*

Another uncle, Robert Boyd, achieved fame and an early death by his execution at Malaga in consequence of his heroic but ill-fated effort to assist the Spanish patriot Torrijos (1881) to achieve the freedom of his country.

Another uncle, John MacNeill Boyd, R.N., captain of H.M.S. *Ajax*, sacrificed his life in an endeavour to rescue the crew of the brig *Neptune* in a terrific storm off Kingstown harbour in 1861. His heroism is commemorated by a statue erected by public subscription in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, and by a tablet in Londonderry cathedral.

One of the future Bishop's aunts, Anne Boyd, was married to Major-General Marcus Antonius Waters, who served in the Peninsula and was present at Waterloo.

Another aunt was married to General Colby, a distinguished Engineer officer, whom the future Bishop as a boy scrutinised with more than ordinary interest when on sitting down to dinner he screwed a fork on to his left arm, having lost his hand in an explosion.

Charles Dickens said : " Great men have only one parent—a mother." This was true in William Boyd Carpenter's case. His natural

* *Some Further Pages of My Life*, pp. 182–203.

gifts were his mother's; though it is but just to add that his character owed not a little to his father's training.

Of his father, a conscientious parochial clergyman, he wrote: "He liked sobriety of behaviour, carefulness in expenditure, promptness in action, diligence in business." All these became characteristic of his son. His father had a good library, "never less than four or five thousand volumes," and he took the greatest interest in his son's studies. His son tells how he helped him to prepare for his first examination in *Cæsar*.

"He went over the book, or portion of it, required for the examination. He marked with a pencil the passages in which I was weak or hesitating. The next morning, before I was well awake, my father was at my bedside—Cæsar's *Commentaries* in his hand—and, then and there, he made me go over the marked passages. It was during this twice-repeated process that I awoke to the value of selecting the right word in translating."

A kind, conscientious, methodical man, but little like his brilliant son.

The future Bishop's mother was of a deeply religious nature, high intelligence, immense energy, and possessed of a most beautiful voice. In later years her son wrote:

"I have heard many singers like Patti and Albani. They in their day have pleased me well, but there was no voice among them which could compare with my mother's for truthfulness and tenderness of tone. . . . . We were thus

early trained to love and appreciate good music. It is true that we heard poor music elsewhere, but at home we heard only what was good; our ears were accustomed to precision, and false notes became painful. . . . Frankly, my mother's singing spoiled us for the ordinary school-girl performances, and the pretentious drawing-room vocalist was a veritable abomination to us. Looking back through the many experiences of musical delight which have been mine, I can find no such heart-contenting gladness which music ever brought to me equal to that which I felt when my mother sang and we listened. . . . And I know that not alone her character, but this wonderful gift of her voice, wrought with great influence upon my thoughts and feelings, and became a formative power, in many ways, in my life. Perhaps the power of the influence was great because it was seldom directly exercised. . . . She held us always under the spell and charm of her personality and her voice; and when she drew me near to her, and spoke of right and truth and of divine love, she moved me even to tears."

Devoted to parish work, first in her husband's parish, then in her son's, she found her main interest in it rather than in domesticity. Within a year of her death (she was eighty-seven when she died), she made the annual excursion with the women of her Bible class.

William Boyd Carpenter was born into an early Victorian home, and a clerical one to boot, but Samuel Butler's experiences as related in *The Way of All Flesh* were not his. It was a home of tender love and sincere religious feeling, with no luxuries and few exciting pleasures, and he looked back with affection on its simplicity,

dutifulness, and refinement. Such a home to the modern Georgian will seem insufferably drab and painfully Philistine, yet fifty years hence we shall probably discover that the secret of Victorian greatness is to be found in the purity and affection of its home-life.

The Victorians, at least the good ones, were sentimentalists, and the following letter written to the Bishop's mother by J. S. B. Monsell (1811–75), the hymn-writer (author of *Fight the Good Fight*), is sentimental enough, but it indicates sufficiently clearly the atmosphere of the home in which the Bishop was bred :—

Egham Vicarage, Surrey,
7th June, 1869 (?).

My dear Friend,

Oh, how dear were the days in which I remember you and your sweet voice, and sweeter spirits, and all the gentleness and quiet brightness which were around you! When I recall your image near that of the pleasantest of women, your dear mother, or under that roof, to me the dearest and brightest that ever was above my head—the roof of your sainted father's home.

Another, when your lot became one with that dear and holy man, whom I always admired and loved, my interest in you did not become less tho' our intercourse from distance declined. That pleasant evening under your roof in Liverpool, which I do often think of with delight, and all the quiet fun we had together.

Oh, my dear friend, be sure of this, that no new friends can displace in my heart the dear old ones that my childhood knew, and you are amongst them.

Ever your very affectionate old friend,
John Monsell.

In later life the Bishop was of opinion that a great public school is not in most cases a good training-ground for a parochial clergyman. It stamps its member's manner and mind as one of a class. William Boyd Carpenter had no such experience. He was educated at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. As a schoolboy he showed no particular proficiency in studies or athletics. One of his school-fellows, Sir Dyce Duckworth, remembers him only at this period as being rather small for his age. He read much general literature. He writes of those days :

" As for books, we were fond of reading. We devoured all romances and stories which came in our way. These, however, were few compared with the numbers which are found on modern drawing-room tables. My first money spent in books went in the purchase of Coleridge and a little book containing the works of Beattie, Collins, and Gray. I don't think I read all these. Gray, I remember, did not appeal to me. I think Beattie did, and parts of Collins. Byron fascinated me for a time, till Tennyson came on the horizon."

The school curriculum was varied, the competition keen, the teaching unequal, and young Boyd Carpenter passed from it in June 1860, well grounded in classics and mathematics and English literature, to win an open scholarship at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

With his entering Cambridge University his connection with Liverpool ceased ; but he had learnt from it more than he learnt at the Royal Institution. Liverpool brought him early into contact with two worlds, with which he was kept

in touch all the rest of his life: the world of religious controversy, and the world of English commercial life. Liverpool at this time, with its mixed English and Irish population, was a centre of religious conflicts. "Controversy! you cannot live without controversy," cried Hugh MacNeile, the orator *par excellence* of Liverpool in those days —and the most exciting subject of controversy was found to be religion. Christian *versus* Atheist: Protestant *versus* Romanist: Churchman *versus* Dissenter: Tractarian *versus* Evangelical. Young Boyd Carpenter was an eager attendant at these debates: they taught him the points of difference in the religious world; they presented him with admirable examples of dialectical skill; but they gave him something of even greater value, a lifelong distaste for religious controversy. He wrote some years later: "Is it greater wisdom or lessened zeal which makes me weary of it all as akin to vanity?"

It is harder to describe the effect of the busy and varied outdoor life of Liverpool upon the boy. He walked its streets, attended its public shows, but above all he played about its wharves and shipping. He knew what it was to live at the gate of one of the highways of the great world. Years afterwards he wrote of his amusements as a boy:

"Our chief delight was the river with its varied life and movement. To go across the water, as we called it, was an almost weekly occurrence. We thus knew the river well, and there was hardly a ship which steamed from Liverpool which we did not know by sight."

It all stimulated his imagination.

" I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
' A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.' "

There was another factor in the boy's early education. Goethe wrote : " What I didn't learn from books, I learnt from travel." The future Bishop had his share of travel. He climbed the Welsh mountains ; he made trips to Ireland ; he visited Belgium and the Rhine ; above all, he was taken up to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and he carried away with him from this monument of Victorian idealism (or was it materialism ?) certain curiously characteristic impressions. These were made by the Tinted Venus, the Golden Column, the Koh-i-noor, and the boy chimney-sweeps.

CHAPTER II

AS PARISH PRIEST

William Boyd Carpenter's life at the University was uneventful. He joined the Cambridge University Volunteers and coxed his college eight. He was classed Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos, and graduated B.A. in 1864. In September of the same year he was ordained deacon by Archbishop Longley, and within a few days of his ordination married Harriet Charlotte, the sister of his college chum, and the only daughter of the Rev. John Witherington Peers, of Chiselhampton, Oxon., and Vicar of Tetsworth, in the same county. During his brief honeymoon he preached his first sermon at Holy Trinity, Tewkesbury, where his brother-in-law was curate. He chose as his text 1 *John* i. 7, not as he would have done in later life, the first half of the verse, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another," but the second half, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Plainly the right text for a young Evangelical beginning his ministry.

The honeymoon ended, he settled down as a curate at All Saints', Maidstone, under "the best of vicars," the Rev. David Dale Stewart. Here for two years he and his wife lived in half the Old

Palace at Maidstone, the other half being occupied by Lady Frances Riddell. Although his vicar used to say : " Kent is the Dead Sea of England, and Maidstone is the Dead Sea of Kent," the curate did not find life uneventful. Cholera broke out in the parish, and a number of the parishioners died from it. Moreover, he had a pastoral experience which falls to few. He converted an infidel parishioner by inducing him to read Paley's *Christian Evidences*.

Having learnt methodical parochial habits, he passed on to become curate at St. Paul's, Clapham, living in rooms in Wandsworth Road, and later in a house in Lambourne Road, where he remained till 1867. A babe was born every year, his means were small ; he was, as he said, without party and without prospects, and the thought of the future began to press on him. His wife, one of the most loving and trustful of beings, chid his anxiety and bade him remember God's love. They had read together *Psalm* xxiii. on their wedding day, and she was faithful to its message.

Having preached his 250th sermon, as he notes in his register, he left Clapham to become curate of Holy Trinity, Lee, where his brother Archibald was already curate. His vicar, the Rev. H. W. Bucke, was a noted evangelical preacher, but his new curate's afternoon sermons began to attract attention, and his vicar is recorded to have nicknamed him " my extinguisher."

After three years Boyd Carpenter left Mr. Bucke, but retained the most cordial relations with him until the end of his life. The Bishop's reply in later years to one of his old vicar's

invitations to preach for him, is worth putting on record, if only to indicate the amount of leisure which he had as a diocesan bishop.

The Palace, Ripon,
Feb. 10, 1905.

My dear Mr. Bucke,

I shall not be in town, except for a flying visit, for a long time to come. If I could show you my list of engagements in the North you would understand this. But here is a specimen page.

Feb. 13. Address at Ripon.
,, 14. Three meetings—Ripon.
,, 15. York Convocation.
,, Ditto and preside at St. John's School dinner, London.
,, 17. Address at Cambridge.
,, 18. Meetings.
,, 19. Preach at Cambridge.
,, 20. Address at Oxford.
,, 22. Preach near Darlington.
,, 23. Address to men at Ripon.
,, 24 to March 1 or 2. To go to Berlin by command of the King.
March 2. Two Confirmations.
,, 3–5. Quiet Day for Laymen.
,, 6. Two Confirmations.
,, 7. Ditto.
,, 8. Ditto.
,, 9. Ditto.
,, 10. Ditto.
,, 11. Ditto.
,, 12. Preach.
,, 13. Address to Students.
,, 14. Two Confirmations.
,, 15. Confirmation.
,, 15–19. Ordination.
,, 20. Address to Students.
,, 21. Two Confirmations.

March 22. Two Confirmations.
,, 23. Ditto.
,, 24. Ditto.
,, 25. Confirmation.
,, 26. Preach.
,, 27. Address to Students.
,, 28. Two Confirmations.
,, 29. Ditto.
,, 30. Two Confirmations.
,, 31. Ditto.
April 1. Confirmation.
,, 2. Preach.
,, 3. Two Confirmations.
,, 4. Ditto.
,, 5. Ditto.
,, 6. Ditto.
,, 7. Ditto.
,, 8. Ditto.
,, 9. Preach.
,, 10. Two Confirmations.
,, 11. Two Confirmations.
,, 12. Ditto.
,, 13. Ditto.
,, 14. Ditto.
,, 15. Ditto.
,, 16. Preach.
,, 17. Address to Students.
,, 19. Confirmation.
,, 21. Good Friday Service for men in Leeds.

Now, my dear friend, do you see how full my book is, and how entangled are my ways? Later I should indeed be glad for old Lang Syne and for your own sake to come to you. But, to be frank, I feel fagged and unfit for anything, and I somewhat dread the prolonged work which lies ahead.

With all kindest remembrances,
Yours affectionately,
W. B. Ripon.

In 1870 Boyd Carpenter went to assist the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, who was at that time very ill. This admirable man, of whom his assistant wrote, "he was no emotionalist, as he was no ceremonialist," had during thirty-two years built up a large and devoted congregation united by a spirit of Christian faith and love, and "ready for every good work." Mr. Mackenzie died on November 22 of that year, and his assistant was offered and accepted the vacant benefice on December 2. The benefice came to him as a great relief, for he was now the father of six children, and had but slender private means.

The church of St. James's, erected in 1838, possessed externally an irritating pretentiousness. It was "originally architecturally known as Grecian," and had been three times enlarged. It possessed 1,840 seats, 828 being free. Here for nine years Boyd Carpenter preached in a black gown to increasingly enthusiastic congregations.

In later years, when he was famous as a great pulpit orator, it was rather the fashion among some of the clergy to speak of him as though he were that and nothing else. His nine years' vicariate at St. James's, Holloway, showed what he could do as a zealous and conscientious parish priest.

He modestly attributed his success and influence there to the splendid work done by his predecessor. It is true that he built on another man's foundation—most Christian clergymen do except they be missionaries—but to build as he

did was no easy matter. He won and retained the love and admiration of his parishioners for many years after he had left them. The writer had a practical proof of this. In 1919, when Ripon Hall was being established in Oxford, the members of the Bishop's Confirmation Union, which consisted of those whom he had prepared for Confirmation at St. James's between 1870 and 1879, and whom he used to meet annually thereafter, wrote and asked what they might give to the Hall in memory of its beloved founder, and then munificently presented Hugh Riviere's replica portrait of him at a cost of £125. Pastoral work which is remembered thus forty years after possesses some quality of endurance.

The way in which he concentrated on Confirmation, and used the influence of those who had been confirmed to help those about to be, is exemplified by the following Confirmation Union notice :—

ST. JAMES'S HOLLOWAY CONFIRMATION UNION

Arrangements for Special Confirmation Season, November, 1879

1.—The Confirmation Classes meet every Wednesday and Friday. Members are earnestly asked to remember these Classes in prayer on those mornings or evenings.

2.—A Prayer Meeting on behalf of Present Candidates will be held in the Lecture Hall, Eden Grove, on *Wednesday, October 22nd.*

The meeting will commence at 8.45, and close at 9.30.

3.—The Vicar proposes to hold a day for Special Meditation and Prayer for Past or Present Candidates, on *Saturday, November 1st,* at the Lecture Hall, Eden Grove.

The arrangements will be as previously.

4.30. Prayer—Meditation—Short Address.
6.30. Prayer—Address—Silent Prayer.
8.0. Prayer Meeting.
(Tea and Coffee at 5.30.)

4.—A Sermon, specially addressed to Past and Present Confirmation Candidates, will be preached in St. James's Church, on *Sunday Evening, November 9th ;* Service commencing at 6.30. As it is probable that this will be the last Special Service in connection with the Union held at this Church, it is hoped Members will make an effort to be present. A Prayer Meeting will be held in the School Room adjoining the Church, immediately after Service.

5.—A Meeting of Past and Present Candidates will be held on *Thursday, November 13th,* at the Lecture Hall, Eden Grove.

5.30. Short Devotional Meeting and Address.
7.30. Meeting of Past and Present Candidates.
(Tea and Coffee will be provided at 6.30.)

6.—The Confirmation will take place in St. James's Church, on *Friday Afternoon, November 14th,* at 3 o'clock. It is hoped that arrangements may be made which will enable Members of the Union desiring to attend, to have *one* ticket each.

7.—*Sunday, December 7th.* Members are earnestly invited to join those recently confirmed at the Holy Communion, after Morning or Evening Service.

The Union had over seven hundred members when he left the parish. It is of interest to note that he made use of the evening, as well as the morning, hour for celebrations of the Holy Communion.

One of his earliest Confirmation candidates thus describes his pastoral care :

" He regarded Confirmation as a great opportunity, and took infinite pains with his candidates, not only giving private interviews, but before

Confirmation going to the home, and getting the family and household together for prayer and a short talk. This was the case whether the candidate were one of the children or one of the servants. After Confirmation he always tried to get the young people into touch with work in the parish. His text to me was 'Do good, hoping for nothing again,' and he asked me to visit some old people once a week; to others he assigned the Sunday schools; to others the parish library, and so on. He drew us all to a Bible class (monthly), and started his Confirmation Union, binding together year by year all his candidates. This was maintained after he was made Bishop, by an annual letter, and a gathering for tea and service on the Tuesday before Ascension Day, followed next morning by a celebration of Holy Communion, when many of us went back to breakfast with him.

"Latterly the tea and social meeting were held in the Jerusalem Chamber, then Service in the Abbey, and next day Holy Communion at 8 o'clock in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Only once did the Bishop miss attending these gatherings, and that through illness.

"He formed an excellent young men's institute in Holloway, and the debates on House of Commons lines were most entertaining, as he himself always took part.

"He delighted in 'making up a party,' and with him many excursions were taken by different sections of the congregation.

"The way he began a collect before a sermon was always the same, so softly, so clearly, riveting attention at once. I nearly always heard either 'O God, forasmuch as without Thee' or 'Almighty God, to Whom all hearts,' but never 'Prevent us.' I was always impressed by the

sweetness and gentleness of his voice, so exactly expressing his character.

"He cared much for detail. The first time he preached in St. Paul's he went down the day before to try his voice, and learnt that a certain pillar was the spot to aim for to carry the sound."

At Holloway he suffered the greatest loss of his life. On January 17, 1877, his wife died, leaving him with eight children, the eldest boy, Henry, just over eleven, the youngest, Archie, under four.

"Her fellow-workers for Christ, grieving for the loss of so warm a friend, and holding dear the memory of her untiring energy and self-sacrificing love," erected in the church a tablet to her memory, the inscription on which concludes thus :

> She passed from the arms of human love into the arms of love divine. Jan. 17, 1877.
> Aged 34.

Her husband, aided by some of his friends, presented to the parish an organ in her memory. The following words were inscribed on its front :

> We loved her ; we lost her.
> Some of earth's music died with her.
> Speak forth thy music, O instrument of man !
> Aid with thy voice the songs of men,
> And show forth the praise of God ;
> But know that goodness is God's best praise,
> And the remembrance of a Christ-like life
> an undying song.

He also wrote, expressing his faith and resignation, a little poem entitled "I have left it all to Jesus," which he published in the parish magazine ; he then went on with his parish work

assisted by his mother, but, as his private diary shows, he felt his loss to his dying day.

At the end of 1879 he left St. James's to become vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. His bereaved parishioners presented him with a gift of plate to the value of £100 and a purse of £250 "in affectionate remembrance of his loving ministrations." In the same year he became Chaplain to the Bishop of London and Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria. He had already won a reputation as a preacher and public speaker, not only in his own parish but far outside it. His carefully kept sermon-register indicates that during his last year at St. James's he preached there 125 times, and elsewhere 70 times in 42 different churches. These included Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Peterborough Cathedral, Hereford Cathedral, Fulham Palace Chapel, St. James's, Piccadilly, the Savoy Chapel, the Temple Church, St. George's, Hanover Square, St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, the Private Chapel, Windsor, and in fashionable churches in Clifton, Cheltenham, Eastbourne, and Brighton. Although at this period he preached mainly in Evangelical churches, it is clear that he did not hesitate to accept invitations from High Churchmen. He delivered a series of Lenten addresses in 1878 for Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Maclagan at Kensington Parish Church. He also invited churchmen of different schools to preach for him at St. James's, Holloway. Among those invited by him was Canon Liddon, who felt bound to decline, partly on the ground that he did not believe in the effect of isolated sermons. Boyd Carpenter's first ser-

mon before Queen Victoria was delivered on February 16, 1879, from *Revelation* xxi. 5, "Behold, I make all things new," and was very well received.

When at St. James's, he had written and published a number of small books of religious devotion and practical religion, *Thoughts on Prayer*, *Heart Healing*, *The Prophets of Israel*, etc., and a commentary on the *Revelation*. He also collected and published privately, in 1878, in a volume entitled *From Year to Year*, a number of religious poems which he had been in the habit, since 1873, of writing annually for his Confirmation Union, together with some Confirmation hymns and other sacred verse. The poems are very simple and entirely Christian; they run smoothly, but seldom contain an arresting line.

The following are typical. The first a Confirmation hymn; the second an Evangelical rendering in the style of Frances Ridley Havergal, of a lyric in the *Song of Solomon*.

I

O Christ, whose sign is on our brow,
To Thee, as King, we pledge our vow,
Weak though we be, in trust that Thou
Our strength wilt be.

We fear ourselves: our wills are weak,
Our passions strong: from Thee we seek
The grace to make us brave, pure, meek,
And like to Thee.

We fear our foes, the battle-pain,
Shameful defeat, dishonour's stain,
Yet life's long war cannot be vain,
If fought in Thee.

We fear the way, the narrow way
Which through the darkness leads to day ;
Take Thou our hands : we will obey
A word from Thee.

In fear, in faith, we take the field,
O lest we faint, or basely yield,
Help us to grasp the sheltering shield
Of faith in Thee !

Oh ! by Thy death and suffering,
Oh ! by Thy life and triumphing,
Help us, through good and ill, to cling
To Thee ! to Thee !

II

The Voice of my Beloved.
" *My beloved spake and said unto me,*
Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away.'
Cant. ii. 8–17.

He is coming ! on the mountains
Lo ! the feet of my Beloved ;
Hark His voice so sweetly calling ;
Deep within my heart is moved—
Rise, He sayeth,—rise, My loved one,
For the stormy day is o'er,
Rain, and wind, and tempest seasons—
Winter gone for evermore.

He is speaking—yes ! I hear Him,
Hear His voice among the hills
Calling clearly, strongly, fondly,
Rock and vale His music fills.
Rise, He calleth, rise, My loved one,
Lo ! the earth is green with showers,
Rise and walk with Me the mountains
Bright with everlasting flowers.

He is speaking—through the window
Soft He whispers in mine ears,
Close beside me—stilled my heart strings—
At the lattice He appears.
Rise, He speaketh,—rise, My loved one,
Hark ! the carol of the birds,
Lo ! the tender grapes are fragrant,—
How could I resist His words ?

When He called across the mountains,
When He told me of the spring,
When He whispered at my window,
Then my heart began to sing—
Yes ! my loved one—I will follow,
Never from Thy side depart,
Through the darkness till the daybreak,
For Thy love has won my heart.

I will follow though Thou lead me
Up the narrow craggy stair,
O'er the dizzy heights of Bether,—
With Thee journey anywhere.
I will follow—through the darkness
Of death's last and awful place,
Only let me hear Thee speaking
Till Thou let me see Thy face.

But the most important literary work belonging to this period was his Hulsean Lectures on *The Testimony of the Heart to Christ*, delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1877.

At St. James's, Holloway, Boyd Carpenter's parochial work had exhibited conspicuously his power to influence working men and to win the lads of the lower middle class. His sweetness of temper, his open-mindedness, his entire simplicity, his energetic unselfishness, combined with his gifts of humour and eloquence, made him irresistible. Moreover, there was an excellent common sense both in his speech and practice. One incident will illustrate this. Said a cobbler to him one day :

"What would you do about working on Sundays? Often a working man drops his boots in at my window late on Saturday or early on Sunday, and says, 'Ye'll let me have them for Monday's work, Abe?' What would you do? I can't let the man lose a day's work." "I'd mend them for him," said the Vicar of St. James's, "but

I think I'd manage to come to church at any rate once on Sunday."

The man who made that reply was no conventional Evangelical, although the Evangelical party was beginning to regard him as one of their greatest assets in London.

At Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, Boyd Carpenter had a very different kind of parish. A highly educated congregation, including many legal luminaries, assembled to hear him Sunday by Sunday. His curate, the Rev. Samuel Bickersteth, contributes in his recollections a vivid impression of the Bishop's vitality and vigour at this period.* His energy was tremendous, and the response which he made to the demands for sermons, addresses, and lectures, almost incredible. But he did not preach at Christ Church only to the highly educated, he also took immense pains with the instruction of the children of the parish. Some of these addresses to children were afterwards published in the volume *Truth in a Tale.* They consisted of allegories. A practical teacher who heard them, wrote at the time in an article on "Teaching in Theory and in Practice" that the preacher deserved to become a Bishop. The lesser details of his parish had his attention. The following appeal by him in the *Christ Church Parish Magazine* for the furniture of the chancel shows that the eloquent preacher and earnest pastor had an eye for detail :

"None but the most obvious improvements are contemplated. They include a Kneeling

* See Appendix II.

Cushion for Communicants, instead of the present Kneeling *Mat*, which is very inconvenient for the aged and for invalids. New Kneeling Mats for the use of the Clergy within the rails, . . . and a Mat for the Lectern, all harmonising in shape and colour. . . . It only requires an inspection, after one of the weekly services, of the present arrangements, to convince any one how discreditable to the Church is the existing furniture of the Chancel. The want of harmony is an offence not only against good taste, such as would not be tolerated in a private house, but it is out of keeping with the simple, but good material, which alone ought to find a place within the House of God."

Here we descend from the theory of vision to the medical uses of tar water! Nevertheless, in a world of sense and time such descents are needful.

The reference to "weekly services" in the vicar's appeal might suggest that none were held on week-days. This was not so. The vicar himself changed the hour of the daily morning service from noon to 8 a.m. and thereby improved the attendance, raising it to sixteen! Moreover, he maintained, what was rarer then than now, a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion at Christ Church.

Before he left Christ Church large sums of money had been spent on the restoration and improvement of the church. It is true that his parish activities were not so numerous and pressing there as at St. James's, but they were numerous enough. A glance through the parish magazine introduces us to Weekly Bible Readings,

Meetings of the Ladies' Working Guild, C.E.T.S. and Band of Hope Gatherings, parish branches of the Purity Society and Ladies' Refuge Association, etc.

His extra-parochial work was also heavy. He had become chaplain to the Bishop of London and Honorary Chaplain to the London Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association. He had become increasingly popular as an effective conductor of what the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes as "quiet days for clergy," and as a preacher of ordination sermons, and in 1882 he was appointed Canon of Windsor by Mr. Gladstone.

10, Downing Street, Whitehall,
April 22, 1882.

REVEREND SIR,

It affords me great pleasure to acquaint you that I have received authority from Her Majesty to offer you the Stall at Windsor which has become vacant through the death of its late lamented Incumbent Mr. Pearson.

I have the honour to be,
Rev. Sir,
Your faithful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.

This appointment gave no surprise, for he had become a favourite of the Queen, as with Church people generally. Great congregations flocked to hear him, for his wonderful flow of eloquence and attractive pulpit manner were seen to be combined with a remarkable fund of information and a power of clear and vigorous thought.

CHAPTER III

AS BISHOP

" So now you're a Bishop ! " " Yes, what a rummy world it is ! "—*Dialogue between W. B. C. and an old friend.*

On April 15, 1884, Dr. Bickersteth, the Bishop of Ripon, died, and Mr. Gladstone went about " feeling heads "—this was his phrase—for a successor. He went to Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, and listened to Canon Boyd Carpenter, and next week offered him the bishopric in the following letter :—

10, Downing Street, Whitehall,
May 14, 1884.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I have received the permission of Her Majesty to propose to you that you should be nominated to the Dean and Chapter of Ripon for election to the vacant See.

It gives me very great pleasure to convey this proposal, as I trust that now, in the full vigour of your mind and life, you are prepared for this arduous charge, and as I firmly trust and believe that you will by wise and just government and by your devoted ministry, be enabled to render conspicuous service to the highest interests of mankind.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,
With sincere respect,
Yours faithfully and obediently,
W. E. Gladstone.

Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.

Boyd Carpenter, after visiting Ripon and Leeds, accepted the offer. He was diffident about acceptance. He did not want to go North. A very private diary he kept, shows that the post he would have preferred before all others was the Deanery of Windsor. He was consecrated at Westminster Abbey on July 25, by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, St. Albans, Rochester, Lichfield, Liverpool, and Newcastle, and enthroned at Ripon Minster on September 9.*

He was, when appointed, the youngest Bishop on the English Bench. He ruled the Diocese of Ripon for nearly twenty-seven years, and was, when he resigned, the senior diocesan bishop. His appointment gave general satisfaction. His reputation as an orator made him particularly attractive to the North, which loves a preaching Bishop. Moreover, it was recognised that he was

* When Cambridge conferred on him as Bishop-elect the D.D. degree, *jure dignitatis*, the Public Orator (Sir John Sandys) presented him in a speech which admirably expresses the reasons for his elevation to the episcopate.

" Nostis ipsi qualis ab incepto processerit ; olim inter amicos suos Academicos litterarum amore et animi generositate insignis ; postea inter omnes hominum ordines, sive pauperum in tabernis, sive regum prope turres, in laboribus sacris spectatus probatusque. Sæculi primi Christiani velut imaginem huius in Narcisso adumbratam vidistis ; ipsum nuper in Academiæ templo eloquentia solita contionantem plus quam semel audivistis. E contionibus autem Hulseanis illis locum illum hodie libet recordari, ubi judicem magnum laudat dicentem, eo magis quemque inter Britannos pollere, quo quis doctrina, eloquentia, virtute ceteris antecellat. Addidit ipse eloquentiam sine doctrina esse inanem quandam linguæ volubilitatem ; eloquentiam cum doctrina coniunctam, virtutis vero expertem, quasi fucatum esse dicendi nitorem ; veram eloquentiam sine virtute esse nullam. Habemus hodie, Academici, trium illarum rerum præstantium in uno coniunctarum exemplar ; presentem videmus virum eloquentem, doctum, probum, Episcopum Riponensem designatum, *Vilelmum Boyd Carpenter.*"

RIPON PALACE.

not a party man and had given evidence of broad sympathies and of the ability to co-operate cordially with men of very different views. There was particular need of this breadth and sympathy in the diocese to which he was appointed. Although his predecessor had been a strong Evangelical, the diocese was far from being so. Leeds, its chief city, mainly due to the influence of the powerful ministry of Dr. Hook, had become a strong High Church centre, and was a sort of ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio* under its vicar. Bradford, the next largest city, was a strong Evangelical centre. Ripon, the cathedral city, under the leadership of the first Dean Fremantle, was also definitely Evangelical. Protestant Dissent was very strong throughout all Yorkshire, especially in the large towns, but was quite willing to be friendly if treated with courtesy and cordiality by the Church. Above all, there was the Yorkshire temperament to be reckoned with. The Yorkshire parishioner is said to summer and winter his parson before he talks to him. Furthermore, he likes a directness in speech which approaches rudeness, and calls it "Yorkshire." The new Bishop of Ripon was exceedingly sensitive. He craved sympathy, and in the early days, before he quite understood Yorkshire and Yorkshire him, he was not altogether happy, as his private diary shows. It was not long, however, before Yorkshire took him to its heart and he became not only the most popular prelate, but the most popular man, in Yorkshire.

The Ripon diocese, although only founded in 1836, had grown very unwieldy by 1884 when

Dr. Boyd Carpenter became its third Bishop. Its population had increased from 870,000 to 1,600,000; its churches from 307 to 550; its incumbents from 297 to 500. its curates from 76 to 266. One of the first large questions which it fell to the new Bishop to consider was how to secure adequate episcopal ministrations for this great and growing diocese. This could be done in two ways: by the subdivision of the diocese, and by the creation of bishops suffragan.

The subdivision movement already initiated by Mr. J. M. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. F. S. Powell (afterwards Sir Francis Powell), which sought to create the diocese of Wakefield,* received the new Bishop's hearty support. The creation of the Wakefield diocese was much more than a merely territorial division. It involved the subdivision of diocesan organisations and funds, and in some cases the reconstitution of them. The work was finally accomplished in 1888, when Bishop Walsham How was appointed to the newly created See.

In 1888 the Crown at the Bishop of Ripon's petition permitted the creation of a bishop suffragan for the diocese, and Dr. J. J. Pulleine was consecrated Bishop of Penrith. As Penrith was in the Carlisle diocese, it seems at first sight a curious title to select for a Bishop Suffragan of Ripon, but this was due to the view taken at that time by the ecclesiastical lawyers that a bishop suffragan must bear the title of one of the places named in the Act of Henry VIII. in accordance with which bishops suffragan are con-

* The Act of Parliament authorising this was passed in 1872.

secrated. When it was afterwards determined that this was unnecessary, Dr. Pulleine's designation was changed by Order in Council to Richmond in Yorkshire. The invaluable services of Dr. Pulleine, the steadily increasing population of the diocese, and the growing demand for more Confirmations suggested the need for a second bishop suffragan, and in 1905 Dr. Lucius Smith was created Bishop of Knaresborough. The apportioning of episcopal duties between the bishop and bishops suffragan was not on a territorial basis. No particular districts were assigned to them, but by an admirable arrangement confirmations and other duties were so planned that each of the three bishops was enabled to visit all the various parts of the diocese in turn.

Although the Bishop declared in private on one occasion that what the Church of England had most to fear was the growth of an ignorant and fanatical episcopate, he did not fear that the increase of bishoprics in the great industrial centres of England would be likely to bring about this disaster. Nevertheless, the experience of the diocese of Wakefield taught some useful lessons to the would-be creators of new bishoprics. The most important lesson was the need for an adequate number of rural parishes to provide a desirable change of environment for those engaged in town work. This need had been overlooked in drawing the boundaries of the Wakefield diocese, as I believe it has been since in the case of Birmingham and other new sees.

This led Dr. Boyd Carpenter, in February 1907, to move a resolution in the Upper House of

the Northern Convocation, asking the President whether it would not be desirable to appoint a Consultative Committee to report and advise concerning an increase in the episcopate of the Northern Province. This was adopted. As a consequence the Bishop himself became chairman of a committee which was concerned with the diocesan division of Yorkshire. He supported the proposals to constitute separate sees for Leeds and Bradford, the civic rivalry between these two cities making the inclusion of them both in a new diocese undesirable, if not impossible.

The Bishop expressed himself as willing, subject to certain conditions, to assign £500 a year from his episcopal income to each of these proposed dioceses on their being constituted. This was a large sum to offer, as the official income of the See of Ripon was only £4000 per annum. The Bishop stipulated, however, that if this diocesan subdivision were carried out, the Bishops of Ripon should be allowed to live in some less expensive house than the present palace. Not that the palace was too large for the diocese, but it was too large for the episcopal income. No bishop could have used the palace more freely and generously than did Bishop Boyd Carpenter, yet it appeared on occasions too small for diocesan needs. For instance, it was impossible to supply the ordinands with bedrooms at the palace, although they had their meals there—a very inconvenient proceeding, as their lodgings were some two miles away. The Bishop's idea was, if the palace could be sold, to move down into Ripon and secure a modest episcopal residence

within the cathedral precincts. This, no doubt, would have been much more convenient for the diocesan clergy, who found the present palace very inconveniently situated in regard to the railway station and its somewhat infrequent trains.

It was a cause of grief to the Bishop during the whole of his episcopate that the diocese lacked inner cohesion. It consisted, even after the Wakefield diocese was constituted, of parts of two Yorkshire Ridings, North and West, which have not only separate county organisations, but are also widely differentiated in political and social ideals. The recent creation of the See of Bradford has not solved this problem for the diocese of Ripon, and it is hard to see, unless a See of Leeds be also created, how any practicable subdivision of the diocese can give inner cohesion to it. The whale and the elephant must be for ever precluded from intimate social relations. We know to-day that it was not the folly of Rehoboam and the ambition of Jeroboam which separated Israel from Judah, but certain geographical and ethnological conditions.

Another improvement of the diocesan organisation achieved by the Bishop concerned the Cathedral Chapter. During the earlier years of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's episcopate, the four Canons Residentiary of Ripon cathedral lived by turns for three months of the year in the Residence at Ripon (suited only for the accommodation of one household), and the remaining nine months in their parishes, or if they had none, elsewhere. This arrangement was not only in-

convenient to the canons, but gave the impression in the town that the canons were paid too much and did too little. The popular idea of a canon's responsibilities was that he had discharged them for the year when he had delivered thirteen sermons in the cathedral. This view was unjust and detrimental, but prevalent.

The Bishop desired that the canons should be diocesan functionaries as well as cathedral dignitaries. He felt that this could be achieved by assigning to each canonry definite diocesan duties in addition, of course, to the cathedral duties legally attaching to it. These diocesan duties were mainly educational. The Dean and Chapter approved heartily of the Bishop's ideal. This appears clearly in Dean Fremantle's *Recollections*. He writes thus of the scheme :

"The value, however, of the effort was not confined to the advantage to be given by it to the establishment at Ripon. It points to larger benefits to the Church which probably will affect the whole Cathedral system whenever Church Reform is taken up in earnest by the nation. At present the chapter of each cathedral consists of a body of clergy who are ruled by certain statutes demanding from them a small amount of clerical duties, all of them in the cathedral alone, but without any connection with the parish or the diocese, the Bishop being nominally visitor, but with very uncertain powers. The chapter are a remnant of the monastic system, and under the changed conditions of the present day should constitute a body of clergy to whom diocesan duties should be assigned, such as education, the promotion of intellectual life

generally, the elucidation of the more difficult questions of Church life as they arise, each having his own special subject, but all working together and helping one another by suggestion and prayerful sympathy, and the powers of the visitor should be enlarged and defined, so that he may be like the head of a college, a constant stimulant and director to the whole body" (p. 132).*

In order to carry out the reform, the canons were to be required to reside the whole year in Ripon, and to resign their charges elsewhere. This necessitated the building of three additional canons' houses. The Bishop appealed for funds, but the scheme was not popular in the diocese. I believe it was felt that the canons, in order to be of real service to the diocese, ought to reside in busy Leeds or Bradford, and not in the remote and sleepy little town of Ripon. Money came in slowly; various difficulties intervened—not one of the least being that the canon's stipend of £500 a year and a residence was insufficient to enable him to meet the cost of travelling and to discharge the double functions of his office. The Bishop was bitterly disappointed at the failure to carry the scheme through, and with a certain "chastity of honour" returned their money to the subscribers. This action caused pain and surprise to some of the supporters of the scheme, but the following letters exonerate the Bishop.

* *Recollections of Dean Fremantle.* Edited by the Master of the Temple (1921).

To the Bishop of Richmond.

Ecclesiastical Commission,
Millbank, Westminster, S.W.,
Jan. 20, 1910.

My dear Bishop,

. . . I am uncertain about the Canons' Residence Fund. Morkill keeps hammering on that the Chapter have no right to appropriate money for the purpose, as to do so drains the reserve fund. The legal value of the objection is doubtful, and I think that if pressed the doubt might be found valid.

Further, Darwin objects to the whole scheme on the ground that canonries ought to be rewards for service—the old view. Kilner reports that the bulk of clergy opinion is against the grouping of houses in Ripon. I have taken no steps about the vacant Canonry in the hope that the Residence question might reach a clear and safe position ; but time is going on, and it becomes a question whether I had better abandon the Residence scheme and set the Canons free to accept benefices—naturally I don't like to give up ; but it may be God's will that I should.

Ever yours affectionately,
W. B. Ripon.

Private and Confidential.

Canons' Residences.

Swinton, Masham, Yorkshire,
May 1, 1911.

My dear Lord,

I thank you for your kind letter and kind remarks *re* the above.

But could you not remain a little bit longer, just to keep this very sickly plant living ? I am

not surprised at your decision, the whole thing must have been *most* disagreeable to you. I myself should have gone long, long ago, but I wanted to give you what bit of support I could.

At the moment we are in a quiet backwater, and the result of the Dean's sub-committee might bring out into the light of day, that occult and hostile influence which I told you I had felt conscious of, from the very beginning. If that can be done, we might crush it, and the whole thing go on to a new lease of life.

If we cannot crush it, which is quite likely, the whole scheme doubtless founders, but then the subscribers might reasonably ask for their money to be returned to them.

I don't say that they would, but they might, and it would be as well to be in a position to place the responsibility where it will belong.

Moreover, we are not utterly beaten yet, and I am rather of the spirit that does not like to leave an engagement till it is an absolutely stricken field.

With very great respect, my lord, I venture to lay these suggestions before you for your consideration ; your decision will decide for me whether I go on further with the matter or not.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MASHAM.*

Undoubtedly the Bishop's ideal was sound, and the future will witness its realisation when Leeds has ceased to be an ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio* in the diocese of Ripon.

* The second Lord Masham.

Good Friday Services for Men

Although crowded congregations always attended any service in the larger centres in which the Bishop preached, he was well aware that there were many thousands in his diocese who were living outside the range of direct Christian teaching. He determined therefore, after consultation with the local clergy and others, to go down to Leeds and to hold a Special Service for men on Good Friday evening. This was in the year 1890.

The Drill Hall was secured, rough seats being made of boards, and the congregation filled it to overflowing. Thereafter the Bishop of Ripon's Good Friday Service for men became an institution, and he continued it for twenty-one years until his resignation. He illustrated his Good Friday themes by lantern slides, the screen being also used for hymns; the lantern was deftly worked by his wife.

The services from 1891 onwards were held in the Leeds Town Hall, and the congregations numbered from three to four thousand. The Bishop was assisted by a clerical honorary secretary and a committee of some two hundred working men. The committee he entertained some fifteen times, six times at the Palace, but on the other nine occasions he arranged excursions for them to Oxford, Cambridge, Windsor Castle, York, London, Brussels, and other places of interest, where he acted as the most instructive of guides.

Canon Stuart Robinson, late Vicar of Pershore, was asked by the Bishop to help him with the 1897 excursion. He writes :

" We started from Leeds for London on the Friday before Whitsunday. We had supper served in the Parish Room of St. George's, Bloomsbury, where his brother the Rector of St. George's and his mother entertained us. We had a rough night crossing to Ostend, and I remember well the mournful remarks of many members of the Committee. The Bishop and Mrs. Carpenter met us at Brussels, and took us at once to see Waterloo. In the afternoon we went to the International Exhibition which was being held at Brussels and spent the remainder of the day sight-seeing. On Sunday we all found our way to a celebration of Holy Communion at the English Church. On Monday the chief event was a presentation of Brussels lace made to Mrs. Carpenter. They returned to Leeds on Monday night."

The Bishop instituted a badge for his committee. The badge by means of four monograms reminded its wearer of the eight Beatitudes, for, as the Bishop explained, happiness lies not in bearing the name of Christ, but in being filled with the Spirit of Christ. Those who wore it were under an obligation : (1) to repeat to themselves the Beatitudes every week, adding a prayer for the Spirit of Christ to enable them to obey them ; and (2) to remember one another at Holy Communion once a month.

"The Grey Ladies"

In 1899–1900 the Bishop took active steps to establish a college of "Grey Ladies" in the Ripon Diocese. The ideals and organisation of this body appealed to him. It was essentially educational: it trained women to take a useful part in church life, especially in parish work, women's clubs, mothers' meetings, district visiting, Sunday school teaching, etc. It was essentially voluntary; the Bishop had a horror of vows, especially those which bound men or women to life-long celibacy, and dispensable vows were if possible more repugnant to him than indispensable vows. The Grey Ladies were bound by no vows at all. Their mode of life was essentially social, not conventual. They lived together in little communities, but communities in which as far as possible there were no rules. As the Archdeacon who supported the proposal to establish them in the Ripon Diocese explained—perhaps somewhat quaintly:

"The college provided for women who were willing to devote their lives to the work of God, a home which, though not exactly a family home, because there were no men in it, was still an excellent religious and domestic home, regulated as little as possible by rules, and to the greatest possible extent by the natural courtesy which should prevail among ladies."

Such a home the Bishop was instrumental in establishing in Bingley in 1900. In 1908 it was moved to Bradford.

Ripon Training College

The Bishop took an active part in the Ripon Training College for teachers. This institution flourished exceedingly during his episcopate, owing to his interest in it, and the great ability and initiative of its Principal, the Rev. G. W. Garrod.

The Bishop's influence served to keep the College in touch with the latest movements of the modern mind. When the Oxyrhynchus Sayings of Jesus were unearthed he lectured on them to the students.

In the days of the *Bibel und Babel* controversy he invited the Rev. C. H. W. Johns, the Assyriologist, to deliver a course of lectures celebrating the centenary of the birth of Assyriology.

When the electrical theory of matter was winning its way in the world of physical science, he induced Sir Oliver Lodge to address the students on the significance of the discovery of radium.

When in 1899 the new blocks of buildings and the chapel were completed, the *Ripon College Association Magazine* stated in its account of the work:

"From the moment of starting the scheme until the day of the formal opening, the Bishop's interest was constant, and it was not too much to say that the great success of our whole undertaking would have been quite impossible without so kind and so wise a friend at the head of the movement." *

* *Ripon College Association Magazine* (1899).

On that occasion Sir George Kekewich, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary of the Education Department,* spoke of the great advance which had been made during his term of office in the domestic arrangements of the Training Colleges, and perhaps not least in the matter of baths, although he did not know that he was so much struck by that as he might have been, because he remembered that in his day at Eton the only provision for baths was a foot-bath once a fortnight. This led the Bishop to remark in his speech that this achievement by Sir George Kekewich had received special recognition from His Majesty, who had for that very reason created Sir George a Knight Companion of the Bath. It was not often that decorations were so appropriate. Prince Bismarck, for instance, had been created a Doctor of Divinity, but they do things better in this country than in Germany.

The Bishop not only did a notable work in the moral and spiritual education of the students by his addresses in chapel, but took great interest in their Shakespeare readings and recitations, and recreations generally. He composed a College Song for the students which his daughter Mary (now Mrs. Wentworth Sheilds) set to music. In the twenty-first year of his episcopate the College staff and three hundred of the past and present students presented him with a silver rose-bowl as "a token of affection and esteem," and he sinking to "the lowest form of wit" declared that they had completely bowled him over.

* *Op. cit.* p. 28 (1899).

The Bishop's work in founding Ripon Clergy College I have reserved for another chapter, as his theological college was not diocesan but national, and his students were for the most part ordained by other bishops.

Efforts to relieve Clerical Poverty

The Bishop was deeply concerned with the poverty of not a few of his clergy. In *Some Pages of My Life* he tells pathetic stories of the fortitude and dignity with which this poverty was borne in most cases. As late as 1897 there were as many as 106 livings in the Ripon Diocese with an income of under £200 a year. The Bishop seized the opportunity afforded by the great national rejoicings in 1887 at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and at her Diamond Jubilee in 1897, to make urgent appeals on behalf of his poor clerical brethren. He was thus enabled in 1887 to establish the Victoria Clergy Aid Fund. Its objects were threefold: (*a*) to provide pensions for aged and infirm clergy on retirement; (*b*) to augment the stipends of the poorer benefices; (*c*) to aid the more necessitous clergy to insure their lives for annuities in old age and to provide for their families at death.

For (*a*) he raised some £20,000, for (*b*) an income of some £2,000 per annum, for (*c*) he made a special appeal in 1897 for £25,000 to build up a permanent Sustentation Fund. In 1898 the Victoria Clergy Aid Fund stood at £26,365, and the Clergy Sustentation Fund had an income of £2,215 and a capital account which stood at £10,236. Besides

what he did publicly, he did much privately, but of that it is impossible to write. Suffice it to say, that the Bishop was not disposed to live in luxury and to acquiesce in many of his clergy languishing in poverty. The hospitality of the Palace was generous, its *ménage* dignified, but nothing approaching luxury or extravagance was permitted. It was only the extraordinary powers of management of the second Mrs. Boyd Carpenter* which enabled the episcopal income to achieve all that it did. The combination of generosity and thrift, large-hearted and delightful hospitality with the strictest economy, was due to her personal supervision. Without any obvious parsimony she really seemed able to make £1 go as far as £2, and yet was most generous and philanthropic and kind-hearted.

The Bishop of Knaresborough writes as follows of the Bishop's administration of his diocese :—

"*His generous hospitality.* When he was at Ripon the Palace was always an open house and his luncheon-table was often filled with those who had come to see him on business.

"There was the annual garden-party to which all the clergy, their wives, and other guests were invited. It gave the clergy, etc., from distant parts of the Diocese the opportunity of meeting, and was greatly appreciated. But it must have been very expensive and very exhausting to the Bishop and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter.

"He invited the Lay Readers to a similar gathering every year, which always ended with a

* In 1883, the year before coming to Ripon, he had married Maude, daughter of W. W. Gardner, Esq., by whom he had four children.

service in Chapel and an address by the Bishop. Other organisations were invited from time to time.

" He instituted the annual meeting of Archdeacons and Rural Deans for conference about diocesan matters. They met on the afternoon of one day, dined at the Palace, slept some at the Palace and some with hosts in Ripon. The next morning after Holy Communion in the Palace Chapel they continued their discussions, and the gathering ended with lunch. You probably know all about the *summer schools* for the clergy which he arranged for at the Training College and elsewhere.

" Several times whilst I was working with him he held what he called *episcopal missions* in the more remote districts in the diocese. He, the bishops suffragan, archdeacons, and other clergy spent a week or a fortnight in a certain part of the Diocese, preaching in all the churches, meeting the churchwardens and church-workers, etc.

" *The Bishop's method of administering his patronage.* The livings in his gift to which he could promote deserving clergy or by means of which he could bring needful change or relief were all too few. He told me that whenever he had an appointment to a living to make he always endeavoured to appoint a vicar from another living in his gift, so that he might be able to move another incumbent to that one or to promote a deserving curate. He said he often lay awake at night thinking how he might make one move which would lead to another, as a chess-player tries to foresee his game on the chess-board."

I remember Archdeacon Danks (of Richmond) telling me that the Bishop said on occasions to a deserving curate who desired promotion: " I will do everything I can to give you a benefice short of killing a vicar to make room for you."

Parochial controversies are of frequent occurrence in an active Church life, and the Bishop settled many such, but three controversies of a more serious kind arose in which he had to intervene, and his treatment of them is worth putting on record.

His interests as a Churchman were essentially practical, and although he got involved at times in ecclesiastical controversies he never had any zest for the fine points which vex the ecclesiastical mind. When, however, an effort was made by the powerful Anglo-Catholic party to "taboo" evening celebrations of the Holy Communion, he took immense pains to collect and examine the evidence; he then stated his conclusion publicly as follows:—

(1) *Evening Communion.*

"There are times when it is cowardly to be silent; and such times are those in which there seems danger lest the liberty of Christian practice should be curtailed.

"This is the danger of the moment. Let it be clearly understood that the question is not whether an Evening Communion is desirable or not, but whether it is even lawful. Custom is pleaded as having a prohibitory force. I desire most earnestly to traverse this principle. To accept it would be to stifle progress, and infringe the right of freedom. Those who advocate Evening Communion do not seek to limit the practice of any of their brethren; they only claim the right of using their own liberty in this matter.

"Are there any reasonable grounds for refusing them this liberty? I venture to say none whatsoever. There are only three conceivable grounds

on which this liberty can or ought to be challenged: The prohibition of Christ, the prohibition of the early Church, the prohibition of our own branch of the Church.

"I submit that no prohibitory voice has spoken from any one of these three sources of guidance."

(2) *Reservation of the Eucharist.*

The Bishop as President of the Bradford Church Congress in September, 1898, had the question of the Reservation of the Eucharist thrust on his attention by Lord Halifax's address to the English Church Union at Bradford during the Congress week. Lord Halifax said on that occasion:

"The right of Reservation does not rest upon rubrics and the universal custom of the Church alone; it is expressly ordered by the canons of the Church of England. The Canons of the Convocation of Canterbury, known as Archbishop Peckham's Constitutions, ordered all parish priests to reserve on Sundays. Those canons have never been repealed, but, on the contrary, received first force in Henry VIII.'s reign in 1534, and are part of the Canon Law to which the Church of England is bound. It is necessary to remember this when the question is, not whether a canon which has fallen into disuse shall be *enforced*, but of forbidding what it expressly prescribes."

The Bishop immediately consulted Bishop Stubbs, the constitutional historian, and Sir Lewis Dibdin, and received the two following letters:—

The Palace, Cuddesdon, Oxford.
October 11, 1898.

My dear Bishop,

The Constitution of 1279 very distinctly orders and lays down rules for Reservation of

the Eucharist. But we always hold that the rule of the Prayer-book that what is left of the consecrated elements shall be consumed before the priest and his communicants leave the church, abrogates the previously existing custom; the words "it shall not be carried out of the church" seems to be a flat prohibition of the "carrying" to the sick, with any amount of due reverence. The submission of the Clergy and the legislation consequent upon it forbid the execution of any canons or like acts, contrary to the Laws, Statutes, and Customs, of the Realm, which are for our present purpose represented by the Prayer-book and Act of Uniformity.

Of course the Constitution of Peckham was not *totidem verbis* repealed at any time, but it certainly comes into the class of canons which are forbidden by the Statute of 1534; and I do not see how it can be called "an unrepealed" canon, in any legal or constitutional sense.

Yours ever,
W. Oxon.

P.S.—Peckham says:

"We decree also that this sacrament be carried with due reverence to the sick."

The Rubric says:

"It shall not be carried out of Church": explicit enough.

15, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
October 12, 1898.

My dear Lord Bishop,

Thank you for your kind letter. I saw and listened to you at Bradford with much admiration. It is a good thing when the President of the Church Congress is easily the most conspicuous personage at it. I think it must have given you satisfaction to see everything go so well.

I think the answer to Lord Halifax's point which he repeats in the *Times* to-day is that under 25 Henry VIII. ch. 19, s. 7, only "such canons . . . already made which be not contraryant nor repugnant to the laws, statutes, and customs, of this realm . . ." are still in force. Peckham's *Constitution*, of which I enclose a copy from Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Laws*, vol. ii., is contrarient to the rubric in the Prayer-book as to consumption of the elements left over after a Communion, and the Prayer-book not only has the force of statute law through the Acts of Uniformity, but had the assent of Convocation, so that Peckham's *Provincial* Canon has been repealed by the action of the Provincial Synods themselves.

The 28th Article is not perhaps quite so decisive because it may be read simply in a negative way, *e.g.* "Christ's Ordinance" is *silent* as to reservation, etc.

But apart from special enactment as to reservation, is not the answer that the Canon of Peckham is gone because the doctrine that underlay it and made it reasonable is no longer the doctrine of the Church of England?

Yours very truly,
LEWIS T. DIBDIN.

Enclosed Extract:

"7. We charge that for the future the most worthy sacrament of the Eucharist be so kept that a Tabernacle be made in every church with a decent enclosure according to the greatness of the cure and the value of the church in which the Lord's Body may be laid not in a Purse or Bag but in a fair Pyx lined with the whitest linen so that it may be put in and taken out without any hazard of breaking it. And we charge that the venerable sacrament be renewed every Lord's

Day and that priests who are negligent in keeping of the eucharist be punished according to the Rule of the General Council and if they persist in their negligence more severely. We decree also that this sacrament be carried with due reverence to the sick the priest having on his surplice and stole with a light in a lantern before him and a bell to excite the people to due reverence who are discreetly to be informed by the Priest that they prostrate themselves or at least make humble adoration whensoever the King of Glory is carried under the cover of bread. And let Archdeacons be very solicitous in this point, that they may obtain remission of their sins. And let them with the rigour of discipline chasten those whom they find negligent in this respect."

Later on Boyd Carpenter had to face the difficulty in his capacity as Diocesan Bishop. The following letter to his suffragan, Dr. Pulleine, the Bishop of Richmond, indicates his own judgment in the matter, and his unwillingness to be peremptory if personal persuasion might prevail.

At this time the distinction between reservation of the sacrament for communicating the sick, which is a primitive practice, and reservation of the sacrament for adoration, which is a mediæval superstition, was not clearly distinguished by the bishops in their treatment of these cases.

Southlands Higher Terrace, Torquay.
February 22, 1909.

MY VERY DEAR BISHOP,

I write to report progress. The weather is fairly favourable; the days bright, but the east wind keen and trying. As for myself, I am as uncertain as the wind. One day I feel myself

a fraud and fit for anything ; the next I feel fit for nothing and horribly indolent, just wishing to be let alone and to do nothing. You will understand the position.

The only matter which I need to mention is the difficulty with Mr. B. of St. Mary's near B. ; complaint was made that he practised reservation. I wrote to him and asked him (without prejudice) to suspend the practice till I had an opportunity of meeting him and discussing the matter. He wrote making an alternative suggestion which I considered inadmissible. My secretary has the correspondence. I have not had a reply to my last letter, in which I pointed out to him that if the practice were continued it would place many who came to the Confirmation next month in an awkward position. I did not mention you or the Bishop of Knaresborough, but I felt that it would not be fair that any of us should take a service in a church where the Sacrament was being reserved.

If he should write and acquiesce in my suggestion and suspend the practice, well and good ; the matter can await my return. But should he decline to suspend the practice, I see nothing for it but to change the Confirmation to some other church in Manningham. Do you not think so ? Time may press. Hence my writing to you. In any case I do not think that we ought to appear to sanction by our presence a practice which was condemned by the Archbishop's Judgment or opinion as it was called. He ought to assure you or the Bishop of Knaresborough that the sacrament is not reserved while you are in the church ; otherwise you may be sure that we shall be accused of sanctioning or at least condoning his action.

I hate to throw this difficulty on you, but my second letter has not yet been answered and time

is running on. I felt inclined to alter the confirmation, but I should be sorry to do this if he agrees to suspend the practice till I can see him.

With all kindest messages,
Ever yours affectionately,
W. B. RIPON.

(3) *The Virgin Birth Controversy.*

In the latter part of 1902, the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon, caused a violent controversy in ecclesiastical circles by a statement he had made about the Virgin Birth of our Lord. The controversy was of a complicated character, as the Dean challenged the accuracy of the *Times* report which stated that he had denied the Virgin Birth. He contended that what he had denied was the miraculous character of Christ's birth, but that he believed the Virgin Birth to be a fact, but did not regard it as miraculous, because he believed in the possibility of *parthenogenesis* in the human species. As the Dean was almost unique in holding this view, it is not surprising that the *Times* reporter and many other persons besides misunderstood him. That they did misunderstand him I am absolutely convinced, as on several occasions the Dean discussed the matter with me. This misunderstanding did, however, render the controversy most unpleasant and placed the Dean at a great disadvantage. Although greatly beloved and respected in Ripon as an admirable and active clergyman, he was known in clerical circles to have been a pupil of the great Master of Balliol and as one who shared many of his theological views.

As soon, therefore, as the report of the Dean's utterances appeared in the press the *odium theologicum* was aroused, and the Bishop was besieged with letters of complaint and expostulation urging him to take drastic action. The Bishop, whose theological knowledge was in advance of many of his contemporaries,* was thus enabled to perceive that the Virgin Birth was not an essential doctrine of the Christian faith, and so as a theologian felt no concern as to whether the Dean had or had not denied the Virgin Birth, but as a bishop he was most anxious to set jarring discords at rest. After an interview with the Dean and an interchange of letters, he published the correspondence with a strong statement of reassurance. This, however, was far from satisfying those who wished to bring the Dean to trial for heresy, and even made them uneasy as to the orthodoxy of the Bishop. There was, however, nothing further to be done in face of the Bishop's *non possumus* attitude. The following letters are of interest, and they indicate precisely the Bishop's views on this controverted point and the patient and practical tone which he adopted in dealing with controversialists.

The Vicarage, Addlestone, Surrey.
November 26, 1902.

My dear Lord,

I hope that you will not think this letter an impertinence, but I feel that I must write a few lines to thank you for having written that

* Dean Armitage Robinson's notable letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury dealing with this point was not written until 1906.

excellent little book *The Temple Bible*. It is just the sort of book that we wanted to put in the hands of our parishioners, who have not time to read a larger work, and it is admirably calculated to remove misconceptions from the minds of those who have been disturbed by the results of modern criticism.

May I also say that I feel that the Church owes you a debt of gratitude for the generous, kindly, and considerate letter that appeared from you in to-day's *Standard*? I much hope that every one will now be satisfied that the Dean is a devoted and enthusiastic servant of the Master, Whom he delights to preach as "God manifest in the flesh." I could not help thinking, as I was reading last night the following words from Dean Stanley, how applicable they were to many who have so fiercely attacked the Dean of Ripon: "When Bishop Pearson, in his work on the Creed, vindicates the Divinity of Christ without the mention of any of those moral qualities by which He has bowed down the world before Him, his grasp on the doctrine is far feebler than that of Rousseau or Mill, who have seized the very attributes which constitute the marrow and essence of His nature."

Forgive me for troubling you with this letter, but I felt that I must thank you. With kindest regards to Mrs. Carpenter and yourself,

Believe me to be,
My dear Lord,
Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES SHARP.

On December 23, 1902, the Rev. C. Harrison, Selston Vicarage, Nottingham, wrote to the Bishop enclosing the following letter from the *Record*:—

Heatherdene, Downshire Hill, Hampstead,
November 30.

SIR,

It is of grave import that in the published letters between the Bishop of Ripon and the Dean no mention whatever is made of the two vital points of doctrine—the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection—which the Dean is alleged to have assailed.

The matter thus stands where it was left by the *Times* reporter.

Of far greater import is the Bishop's recent declaration on these two great points in his Introduction to the *Temple Bible* : " The argument that He was wonderfully born, and miraculously raised, and that therefore He was of God, does not awake, at any rate to-day, an adequate and satisfactory response ; even if it could be considered valid, it would not create a worthy, or an acceptable, faith."

There is *no* uncertainty of statement here. " Even if it could be considered valid, it would not create a worthy or acceptable faith."

Sir, these words have been quoted in the London press, both religious and secular : they are an open challenge to the Church of England's teaching of the Christian Faith, to be met at once with the statement that that Church knows no such teaching as this.

The above declaration, made thus authoritatively, constitutes a public claim that Unitarian doctrines shall be incorporated into the Church of England.

ROBERT P. C. CORFE.

The following are the Bishop's replies : (1) To Mr. Harrison, (2) to Mr. Corfe.

The Palace, Ripon.
December 24, 1902.

My dear Mr. Harrison,

I am indebted to you for your letter. It is kind of you to have written. The interpretation you put on my words is in the right direction. What I mean is that no miraculous birth is sufficient evidence of Divine Sonship. The Virgin Birth did not make Jesus Christ the eternal Son of God. He was wonderfully born because He was Son of God. He was not Son of God because He was wonderfully born. John the Baptist's birth was wonderful, but none have taken him as God manifest in the flesh. The argument that Jesus Christ was wonderfully born and therefore was Son of God is not valid: it is putting the cause for the effect. If such an argument can work a so-called belief in any mind, it would not be the faith of the Gospel, a faith in Him who was with the Father before the world began. I have noticed in the controversy respecting the Dean of Ripon that there are some who imagine that the Birth of Christ in time made Him Divine; as though the Logos doctrine of St. John had no existence. Our faith in the *Divine* character of any messenger does not rest on the wonderful circumstances connected with their appearance; for there are lying wonders against which we are warned. A faith, according to our Lord, which rests on wonders is therefore not a worthy faith. Hence I believe in the Virgin Birth as a consequence not as a cause of Christ's Divinity.

With kind remembrances,

Ever yours truly,

W. B. Ripon.

The Palace, Ripon.
December 1902.

My dear Sir,

I do not, as a rule, enter into newspaper controversy, but I write to you, as a letter of yours in the *Record* shows that you have misunderstood some words of mine; and I remember that our Lord advised that in cases of misunderstanding His followers should settle such matters in private. If my words, which you quote in your letter, convey to any the inferences which you draw from them, I shall be greatly grieved, since no such thoughts were present to my mind when I wrote them. If such inferences can rightfully be drawn from my words, I can only say that I must have suffered from some mental obscuration at the time of writing them. Since reading your letters I have asked myself, "Do the words used warrant such inferences?" I must confess that I fail to see any ground in them for the ideas you attach to them. Will you of your kindness look at them and let me ask you to follow my thought as expressed in them? There are two sentences. In the first I say that the argument from the wonderful incidents of our Lord's Birth and Resurrection fails to appeal to the modern mind. I think that if you will recall the fact that miracles are to the modern mind rather a difficulty than a help to belief, you will see that I am here only stating what is a well-recognised feature of contemporary opinion. In the second sentence (and this is the sentence which seems to have troubled your mind) I go on to say that this argument, *i.e.* the argument from the miraculous incidents, even if it could be accepted by the modern mind as valid, would not produce a working faith. If you will reflect you will see that I only assert here the well-recognised principle

that a belief which is based solely on some wonder or miracle is not the same as the real faith of the gospel: the belief that Jesus Christ was wonderfully born or raised is not the same as faith in Him, as the Eternal Lord and Saviour of the Soul. I am sure that you yourself realise and believe this, if He is to you the Very Life of your Life.

To me it is of the very greatest importance that we should insist that though the wonderful incidents connected with the gospel are historically credible, yet our faith in our Lord is based on something deeper and stronger than these. Our Lord Himself taught us this, as you will remember. He said that, unless faith was based upon the spiritual conviction of righteousness, no miracle could produce it. If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

Hence you will see that what I wished to press upon men's minds was the fact that our faith in our Lord as the Eternal Word, the Saviour and Redeemer of men, must be something more than a mere acceptance of the condensed incidents which accompanied His appearance in the world. Mere wonders do not prove the divine origin of any person or message; but faith in a Divine Person enables us to understand the wonders which surround Him. I am sure that you will realise that your letter was written under a total misapprehension, and that my words express the need of recognising those spiritual principles without which belief may be a mere acquiescence of the intellect and not a true faith of the Gospel.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Ever yours truly,

W. B. Ripon.

Haverstock House, Shanklin, I.W.
January 19, 1903.

My Lord Bishop,

A goodly number of Christian people, Members of the Church of England, like myself, and attached to her interests, are mourning over the truly melancholy fact that Dr. Fremantle is still permitted to retain his high and responsible position as Dean of Ripon, notwithstanding his well-known disbelief in large portions of the Holy Scriptures. If any one deserves to be banished from the service of our Church, it is he. The disingenuous replies he has made to your Lordship's inquiries as to his views, have caused deep and outspoken indignation. He informed your Lordship that he could still recite the Creeds, but he failed to add how much of those Creeds he believed, or how much he disbelieved. A Minister of our Church who deliberately rejects the facts recorded in the 1st and 2nd chapters of St. Luke's Gospel can claim no right to continue in her Communion.

For many years Dr. Fremantle has been known in London as a Rationalist of a very advanced type, and this fact should have led the Prime Minister to pause before he recommended him to the King, as a fit person, to serve in the sacred ministry of the Church, especially in so responsible a position.

Can it be possible, I would ask with all respect, that your Lordship purposes taking no further step towards removing this grave scandal from our midst? The Dean has, as a matter of fact, convicted himself of holding anti-scriptural doctrine, thereby repudiating the 6th article of our Church, besides breaking the solemn vows that he took at his ordination.

What can a Minister of our Church do more,

to render himself utterly unfit for the sacred work of that ministry ?

Pardon the frankness with which I write—but the cause is a serious one.

I remain, my Lord Bishop,
Yours very faithfully and respectfully,
L. Bolton.

What the Bishop said when he received this letter is not recorded, but I can imagine him exclaiming with Libanius the Sophist : " Heavens ! what women these Christians have ! " He wrote, however, as follows :—

The Palace, Ripon.
January 21, 1903.

My dear Madam,

I am sorry that you are unhappy. I can well understand your being so, if the case were as you believe it to be. But you will, I am sure, be glad to know that the facts of the case are not at all as they have been represented to you.

The Dean of Ripon endeavoured, in a paper on some facts of Christianity, to show to unbelievers that the Christian position was not unreasonable ; dealing with one doctrine, he showed that there were analogies to it, known to the students of natural history. His meaning was misunderstood by some people, and one phrase of his was taken to mean the very opposite of what he intended ; this was unfortunate, but it does not alter the fact that the Dean said and meant the very opposite of what he was supposed to say. His reply to me was not that he merely recited the creed. He is a gentleman and he would not condescend to a quibble : he explained that he recited the creed because he believed it, and because it expressed his personal belief in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, as God manifest in the flesh.

I write this much because you ought to know the real facts of the case. If you knew the Dean, you could not possibly regard him as a rationalist of a very advanced type, for *you* would find that he was a simple believer in Jesus Christ, full of an earnest wish to bring souls to Him as their Saviour, and anxious in every way to remove difficulties and stumbling-blocks in the way of those who find it hard to believe.

I hope that you and I may join in prayers that all those who love our Lord may be of one heart and mind, and that laying aside all malice and evil speaking we may seek to make Christ pre-eminent in our hearts and lives. It is only as we find Him to be the Very Life of our life that we shall be able rightly to fulfil His will. For this let us pray, and for the rest I can only ask your prayers that here as elsewhere the Name of our Lord may be glorified and His saving power understood more and more.

Ever yours truly,
W. B. Ripon.

The following letter recording his decision not to re-confirm a Quaker, who had been baptised after confirmation, is of interest to canonists. The man, however, was re-confirmed by a missionary bishop.

July 11, 1908.

My dear Mr. S.,

I very much doubt whether the young man ought to be re-confirmed. He was confirmed, I suppose, under the honest impression that he had been baptised; he was ready personally to undertake all the responsibilities of his Christian profession; so unless he very much wishes it himself I think he might be assured that his baptism having taken place as

an *adult* he has twice over taken the pledges which the Confirmation service involves.

Ever yours truly,
W. B. Ripon.

Administrative Statistics

The Bishop was a member of the Statistical Society and had a *penchant* for statistics—one would hardly have suspected it in one with his gifts and temperament. The number of miles he travelled daily, the number of letters he wrote, the number of interviews granted, the number of guests entertained at the Palace, are all noted in his diaries. All these statistics are certainly not worth publishing, yet I propose to give a few specimens. First, because they will help to disabuse the minds of misinformed persons who are stupid enough to believe that a modern English Bishop is either over-paid or under-worked. It is doubtful if there is any body of public men in England who do more for the community with their official means than do the bishops. Secondly, because it will indicate the substantial basis on which Archbishop Magee's statement rested, that the two indispensable qualities for a modern bishop are to suffer fools gladly and to answer letters by return of post. The exercise of the first will be seen in the statistics of interviews, the second in the number of letters written annually. The only specific complaints that I ever heard urged against the Bishop's methods were that he preached too much out of the diocese, and that he did not answer letters promptly. Statistics show that for every single sermon or address

given outside the diocese, he gave two in it. As regards answering letters, every letter that could be answered at once he answered, but before other letters could be answered, legal or other official advice had to be taken, and this often caused delay for which the Bishop was not responsible. This I know from actual experience.

Table of Episcopal Statistics.

Year.	Miles.	Letters.	Packets.	Addresses and sermons.	Meetings.	Interviews.	Hospitality.
1895	13,481	4,936	1,491	189	265	198	2,467
1896	14,811	5,120	1,208	171	259	199	2,682
1897	16,956	5,443	1,032	186	318	306	1,177
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
1901	19,426	6,374	1,156	220	341	330	—
1902	18,826	6,771	1,252	165	304	279	—
1903	16,255	6,809	1,104	198	302	333	—

From 1886 to 1896 he notes that he averaged 110 sermons annually *in* his diocese. In the first nine months of the year 1910, in which he broke down, the episcopal statistics show that he travelled 13,425 miles, gave 148 sermons and addresses, granted 228 interviews, wrote 5,888 letters.

He analyses the statistics thus :

" Till I broke down, almost one meeting a day, one sermon every other day omitting Sunday, 21 letters a day, 50 miles a day travelling."

Boyd Carpenter was one of the first bishops to use a motor-car. Its colour, yellow and black, and its speed, as great as the safety of the public and the urgency of the episcopal business permitted, led to its being called " the yellow peril."

In 1909 as the result of his incessant labours his health began to give way. The following confidential letter to the Bishop of Richmond indicates the thoughts which were in his mind :—

Buckingham Palace Hotel.
May 18, 1909.

Confidential.

MY VERY DEAR BISHOP,

Alas for our poor humanity! I have collapsed again. I write from bed after four or five days of all but ceaseless pain. I came to town to preach the Anniversary Sermon of the C.E. Zenana Society and to attend a meeting of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, at which the increase of the Northern Episcopate was to be discussed indirectly—the sale of the Ripon See House being the peg on which matters were hung. I got through these two bits of work, but in the Hall of the Eccl. Committee I was seized with violent and crippling pain. I got back to the Hotel; Dr. Hort came to see me, and on the following morning brought a nerve specialist with him. To-day Sir Lauder Brunton and Dr. Hort have been again overhauling and testing me. They give me a good report as regards soundness and physique, but they say the pains are neuralgic, and mean a too early return to work, and they order me to bed for a week, and a month or two quiet and rest afterwards. It is most annoying; but I confess that I do not want to spend another few days with the constant pain and sleepless nights which have been my portion since I came to town. I suggested to my doctors to-day that I ought to resign my Bishopric, but they declared emphatically that I was quite sound and that in two or three months I might be quite fit for work.

I hate to write all these egotistical details,

but you are my *alter ego* and you ought to know exactly how matters stand. I don't want to write another letter to the Diocese explaining all this; it would seem absurd to do so. I am inclined, as work is now slackening off, to let things slide and say as little as possible for the present at any rate. I have very little pressing work and few important engagements for the present, and the one or two confirmations L. K. can manage. The Trinity ordination has dwindled to two men, and I can ask Wakefield to take these for me. It is not worth while inviting preachers and chaplains for so small a number. Moreover, the whole spirit of the season needs a little larger gathering.

I think we shall go to Riversea, Kingswear, to-morrow, and take my week in bed there. It is not worth while staying in a Hotel. Unfortunately we were driven here, as our flat is let—which from another point of view is fortunate. I have brought the Eccl. Comrs. to a general consent to the principle of selling the Palace and to a readiness to consider an offer. If any division of the Diocese (*e.g.* Leeds) takes place, the Palace ought to be sold.

Ever yours sincerely,
W. B. Ripon.

P.S.—I signed yesterday the Draft Scheme respecting the allocation of the revenues of Stanhope in the future to certain benefices.

He resumed his diocesan work after a holiday, but ceased to be really robust. On August 12, 1911, being in the seventieth year of his age, he resigned his See, and was appointed shortly afterwards to a Canonry at Westminster. The two following letters to H.M. George V. and the Prime Minister deal with his resignation.

The Palace, Ripon.
August 12, 1911.

SIR,

I write as in duty bound to tell your Majesty that I feel constrained to resign my See; I have now been Bishop for more than 27 years; I am 70 years of age, and though I am, thank God, still strong and active, I believe that it will be more fit that I should lay down the burden of work before the slackness, which age necessarily brings, begins to show itself. I have intimated my intention to the Prime Minister.

I should have been glad had any light post of work been open to me, for I should still have liked a platform of work, but nothing of this kind has offered.

I should like to retain my post as Clerk of the Closet in your Majesty's Household, if your Majesty will allow me to do so.

I remain, Sir,
Your Majesty's loyal and obedient subject
and servant,

W. B. RIPON.

To His Majesty the King.

The Palace, Ripon.
August 14, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. ASQUITH,

I am venturing to send you a memorandum respecting the character and needs of this Diocese, as it may be of some service. I have embodied the substance of what I said on Friday.

Since then I have considered with my wife's help the question of making known my intention of resigning.

Her practical wisdom suggests reasons for not delaying the announcement till September or October.

There is a good deal of furniture here which might be useful to my successor and which he might like to take. But if we go to the United States in November, all the details about furniture, etc., should be settled in October at the latest. If my successor did not desire the furniture a sale would be necessary. As these arrangements need time, it would perhaps be wise to make my intention public some time this month. Forgive my troubling you with these details.

Let me thank you for the kind way in which you received me. I was much gratified by your kind thought of some lighter post for me. I confess that I should like some platform of my own; but this must be as matters fall out. Perhaps with the two vacancies—that at Oxford and that at Ripon—some opportunity may occur.

Believe me, ever yours truly,

W. B. RIPON.

The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

He took farewell of friends and helpers in the following letter:—

The Palace, Ripon.
September 25, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND HELPERS,

I thank you warmly for your letter. I can only say on behalf of my wife and myself that we are grateful for your kind words. In your friendship we have had pleasure; in your sympathy we have found comfort; in your loyal co-operation we have had constant support.

We have had happy times of conference and work together; the remembrance of those times will be a life-long heritage to us in less arduous days. May the blessing of God's peace and love be yours always.

Ever yours affectionately,

W. B. RIPON.

At the Diocesan Conference held at Bradford on the 7th and 8th November, 1911, the Bishop, in his presidential address, took leave of his diocese in the following words :—

"And now, my friends, what more can I say ? It would be affectation to ignore the fact that I am addressing you in this conference for the last time as Bishop of the Diocese. But two reasons keep me from pressing this fact upon your thoughts. Work, Duty. Progressive work and ever insistent duty—these call upon us—apart from the question of personal affection and personal regret. The work to be done—Christ's work in the world, be it remembered—is more than the men who are but instruments through which it can be done. And further, we shall none of us ignore or undervalue the sympathy and kindliness which make work easier and happier, but while these things are helps by the way, it is not for us who are in the battlefield of Christ to allow emotion to slacken our vigilance or regret to enfeeble our energy.

"And therefore let me say but a brief word. I speak to you, my fellow-workers, the constituents of this Diocesan Conference have changed much since we first met, but to-day you are to me the same body—the assembly of kindly-hearted, Christ-loving men who seek above all things the welfare and progress of the Kingdom of Christ. And speaking therefore to you collectively, I thank God for your patience and ever kind co-operation with me. I am grateful for the work which has been initiated among you and which continues active in the Diocese to-day. I commend to your care our various Diocesan Societies.

"And here I reach my final word. Dear Brethren, the secret of all true work and real suc-

cess lies in the hold which religious belief has upon ourselves: the one thing of moment is personal religion: there may be much activity, but little conviction: there may be much show of success, but little reality of religion. And sometimes I ask myself whether the greater activity, the increased forms of organisation, the multiplicity of agencies and services, has been accompanied by a growing personal love and devotion to Him who has called us to work with Him. Do not mistake me: there has been genuine increase of zeal, a real and wider interest in the spread of Christianity. But when interest spreads and activity grows, let us take care that spiritual grasp upon things unseen grows also: that which widens and spreads its branches needs all the more to take root downward, if it is to bear fruit upward. You, my brethren, know and realise this; but forgive me if I speak of it now. I do so because though we have been united in Church work, and though you have cheered me by your loyal and kindly co-operation, yet as I speak last words, I fain would speak of that which lies behind and beneath all Christian activity—the spirit and the purpose of life. Herein for myself and you I pray for that personal grasp upon the hidden life of Christ which turns belief into faith, and passing vision into practical reality.

"Therefore may I say, keep yourselves in the love of God, and the peace of God will rule in your hearts. Life will lose many of its shadows: disappointments will lose their power to damage the soul: work will no longer be drudgery but joy: the causes of division will diminish; for love enlarges the range of our vision: things are seen in their true proportion: the preposterous standards by which party prejudice measures things will be exchanged for the measures of God's

sanctuary, wherein judgment, mercy and the love of God are more than mint and anise: we shall realise that the Kingdom of God is not in matters of meat and drink, but in all that promotes righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. We shall learn more and more to trust God more and ourselves and our own opinion less. We shall find how much there yet is to learn from Christ: we shall realise it will take more than a lifetime to enter into His thoughts: we shall recognise that there is joy in the possession of His Spirit. By dwelling on His life and character, by translating the lessons of His life and teaching into our own lives, by striving to see all questions as He would see them, by living in love to serve one another we shall be hastening for the Church and the world those better days for which we all yearn."

Viscount Mountgarret, an eminent Yorkshire Churchman, moved the resolution of farewell as follows:—

"We the members of the Ripon Diocesan Conference in bidding farewell to our Bishop desire to express our grateful appreciation of the distinguished services which he has rendered to the Church and Diocese during the twenty-seven years of his Episcopate.

"Among the many signs of progress in the development of Diocesan life, we especially recall the creation of the Bishopric of Wakefield, and the remarkable improvement in the position of the Clergy by the Foundation of the Victoria Fund, whereby the poorer Benefices have been sensibly increased in value, and the opportunity provided for the retirement of Incumbents, who, through

age or infirmity have found themselves unable to carry on their work effectively.

"We would also bear our testimony to the sympathy and tolerance which have marked his Episcopate, and above all to the stirring eloquence which has inspired so many with deeper thoughts of personal religion and higher ideals of national righteousness.

"We assure him that he will ever be gratefully and affectionately remembered by clergy and laity alike.

"We rejoice to know that new opportunities of service await him. And we pray that in the years to come he may exercise at Westminster that invigorating influence which has been so powerful for good in the North."

They had known, proceeded the speaker, that they could not expect to keep their Bishop for an indefinite time; they had known that the Bishop's boundless energy, his exuberant vitality, and his religious enthusiasm must sooner or later show the effects of the wear and tear that were inseparable from the administration of a great Diocese like that of Ripon: but knowing that, they were still almost surprised to find that the moment of wrench had come and that they must say farewell to their friend. They could assure him that what he had done for them would never be forgotten. An occasion like that found them with hearts so full as to make them unable to express adequately what they felt. He felt sure there were some present and also others outside that hall who now had a feeling of regret that they had not seen their way to do as much as they might to assist the Bishop in his efforts for good. Speaking as a layman, he must be allowed to say in passing that that great scheme of the Bishop's, the Victoria Fund, by which aged and broken-down

clergy were enabled to retire on a well-earned pension, was really quite as valuable to the laity as to the clergy. Laymen had always found in the Bishop of Ripon genuine friendship, transparent purity of life and character, and one to whom they could always apply for unselfish advice and kind help, and for material and religious assistance when needed. They, as laymen, had also appreciated the manner in which the Bishop had succeeded in stimulating them to take an interest in Church work and good work of every description. In one sense he had been a layman's Bishop, because he had never shrunk from asking them to take their full share in the administration of the affairs of the Church.

The Bishop had received strong evidence of the regard of his Diocese on completing the twenty-first year of his episcopate when Sir Reginald Graham, Bt., of Norton Conyers, the Marquess of Zetland, the Earl of Harewood, Viscount Mountgarret, the Dean of Ripon, Mr. W. Sheepshanks, and a large number of the clergy and laity arranged for two portraits of the Bishop to be painted by Mr. Hugh Riviere, and presented one of them to the Palace and the other to the Bishop with an address.

The speech of Dean Fremantle on that occasion expresses so admirably what the Diocese felt about its Bishop, that I have decided to conclude this account of his diocesan career with it.*

"I am happy to be called upon to speak on this occasion, because it gives me an opportunity

* Report of presentation of portrait and address to the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter), from the *Ripon Observer*, August 3, 1905.

of expressing on my own behalf and that of others who are near to the Bishop both in the Cathedral and in the City the great esteem in which we hold him. We English people are not addicted, so much for instance as Frenchmen, to paying compliments; we have an excessive fear of flattery. But this is one of the few occasions on which we may speak out. You will expect me to use it.

"There has been, as you know, a question raised as to whether the Bishop's portrait should be taken in his robes or not. It is no doubt right, according to tradition and precedent, that he should go down to posterity among his predecessors in the see in his episcopal attire; and we must express our thanks to Mr. Riviere for his kind and generous act in offering to paint a second portrait in robes, not the mere replica which was at first proposed. But none the less do I think it was a sound instinct which guided the distinguished artist in wishing to make a portrait in which the man, the personality, would stand out as free as may be from all accessories. He is not less the prophet and the minister of grace to us because we feel him to be capable of taking his place, unmitred and unrobed, among the great.

"I think, indeed, that the features of character which have impressed us most, apart from his great religious earnestness, are his extraordinary versatility and vitality. To some he is best known as a preacher, to others as a platform speaker, and again as a lecturer on Dante and many other subjects; or as a writer, or as a poet, or as a lover of art; or again as an earnest social reformer; or as a commentator and historian; or as in the larger sense, a statesman and as a theologian. In all these capacities he has done noble work. And I think sometimes he

has suffered from this versatility. Men have not been able to believe that he can do so many different things without neglecting the calls of his diocese. But those who have to do with him in his diocesan work, know him to be amongst the most active and diligent of our Bishops ; quick in initiative, fertile in expedients, and, in such instances as that of the Clergy College,* almost dogged in his persistency.

" And his vitality seems inexhaustible. You may see him after a long tiring day throwing himself as keenly as the youngest or the most learned, into any subject of conversation which arises ; you may be his only listener, but he will develop his theme with as much eagerness as if a thousand were hanging on his word. He seems to have a special faculty for making small occasions important and dull things interesting.

" The secret of this is that he goes to the root of things, not hovering round their superficial aspect, but looking to the underlying principle, and the determination to make his hearers share this tendency gives him his enthusiasm. He believes in truth, in thought, and in the power of one man to awaken this spirit in others. ' For God's sake,' we have heard him exclaim, ' make them think,' for ' as a man thinks so is he.' I know that his vivid imagination and the rhetorical florescence in which it spontaneously expresses itself have at times concealed the earnestness of his thought, and made men who will not take the trouble to go deeper (I fear they are many) look so much at the flowers that they do not believe in the root. But I have never heard an utterance of his which does not, if pondered, open some new vista to the mind, and prove itself solidly logically connected, with some bedrock of moral, intellectual, or spiritual principle.

* Now Ripon Hall, Oxford.

"A great many of the activities which have resulted from these characteristics have been excellently touched upon in the address just presented to the Bishop. May I be allowed to touch upon three others which appear to me of special significance for our present needs?

"1. The Bishop has shown himself a true friend of the working classes. Those classes, through the progress of education, are gaining new positions and new aspirations. They are sometimes thought to be rather shy of all that is ecclesiastical. But the Bishop has shown how to meet and attract them, and this he does through his humility and his reality. He never places himself above you. When you listen to him you forget that he is your superior; he does what Dr. Johnson called putting his mind along side of yours; you are hardly conscious that you are being informed or raised; what is said seems so simple, natural, inevitable, yet you find yourself somewhere amongst the angels. The Bishop's Good Friday scheme in which he has laid such a strong hold upon the affections of the working men of Leeds, and has claimed brotherhood with them, whether they are habitual worshippers in our churches and chapels or not, has done much in itself to bridge over the religious gulf, and will do much more, we hope, by its example.

"2. A second thing which I wish to emphasise is the Bishop's kindly spirit as shown to our Nonconformist friends. At the beginning of each year he has not scrupled to join with us in prayer as citizens of a Christian community; and I call to mind how on the very day in which I was installed as Dean I was called upon to attend a meeting of the Committee which he organised in which the managers of all the schools in the City come together, as occasion may require, in friendly

confidence, to discuss and debate upon any question which may have arisen of common interest to them all. More recently we have seen the undenominational Hostel in connection with the Training College spring up under his auspices. I feel convinced that, notwithstanding the disputes which are at present felt so keenly in the country, a spirit such as the Bishop shows is capable of bringing all into harmony and so make us all work together without any of us parting with what we feel to be essential and substantial.

"The last point I wish to touch upon is the effort the Bishop has made of late to fix the attention of the public on the danger of physical deterioration and the importance of caring for the conditions of life and health, especially in our great towns. Physicians, municipalities, and in course of time, we may hope, the mass of the people who are so deeply affected by these things will be united with ministers of religion in a great redemptive movement: I believe that the League of Social Service which the Bishop is trying to organise amongst us will become one of the greatest institutions, and the Christian Church will follow its Lord in being an uplifting power over the whole state of the people, body and soul, the individual and the community alike.

"We might speak for hours, for days, and never exhaust the subject of our Bishop's claim to our gratitude. I am heartily glad that on his twenty-first year amongst us this tribute has been paid to him, and I hope it may serve to set forth before men's minds the image of a strenuous life, the rich endowments of which are all consecrated to the service of God and man, in such a way as that we all may ponder it and may learn, according to our capacities and opportunities, to do likewise."

CHAPTER IV

AS BIBLICAL STUDENT AND TEACHER

"In the heart of Carlyle and Ruskin alike there dwelt a high and unchanging purpose. Neither of them aspired after mere personal reputation: neither . . . was content to be a mere intellectual thinker; both were, above all, teachers—æsthetic, moral, political teachers. Both on fire not only to know the right, but to have the right done." (W. B. C., *The Bible in the Home*, pp. 13–14.)

"It was well that men of fearless intellects and open minds had sought to prepare the religious world to accept new ideas. Science did not stand still though the religious newspapers were shouting 'heretic,' and though agitation and panic led well-meaning and unreflecting people to advocate the narrowing of the borders of the Church of England." (W. B. C., *The Popular History of the Church of England.*)

WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER was a Biblical student from his childhood. Biblical study was pre-eminently the mark of that school of Churchmanship to which his parents belonged.* As a child it was his duty to repeat a verse of Scripture to his father daily before breakfast. The reading of Holy Scriptures twice a day at family prayers was one of the habits of his life. The Bible was for him the book of books, one of the great supports and inspirations of the religious life, and what it was for him he tried to make it for others. During his career some fourteen volumes dealing with the

* Although brought up an Evangelical, he was not brought up a verbal inspirationist. His father did not favour it (see *Some Pages of My Life*, p. 15).

exposition or exegesis of the Bible appeared from his pen.

The first was in 1879, the *Commentary on the Book of the Revelation* (Cassell) in the Commentary for Schools edited by Dr. C. J. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The contributors to the series included Drs. Sanday, Plumptre, Barry, and Plummer. The editor was himself a serious scholar of the Evangelical School. His invitation to William Boyd Carpenter to contribute a volume to his series is an indication that the young Canon of Windsor was regarded as something more than a popular and eloquent preacher.

William Boyd Carpenter's commentary on *Revelation,* when one recalls the absurd eccentricities of Dr. Cumming of Cheltenham, and the fierceness of the anti-papal exegesis which identified the Babylon of the Apocalypse with the Roman Church, is essentially historical, markedly sober, and deeply spiritual. The commentator was much influenced in his interpretations by F. D. Maurice, Dean Vaughan, as well as by Robertson of Brighton, and he does not pass beyond them. He is not historical or critical like our modern English exegetes, but predominantly moral and spiritual. He seemed to mark in the *Revelation,* as it advanced, an " ever-deepening spirituality."

" Thus does the *Book of Revelation* become the unfolding of a dream which is from God. In it are painted the scenes of earth's history : the birth of a nation's life and its passing groan : the tears and prayers of the unreckoned holy

ones of earth; the agony of half-despair which even the best have felt in the night of conflict that has so often been the eve of triumph; the sustaining faith which has transfigured the weakling into a hero, and nerved the heart of a solitary saintship to do battle alone against a degenerate Church or a persecuting world: the silent victory of truth, or the unperceived growth of worldliness and falsehood. The book is thus a help and stay—not as yielding fruit to curiosity. It is not a manual of tiresome details: it is not meant to be a treasure-house of marvels for the prophetical archæologist: it is a book of living principles. It exhibits the force and fortune of truth as it acts upon the great mass of human society: it shows the revolutions which are the result. . . . It shows us how evermore, from first to last, Christ is with us—encouraging, consoling, warning, helping, and leading us onward through conflict to rest" (pp. 30–31).

The *Revelation* was for him full of inspiration. It was the book of the Coming One. "He comes" is its key-note. "The victory of Christ over all wrong-thoughtedness, wrong-heartedness, and wrong-spiritedness" is what it foreshows.

This way of interpreting the book as a whole is typical of Boyd Carpenter's method as an exegete. He always sought great underlying principles and paid little regard to details. His strength lies in this, and not in philological accuracy nor in minute historical research. He was, we ought to note, in conflict with most modern commentators who would hold that the book proclaims the almost "immediate personal coming of Jesus Christ," whereas the Bishop held

that it seems distinctly to caution the early Christians against cherishing this mistaken notion. In this Boyd Carpenter was a "liberal" rather than an "eschatologist." He seems to have held that the Apocalyptist must be right in everything —including "the times and seasons." Perhaps it suffices that the Apocalyptist is right in his main theme: Christ is coming and Christ will triumph, the rest—the how, and the where, and the when—hardly matters.

In 1884 Cassell published *My Bible*. This is an apologetic for the Bible, and an encouragement to study it. In it the author tries to answer such questions as: "What is the Bible? What is the true range of its growth? What is the drift of its various portions? What is the purpose and significance of the whole? Where did it grow? How can we trace its formation? How may we most intelligently study it? How may we best meet the difficulties which surround its teaching and its history?"

This was essentially a book written to meet what would be called "the present distress." The writer is aware that the views of ordinary Church-people about the Bible are changing. They are confused and perplexed. He writes:

"Now we hardly know what to think. We hardly know whether we ought to trust it at all, for we hear that its history is not dependable; the account it gives of the origin of the world is, we are told, contradicted by science. Then the drift of thought in the present day seems to make a great deal of the Bible only superfluous" (pp. 9–10).

But these doubts extend to its morality and theology as well as to its history and science. The Bishop attempts to solve these difficulties, and he does it in an exceedingly open-minded and up-to-date fashion. He has made use of the best authorities, but he seldom cites them by name, with the exception of Westcott, to whom he owes much. With great skill he avoids critical controversies. He refers to the composite character of the *Book of Isaiah* and to the origin of *Daniel*, but only to warn his readers that the conclusions of the critics need be no cause for alarm. He points out clearly that the Bible is a *manifold* book, a *growth*; that many of its sections are compilations; nevertheless taken as a whole it contains a progressive unveiling of the Divine Nature and the Divine Will.

I know of no contemporary book intended for popular instruction in the Bible which for clearness, courage, and truthfulness is equal to it. It was so little out of date that the Bishop issued it for a new generation in 1913. In the Preface to the 1913 edition, he cites Harnack to inform those who are interested in the Bible that, although much has happened in the last five and twenty or thirty years, what has happened has not tended to weaken but to strengthen Christian faith in the Bible.

In 1885 he wrote an Introduction to an elaborately illustrated volume containing *The Sermon on the Mount*, published by Hodder & Stoughton (1885). The Sermon on the Mount is for the Bishop the Great Charter of the Kingdom of Heaven. Its words deliver men and inspire

them. It marks the beginning of a new era. It proclaims that " Blessing is the key-note of God's government." But blessing is not to be found in the things without us, but rather in the dispositions within us. Hence the Bishop writes :

" The purpose of the Sermon is thus to create a state of the soul—a godlike love and peace. When these are within all becomes right without. Thus the Sermon is not the charter of the communist ; nor the charter of the catholic ; it is the charter of the privileges of the child of God—and they are spiritual."

This interpretation tacitly avoids all those political, social, and economic problems which the literal interpretation of the Sermon involves. This is perhaps its weakness.

Ten years later (1895) the Bishop developed his introduction into a volume of three hundred pages, which was published under the title *The Great Charter of Christ* (Hodder & Stoughton).

It would be interesting to compare this exposition of the Sermon on the Mount with that by St. Augustine in ancient times or with that by Dr. Gore in our own day. Suffice it to say the Bishop's exposition is that of the preacher rather than the exegete, and the ordinary Englishman finds his interest aroused by the Bishop to a degree in which exegetes do not usually win the attention of the plain man, *e.g.* the Bishop, in discussing the Jewish legal axiom " An eye for an eye," remarks " He is a poor citizen who makes the strictness of the law the measure of his private actions. This is Shylock and his pound of flesh." That

illustration arrests the attention. The Bishop next proceeds to discuss the difficult charge, *Resist not him that is evil.* These words, the Bishop teaches, imply that in the long run good is stronger than evil, kindness than cruelty, love than law. Therefore do not rely on law or force in your dealing with evil men, rely rather on goodness, kindness, patient well-doing. This, he urges, does not condemn the vocation of the magistrate or the policeman, nor does it condemn those who exert their power to the utmost to protect the weak and oppressed. Men may lawfully do on behalf of others that which they would not do for themselves. Civil magistracy, properly administered, is a protective force. The degree in which we should invoke its protection is left to ourselves to judge (p. 180).

This kind of exposition does not clear up every difficulty, nor solve every problem, but it sets forth the main principle in a plain and persuasive fashion. Such headings to the various sections as "Marketable Religion," "Prostituted Zealotism," "The Tests of Life," awaken interest and fix attention.

In 1898 the Bishop wrote some papers on *The Forty Days of the Risen Life,* published by Isbister. He had deplored the attempt made to adduce authority for Church organisation and government from the teaching of Christ uttered between the period of the Resurrection and the Ascension, and so he does not use these fragmentary records and utterances for this purpose. He finds in them the good news of Christ's spiritual presence vouchsafed to the

perplexed, the bereaved, the doubting, provided that they are loyal to Christ.

It is a slight little book, wistful and gentle. It will not seem convincing to some, but it is no more intended to convince than an impulse from a vernal wood or the dying notes of a sacred melody. It touches on no critical or historical difficulties—and they are not small nor few in these narratives—but the Bishop's interpretation is mystical, and the mystic is not concerned with these difficulties; indeed he is hardly aware that they exist.

In 1896 Nisbet brought out *Biblical Character Sketches* by Archdeacon Farrar and other well-known preachers. The Bishop contributed one on "The Nameless Prophet," of 1 *Kings* xiii., who died because "he accepted a religious sanction for doing that which his conscience knew was wrong" (p. 76).

In 1901 Cassell brought out *The Life and Work of the Redeemer.* To this the Bishop contributed the chapter on "Christ the Teacher" (pp. 168–98).

The essay is remarkable because the Bishop finds no system in Christ's teaching, although he finds in that teaching the recurrent enunciation of great principles. "Some have said," remarks the Bishop, "that the fundamental idea is the Kingdom of God; others have found it in the conception of Righteousness; others in the idea of Happiness or Blessedness; others again, naturally enough, in the Fatherhood of God."

We cannot say of these that one is more

fundamental than the others; they are all aspects of the infinite ocean of Truth.

The Bishop has little sympathy with the literalist interpreters, who so interpret Christ's teaching as to bring it into conflict with good sense and good conduct as the plain man understands these things. These literalists, says the Bishop, mar the beauty of Christ's teaching and narrow its heavenly comprehensiveness. The Bishop takes two "Hard sayings." "Whoso loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me" (*Matt.* x. 37); "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (*Luke* xiv. 33). The literalist and the worldling misunderstand these. They would have it that "the sweet endearments of home" are to be sacrificed to Religion. But, asks the Bishop, "Did Jesus Christ teach principles which undermine the family bond?"

Christ condemned on one occasion with anger the Pharisaic theory that a religious duty could dispense with a home obligation, saying that they who taught thus made the commandment of God of none effect by their tradition. Is it likely, asks the Bishop, that Christ would do what He condemned in the Pharisee? Certainly not. What Christ meant was that "You must put the Christ-like spirit before you as the first and great thing; you must give it a place above all earthly partiality and affection." Is it conceivable that the following out of this principle of life would bring any neglect or disregard of those simple duties which are the first expression of Love, and which were so reverently regarded by

Christ Himself? What He seeks to inculcate is the wide distribution in the world of the Spirit which He knew to be the true spirit of life—the spirit of simple, natural, and unselfish love.

In 1892 Isbister published *Book by Book.* This consisted of popular studies in the Canon of Scripture by well-known scholars such as Dr. Salmon, Dr. Sanday, Dr. A. B. Davidson. The Bishop of Ripon did the *Pastoral Epistles.* The treatment is slight—merely thirteen pages—and popular. The Bishop did not possess that minute philological learning, sound knowledge of primitive "Church Orders" and early patristic writers, clear perception of the different stages in the evolution of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical organisation, all of which are needful to the interpretation of these epistles, and perhaps he would not have deemed the possession of such knowledge necessary for writing a popular introduction to them—but the absence of this knowledge deprives his introduction of value, and makes it merely conventional and superficial.

In 1904 the Bishop wrote a tract to celebrate the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society (March 7, 1904). It is entitled *The Bible in the Home.* The tract must have been sold by thousands. Here the Bishop is seen at his best as a popular teacher, well informed, attractive, inspiring, simple, sentimental.

No good purpose could be served by attempting an estimate or description of each of the Bishop's books on the Bible. It will be generally agreed that his commentary on the Epistle of St. James (*The Wisdom of James the Just*) is the best of his

purely exegetical treatises, but the most helpful and widely read of his contributions to Biblical education was his *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures* published in 1913.* It is an attempt to present the Bible in a modern light, not to secularists or to scholars, but to plain people " who are troubled and perplexed." The Bishop does not profess to write as an expert, but as one who has been compelled to ask himself the question, " If the general results of modern criticism are to be admitted, how far is the message of the Bible rendered obsolete ? Is the spiritual force of the Bible as a practical aid to life diminished ? " His answer is as follows :

" I make no secret of my own conviction that, though some critics have been rash and unskilful, the general results of what is called the higher criticism and its scientific methods will come to be accepted, but . . . I write with an increased conviction that the Divine character of the message in these books has been rendered more intelligible by what has happened. . . . We have learned to look away from profitless questions to the practical and important ones of the unfolding of the Divine message, of the gradual unveiling of the Divine character, and of the spiritual principles which govern the relation of God our Father to the souls of men " (pp. 12–13 †).

* Issued by Dent & Sons as the first volume in their Temple Bible series.

† This answer is characteristic, including its criticism of the critics, which is merely a sop to the Traditionalist Cerberus. The work of our British Biblical scholars, such as W. R. Smith, S. R. Driver, B. F. Westcott, Estlin Carpenter, W. E. Addis, G. Harford, G. A. Smith, and even T. K. Cheyne, until late in his life, is marked by extraordinary sobriety, wisdom, reverence, and accuracy. Bishop Colenso is the only notable exception,

The Bishop is insistent that what is required at the outset in the Bible student is a clear recognition of the distinction between permanent spiritual truths and questions of merely intellectual or historical interest. In any case criticism is inevitable and is even tacitly adopted. The real choice is between scientific or unscientific criticism. Moreover, in Christ's treatment of the Old Testament, Christians have an example of the right way in which to use Scripture.

Professor Huxley affirmed that the chosen people were the Greeks, not the Jews. This is not the view of the Bishop, and he bases the authority of the Bible upon the supreme religious genius of the Jewish race. He writes :

" The claim, then, which the Bible has on the attention of men lies just in this—that setting aside for the moment all theories of inspiration and revelation, it does contain the literature of the most distinctly religious people of the world : in it we find the record of the spiritual consciousness of man as expressed by the race possessed of the highest spiritual organisation. To know what religious message the most religious people gave the world is for the historical student an interesting study : but if religion is vital to every man, then to know how religion has found expression among the spiritual leaders of the most spiritual-minded race is a study of personal importance."

and " the glee of a fiend " which he was accused of exhibiting over Biblical inaccuracies, was partly at least due to the bitter and unjust accusations which he endured as one who was charged with exhibiting in his writings that " evil heart of unbelief " condemned in Holy Scripture.

The Bishop is perhaps most helpful in discussing whether unscientific beliefs by the Biblical writers, or those whose teaching they preserve, invalidate their moral and spiritual authority in other matters. He takes the case of belief in angels and demons. For his angel he goes to *John* v. 4, and remarks that the modern man would speak of the pool of Bethesda as "a medicinal spring." As for demons, Prof. Huxley declared that belief in a world of demons is inculcated throughout the Gospel, and that "this conception is fundamental for the authors of the Gospel." All this the Bishop admits, but he points out that such conceptions although fundamental for the authors of the Gospel are not therefore fundamental for Christians, nor do they constitute "fundamental ideas of the Gospel." Moreover, demonology is not inculcated in the Gospel; it is merely taken for granted. In the case of Jesus Christ's attitude towards demonology there are only three suppositions possible :

"(1) Either Jesus Christ knew that the evils described were due to the agency of evil spirits ;

"(2) Or He knew that the current conceptions were mistaken, but He did not think it to be wise, or a part of His mission, to correct misapprehensions on the matter ;

"(3) Or He Himself was truly limited in His knowledge of this matter. . . .

"If the first supposition be true, there is an end of the question.

"If the second be true, Jesus Christ appears acting as every wise teacher would act. . . .

"If the third supposition be the true one, then it only means that Jesus Christ in accepting the

humanity accepted the limitations which marked the scientific knowledge of His own day" (pp. 55–57).

In dealing with the growth of the Bible, the Bishop follows his sometime examining chaplain, Dr. Herbert Ryle, in recognising three stages :

"(1) The Elemental Stage in which the general component parts of the books were formed.

"(2) The Medial Stage in which they were reduced to their present literary form.

"(3) The Final Stage in which they were selected as worthy of a place in the National Canon."

He shows the relation between the growth of the Old Testament and the ethical and theological evolution of Israelite religion. This Divine Revelation or unveiling of the Divine Nature and Will to man is a process of which the Bible discloses the history.

The way in which the Bishop deals with Biblical Inspiration (chap. ix.) is most illuminating for the plain man. He begins by asking, What is Inspiration ? He finds he can no more define Inspiration than he can define instinct. He asks : "Is instinct only experienced reason, or is reason only developed instinct ?" He passes to concrete examples. Goethe's *Faust* is inspired, Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* lacks inspiration, but between the two there is a debatable land. He concludes that inspiration is a quality so real, and yet so subtle, so entrancing yet so impalpable, that when present it compels our homage and forces from us the acknowledgment of its tran-

scendent force and reality. It is like genius. We know it when we see it, but we cannot define it. It appeals to the spirit of man. That in us which comes from God responds to that which God has sent.

"How do we discriminate between the inspiration of the Bible and the inspiration of the great works of human genius? What marks the difference between the inspiration of St. John and that of Shakespeare? Is not the inspiration of the Bible separate and unique? In one sense there is no difference. . . . Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above . . . those called secular and those called sacred. As far, therefore, as origin is concerned all these gifts are of God. In this aspect we can trace no difference between the inspiration of one class of writer and another. But in another sense we can trace a deep and very real difference. . . . If they all in a sense come from God, . . . not all lead to God: not all lay hold on our moral nature and draw our conscience under its dominion. It is in the persistently Godward direction of the Bible that we note the characteristic of its inspiration. . . . Other works possess a power which rejoices, refreshes, invigorates our intellectual nature, nay, which quickens our moral being: but no book like the Bible so continuously and so mightily has led men to God, or has so widely and deeply enriched and enlivened the religious consciousness of mankind. The witness to this view is to be found in the history of the religious consciousness of Christendom."

In this popular book the Bishop gives a lucid summary of the critical analysis of the Hexateuch, and emphasises the importance of the common

element in the Gospels as being in all probability earlier and more accurate than the other elements. But the supreme question is, What sort of portrait of Jesus Christ do we derive from it? He replies, It is one that will satisfy all that is highest and best in man's moral and spiritual nature.

In dealing with the miraculous in the Gospels, the Bishop points out that it is less prominent in the common element in the Gospels than in the peculiar elements in them. This leads him to say:

"Our belief in Jesus Christ must be based upon moral conviction: not upon physical wonder. The argument that He was wonderfully born and miraculously raised, and that therefore He was of God, does not appeal to the modern mind, and, even if it did, it would produce at the best an intellectual assent, not a worthy or an acceptable faith" (p. 132).

Of the Fourth Gospel, the Bishop remarks: "We may remember that the value of a book is in many respects independent of its author" (p. 140), and also that "the idea of authorship was much looser, in fact, in early times than it is to-day." The real significance and value of the book is that—

"The writer sees in Jesus Christ something more than the Prophet of Nazareth who went about doing good, or the promised Messiah who might fulfil the hopes of Israel: he sees in Jesus Christ the explanation of all life; the key to Divine purposes of wider range than the limits of Israel" (p. 134).

In short what the author of the *Fourth Gospel* aims to give his readers is not a chronicle but a philosophy of history, not a biography but a theology.

Ere the Bishop closes he emphasises once more the value of sane and reverent criticism in reading the Bible.

"Under such guidance, the study of the Prophets becomes not only luminous but charged with the personal and dramatic interest which invests men and their words with life. We no longer need to read the Bible with the blinds of our intelligence drawn half down. Now all that is needed is a calm mind, the Revised Version, the aid of one of the many monographs on the special book we are studying, and fruitful lessons will flow in upon our thoughts."

The effect of the criticism which has undermined previously accepted views has been to correct a great deal of once common literalism of interpretation: . . . to deliver us from notions which were in danger of becoming too mechanical. . . . Everything is preaching to us that we need to become more spiritually minded if we are to understand the ways and the teaching of God. In times like our own, when men, afraid of trusting the living God, are seeking to base their faith upon gross materialistic notions, is it not well that the disintegration of crude ideas which criticism brings should lead us back to those words of our Lord, which, though constantly ignored, are yet as constantly needed by the Church? "The hour

cometh when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

These extracts give a better idea of the Bishop as a Biblical student and a Biblical exegete than much analysis and description. The Bishop had not the erudition of a Lightfoot or of a Westcott ; he had not the keen critical faculty of a Hort or of a Sanday, but he kept in close touch with all the more important results of Biblical studies, although he never obtruded them in his teaching. Not long before his death I accompanied him to St. Mary Abbot, Kensington, where he preached a sermon with remarkable energy. On returning he discovered he had left his Bible behind. I went for it—an Authorised Version—and noted that amongst other markings in it he had drawn lines round Schmiedel's nine "pillar passages," * yet I know of no occasion when in public he referred either to Schmiedel or to his pillar passages. The deftness with which the Bishop avoided identifying himself with critical issues in his preaching was notable to any close observer. On such occasion he was inclined to treat the whole critical issue as entirely indifferent, as something which earnest, morally and spiritually minded people would hardly consider worthy of their thought. In this way the Bishop no doubt escaped controversy

* These are passages which Professor Schmiedel, an extreme critic, felt quite convinced were genuine utterances of Jesus Christ.

and avoided being involved in negative issues, but I have felt at times that he would have helped the cause of light and truth more by definitely saying that he did not regard certain Biblical records as historical or credible, although former generations of Christians had done so. In private he would have said so: addressing some select society of intelligent and educated people he would have said so: but in the pulpit he would not say it. In church you listened to an eloquent and illuminating exposition of the universalism of the *Book of Jonah*, but you came away without knowing whether the Bishop believed that the whale had swallowed Jonah. On January 20, 1890, writing to his wife from Osborne, he informs her that "Sir John Cowell can trace geographically the route taken by Jonah's whale and the number of knots per hour which it travelled—18 knots, I think. Who can doubt the miracle after this?" he asks ironically.

The Church was in grievous need of Biblical middlemen. Teachers who would stand between those engaged in critical research and the great body of the faithful who felt their salvation was somehow dependent on their reading *mumpsimus* for *sumpsimus*, and show them how helpful and illuminating many of the positive results of criticism were. It was a task which required a remarkable combination of courage, cleverness, and caution, and the Bishop possessed these in a high degree and in consequence was *facile princeps* of the Biblical middlemen of his period. The Bishop relates in his diary a conversation with the German Emperor. The Emperor said: "In

Germany we have scholars who write great books on dogmatic theology and on Biblical criticism, but we have no one who writes books like yours. What do you call them?" "Oh, 'goody books,'" replied the Bishop. "Yes, that is the word," said the Kaiser, "'goody books': those are the books I want for my people, and that is why I have yours translated into German and distributed."

His clergy of the more obscurantist type felt that he did not believe the Bible as they did: that there were many things in it which they believed, but which he did not believe. Yet such was his deftness they could never prove it absolutely from his public utterances. When the Dean of Ripon was supposed to have denied the Virgin-birth of our Lord, and many of the clergy petitioned the Bishop to take disciplinary action against the Dean, they had, as one expressed it, the satisfaction of feeling that they were "striking at the Bishop through the Dean," only to discover that they were engaged with a swordsman (not unlike his fellow-Highlander Alan Breck *) capable not only of coming out of the conflict himself unscathed, but able also to bring his Dean with him.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV

The following letters written by Mr. Gladstone and the first Lord Masham (a great inventor of machines and captain of industry) are typical of the interest of many of the great Victorians in Biblical questions and of their growing dissatisfaction with traditional teaching.

* *Kidnapped*, by R. L. Stevenson.

Hawarden,
October 25, 1891.

My dear Lord Bishop,

It is not without compunction that I take my place in the arena, I need not say against, but in the face of a Bishop. It is however at your Lordship's invitation.

In my first sentence I shall seem to go beyond your Lordship's propositions: for I do not feel certain that universal accuracy of whatever kind is a *conditio sine qua non* to the inspiration of a Book. Whatever difficulties worthy of the name there are about the Old Testament seem to me to be the old difficulties, not the new. Had absolute accuracy of all kinds been intended to be a condition of our acknowledging the Bible, would not some special provision have been made for transmission and translation, instead of having them subject to the ordinary accidents?

It has been a favourite practice with some to say the Bible is infallible when the subject matter is religious, not otherwise. On this, as I think, unsound basis the sacrifice of Isaac is infallible but the Deluge may be a fable.

I deplore, and even resent, the application of this principle to the First Chapter of Genesis: first, because it seems to me to be addressed to very high religious purposes, and without it what becomes of Creation? Secondly, because in my most firm conviction that wonderful chapter is of itself a distinct and striking proof of Divine Revelation.

I do not believe in the distinction of sacred and secular subject and matter, nor indeed in any formula known to me; but dear old Bishop Butler is my great oracle, and, on this question as on most others, supplies me with sufficient solutions, and enables me to contemplate with full content the overwhelming evidences of the Divine hand in Holy Scripture, without having a *recipe* for untying every knot.

Forgive these few and rugged words. I retain your Lordship's MS. until I understand you wish to have it back.

I entirely understand your Lordship's kind words about our affliction. Silence is often quite as kind as speech.

With regard to charities. I recollect that, late in the Delane period, the *Times* by way of reply to those who complained that giving was inadequate, produced a detailed estimate of Metropolitan charities. This was the only statement I had ever seen, and only in the office of the *Times* itself would it be likely that a guide to it would be found.

I remain,
With sincere respect,
Your Lordship's very faithful
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon.

Swinton, Masham, Yorkshire.
May 29, 1905.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Knowing well how much you are occupied, I shall be as brief as possible.

I do not wish to trouble you by asking you to give me your opinion, but simply to indicate any work or book that explains how, if the " Garden of Eden " and the " Fall " be simply a myth, and if there were no " Fall," how could there be any " Atonement " ?

Then what becomes of the " Christian Religion " ?

You will see that these questions are vital, and require to be thoughtfully considered.

Yours very sincerely,
MASHAM.

Royal Crescent Hotel, Filey.
July 26, 1905.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Although absent I do not forget you, allow me to congratulate you on your well-earned honours; few men have been so self-sacrificing and deserving.

And at the same time let me thank you for pointing out a most admirable book which was just what I wanted —so full of deep thought.

I agree with the author that there can be no religion *without faith*, but on the other hand, faith *without reason*, which I may say hitherto has been almost universally the case with all the religions of the world, is simply a ship without a rudder—and may lead to anything.

Look at what I was taught by the Church, that with few exceptions the whole world was to suffer everlasting fire, because of Adam and the apple! and there never was such a person!!

There you see the results of faith without reason, and that too, I may say, in the most enlightened country in the world amid the greatest freedom of thought.

Look at the Athanasian Creed, a disgrace to any Church and to any body of educated men. I might have much to say but refrain.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

MASHAM.

CHAPTER V

AS CHURCHMAN

"The religion of the future will be neither Protestant nor Catholic, but simply Christian." (Bishop BOYD CARPENTER at the Bradford Church Congress, September 1898.)

"The Hour is coming—when this our holy Church
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
And be for all mankind, and in its place
A mightier Church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of Love. Not *credo* then,
Amo shall be the password through her gates."
(Quoted in the Bishop's review of the "Life of E. B. Pusey" *Quarterly Review*, July 1894.)

"Let us not be so interested in the individual as to forget the Church, nor so absorbed by the Church as to ignore the individual" (*Nottingham Church Congress Paper*, 1897).

"Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes."
ALFRED TENNYSON.

IT was customary in certain clerical circles to say: "Whatever Boyd Carpenter may be, he is no Churchman." The word Churchman is admittedly ambiguous. In the Middle Ages it signified any one holding an office in the Church; in the eighteenth century it signified the member of the Church of England as distinguished from the Romish recusant and the Protestant Dissenter. But in neither of these senses was it used when it was asserted that Boyd Carpenter was no

Churchman. It was meant that the Bishop had no real appreciation of the distinctive marks of the Church which testified to her Catholic calling and historic heritage.

A careful examination of his writings and speeches indicates that this is far from being the case. He was no hard and narrow Churchman. Nor could he be stamped satisfactorily as a party man. He was never in complete agreement with any of the three Church parties of his day.

He had no real belief in the doctrine of "uncovenanted mercies" and in the mechanical transmission of Orders, on which the High Church doctrine rests: but he had equally little sympathy with the individualism of the Evangelical and the Erastianism of the Broad Churchman.

He held and taught a doctrine of the Church which included the best positive elements in the Church teaching of all three parties.

On one occasion the late Professor Mahaffy was asked by a lady whom he had taken in to dinner whether he were not a clergyman, and he replied, "Yes, I am, madam, but in no offensive sense." That would seem to be the best and briefest reply to the charge that Bishop Boyd Carpenter was no Churchman. "He was a Churchman, but in no offensive sense." He cited with appreciation the words of the late Lord Mount-Temple: "We have had the High Church, the Low Church, the Broad Church, we now want the Deep Church." Boyd Carpenter was a deep Churchman. His knowledge of the Church was wide and varied, as may be seen by the list of books on ecclesiastical history which he had read

"with interest, with profit, and with delight" prefixed to his charming volume *The Prophets of Christendom*, p. ix., 2nd ed. (1884).

He had studied seriously in the greater historians the history of the Church, and particularly that branch of it to which he belonged—and as a consequence his doctrine of the Church was both spiritual and historical, a union of idealism and actuality, of warm, living, serviceable membership united with that combination of religious emotion and patriotic feeling which breathe through one of the most exquisite of the exquisite Psalms of Degrees.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the House of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good."

His conception of the Church comes out very clearly in some of his notable Church Congress sermons and addresses, and also in his *Christian Reunion* (1895),* *A Popular History of the Church of England* (1900) †; "The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey" in the *Quarterly Review*, July 1894; and in "National Churches and their Relation to National Life," in the *Quarterly Review*, January 1918.

His Churchmanship is best seen in his *Popular History*. This is not only one of the most readable but also one of the most judicious of the smaller histories of the English Church. It is delightfully lucid and interesting, and yet

* Published by Macmillan & Co. (1895).
† Published by John Murray (1900).

goes into matters very much more deeply than it seems to, but withal in so simple a manner that those who think a popular style must needs be the vehicle of shallow views and superficial judgments are apt to be deceived as to its historical worth. A book which was viewed favourably by Gwatkin, Lecky, Lewis Campbell, and Bishop Collins of Gibraltar deserves attention.

Within the English Church the Bishop clearly recognised that each of the three historic Church parties, High, Low, and Broad, had a right to exist.

At the Nottingham Church Congress, in speaking of them, he aptly cited Longfellow's lines :

> " I gave a various gift to each,
> To charm, to strengthen, and to teach,
> These are the three great chords of might,
> And he, whose ear is tuned aright,
> Will hear no discord in the three
> But the most perfect harmony."

He recognised equally clearly that the Church of England may be justly spoken of as a compromise, but a compromise based not as its detractors declare on political opportunism, but on principle. He dealt with this in his Inaugural Address to the Bradford Church Congress in 1898 :

" It is sometimes said, and it was recently said, that the Church of England is a compromise. Now a compromise may be good or bad. When a man attempts to sit on two stools it is a sort of compromise which proverbially turns out badly : but when an axle is fixed on two wheels it is a compromise which means power of progress. And if compromise in the Church of England means the comprehension within her fold of two powerful

streams of thought, we need not quarrel with the word."

But he feared extreme men, for he saw clearly that one of the lessons of history is that "the victory of extreme men is the ruin of institutions" (p. 253). He expressed this forcibly at the same Congress.

"If Protestantism means the claim of the human spirit to direct access to the Father of Spirits, the protest against the idea of vicarious responsibility, and against every attempt to check the freeness and fullness of the message of Divine forgiveness, then it is a term which no Church need fear to use, for it means the preservation of primitive and essential Christianity. But if it means a spirit which lashes itself into frenzy over the lighting of a candle, the change of a position, and sees heresy in a surplice, and Popery in the shifting of a lectern, then we feel that the old music has gone out of the word, and it is in danger of being identified with narrow intelligence and violent vulgarity. On the other hand, if Catholicity means the recognition that besides the religious conscience of the individual soul there is a religious conscience of Christendom; that there is need of adherence to the fundamental thoughts of Christ; that the individual should be ready to acquiesce in all innocent usages and venerable customs rather than break up the harmony of the society of Christ; if it means a large and generous perception of the solidarity of the brotherhood of Christ, then Catholicity expresses what the sanctified common sense of man will freely accept. But if Catholicity is confounded with the practice of customs which have only a mediæval sanction; if it claims to be

identified with notions of ecclesiastical officialism which were unknown in the Church of Christ during the first century and a half of her purest life; if it insists on transforming permissible opportunities of help into necessities of Christian life and practice; if it takes its ideals of Catholicity from the un-Catholic corruptions of the Latin Communion, then we feel that Catholicity is robbed of its majestic voice, and has become the snarl of intolerant sectarianism. . . . The good sense which distinguishes the English mind will work in ecclesiastical controversies. . . . The candour of thinking men will not allow the extremists to triumph; . . . The bulk of the English clergy are free from partizan narrowness and want of candour. They are loyal to the traditions which have given the Church its reasonableness and its comprehensiveness; they are neither disguised Romanists nor ill-concealed Nonconformists."

The most striking feature about the Bishop's conception of the Church is its comprehensiveness. His standard of Churchmanship was the Beatitudes. "Not they," said he, "who bear the name of Christ, but they who possess the Spirit of Christ are truly blessed." He could not have agreed with the first part of the Ignatian aphorism: "Where the Bishop is there the Church is": but its conclusion, "Where Christ is there is the Catholic Church," expressed his absolute conviction. His conception of the Church was primarily Christocentric. Its centre is where Christ is: its circumference he left undefined—"The Lord knoweth them that are His: and let every one that nameth the Name of Christ depart

from iniquity." Hence his Churchmanship never led him to unchurch the members of other religious denominations. He joined heartily and naturally with Nonconformist ministers in the annual New Year Prayer Meetings at Ripon inaugurated by Dean Fremantle. When in Scotland he had no hesitation in accepting invitations to preach in Presbyterian pulpits, although the *Church Times* rebuked him for this as a "lamentable exhibition of selfish display" which revealed "his contempt for his high office."

He contributed a notable appeal for Christian Unity to the *Methodist Times* of January 7, 1907, on the occasion of the assembling of the Methodist Conference at Leeds.

Reunion

He was constantly sympathetic towards all sincere endeavours to secure the Reunion of Christendom, but not hopeful of immediate success. He wrote in January 1907:

"Some few years ago there was much talk about Christian reunion; hopes were high, aspirations were many; we all wished for it, prayed for it, believed in it. The heights of Beulah seemed to be very near. Would it be untrue to say that the hills seem farther off to-day?"

He recognised "How remediless is the breach which Rome has made in Christendom." * He was "filled with wonder at the spectacle of human intelligence and intellectual integrity reduced to

* *Reunion*, p. 211.

such a condition of subjection and unreason." * He saw clearly that the real issue so far as reunion with Rome was concerned turned on the answer given to the question : " Did the Divine Founder give to His Church a visible head upon earth, with power to teach, define, settle controversies, and govern ? " †

If modern Christians were compelled to answer No to this question, then the future reunion of Christendom must be, to use the Bishop's phrase, " a reunion without Rome," ‡ unless Rome were ready to depart from her traditional position, which seemed to him, in the light of her history, highly improbable.

On the prospects of reunion with the Eastern Churches he looked more hopefully. The obstacles were not " insuperable." Education, especially Biblical education, might do much to promote better and closer relations in the future.

It was for the reunion of the various Reformed Communions that his hopes were strongest. He marked two tendencies which promised it. First, " the remarkable decline of special doctrines which were at one time the test-marks of particular denominations." § " Men have grown impatient," he noted, " of the bondage of certain doctrinal forms . . . ; they do not feel justified in believing simply as their fathers did, or because their fathers did. The spirit of inquiry is abroad : and with it the historic spirit has arisen." ‖ In consequence,

* *Op. cit.*, p. 211.

† These are the words of Cardinal Vaughan cited by the Bishop in *Reunion*, p. 212.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 212.

§ *Op. cit.*, p. 215.

‖ *Op. cit.*, p. 216.

"we shall discover how much of common faith exists among men who differ; we shall grow less denominational and more catholic." *

The second tendency is "the growth of a kindlier and more fraternal spirit among Christian communions. The yearning for brotherhood is strong, because the Fatherhood of God is beginning to be understood."

But it seemed to him that the way of reunion was, as he phrased it, "the way of the Spirit, not the letter," and that the Spirit had a great work to do in the illumination and purification of Christendom before reunion could come about.

"Wonders," said he, "more striking than the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead, might yet be wrought in the Church, when through the breath of the life-giving Spirit, hatred, distrust, and narrowness of mind should disappear, and men should measure one another more by their lives than by their worship: by what they are than by the account which they can give of their belief; by the spirit which is in them than by their imperfect theology." †

He quoted with appreciation the saying: "We shall never reach the unity of the Spirit by outward organisations."

He was equally clear that Christian unity could never mean ecclesiastical uniformity. Dealing with the rise of National Churches and their relation to National Life in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1918, he writes:

* *Op. cit.*, p. 217.
† *Op. cit.*, p. 221.

" It is an idea which, I understand, is abhorrent to a certain type of sectarian to-day. Men of this type dream of Catholicism as the path towards union ; for union, in their minds, spells uniformity, and uniformity means surrender to Latinism. Not thus will the reunion of Christendom come ; it can only come in the frank recognition of divergence, in the same acceptance of varieties, by which the vitality as well as the virility of worship can be preserved. . . . The way to world-federation is by the road of free nationality, and the way to Christian union in the world is by the recognition of national varieties in ecclesiastical life."

He felt that Christendom had more important things to do than to discuss problems of reunion, especially if those discussions were to descend to the level of devious devices by ecclesiastical diplomats to secure an outward union which was not the sign and sacrament of an inward unity.

When on January 5, 1915, he addressed a meeting of the World's Evangelical Alliance on " The Church Universal," he emphasised the need for the cultivation of inwardness in religion as the way to secure Church unity. On another occasion he said : " The work of the Churches is to spread the Spirit of Christ among men. The Spirit of Christ . . . is the true bond of Churches : it is this which will reunite the world."

He desired above everything Christian co-operation in the service of man : Christian idealism in the face of advancing materialism : Christian sincerity in the presence of hypocrisy : Christian simplicity putting to shame worldly vulgarity : Christian disinterestedness in contrast to greed

and self-seeking: these were the pressing needs of the Churches in a civilisation which seemed threatening to depart from Christ. But unification and uniformity of organisation appeared to him to matter little in comparison with unity of spirit and the maintenance of a Christian standard of life. Thus he wrote to Mr. Scott Lidgett in words which seem almost prophetic to-day:

"The danger lies in the secularisation of life and thought. It speaks to us in the religious indifferentism of which all Christian Churches complain; it speaks to us in the passionate devotion to mere pleasure which marks so many lives; it speaks to us in the way in which many snatch at any means to increase their gains; it speaks to us in the rivalry of vulgar ostentation; it speaks to us in the ominous silence with which allusions to duty are met. It speaks to us in the strong and growing movement in favour of a merely secular system of national education. It speaks to us, and it calls us to forget our differences and to speak to men of duty and of God, of the life of sacrifice and of Him who taught us that way of life, of need of a Divine spirit if men are to escape the corruption that is in the world through lust."

But besides the contributions which Christian character and Christian co-operation have to make towards Christian reunion, he recognised also the contribution that could be made by sound learning. In criticising Lord Halifax's scheme for reunion with Rome (in the *National Review* of November 1895) he writes:

"To promote true reunion it is needful that we should realise how few are the matters which are

really essentially Christian, and how many are the matters which have assumed a false importance, and which are some of them not Christian in origin at all, and some of them certainly not essential."

The Bishop's idea of the Catholic Church of the future was that of a federation of National Churches. He held that nationality is a good thing, and herein not only the international Jew, and the international Jesuit, and the international Communist, but also the international Idealist, will regard his vision with aversion. For them nationality is an evil thing : but the Bishop would have replied, nationalism is an evil thing, but nationality like the family is a divine institution, and the Universal Church must seek to spiritualise it, for it cannot suppress it without loss to humanity. One of the assets of the English Church, so it seemed to the Bishop, was her national character. But whilst she is national, the Bishop recognised that she is not, ought not to be, merely national. He said in his Presidential Address to the Wakefield Church Congress :

" She has advantages which it is well that we should remember. . . . She is a national Church without being merely national : she has a coherent and intelligible history : she is a daughter of the past with the spirit of a modern : she is a link in the continuous visible life of Christendom : and she has drunk in the spirit of progress which awoke three centuries ago. She is not of yesterday, yet she is emphatically of to-day. She has points of contact with the most diverse of communions, and she is exercising her ministry amid the most varied of civilisations."

It was the spirit of progress, the power of self-adaptation to new conditions, as exemplified in the history and spirit of the English Church, which added to the enthusiasm which he felt for her. He regarded her as the divinely appointed agent for the reunion of Christendom. He cited De Maistre's words: "She is most precious, for, like a chemical medium, she possesses the power of harmonising natures otherwise incapable of union."

But the Bishop never lost sight of the practical import of these gifts and graces. They were not to be dissipated in controversy and theorising. He addressed the Church Congress at Hull (September 30, 1890) from the words of the Psalmist: "Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands" (*Ps.* xlv. 16).

"You," he exclaimed, "cannot falsify your heritage. . . . You are born with a certain function and a certain destiny. . . . All the great heritage of the past . . . is part of our heritage and we cannot refuse it. Accept it. . . . Translate its spirit into the action of to-day. . . . Though you may be guided by the past, you must not be the slaves of the past. There is no power for present-day problems, or for men trying to solve them, in the endeavour merely to resuscitate the modes of the past."

On the same note he closes his Church History:

"Past ages debated about Christianity: we have to apply it. The work which they did

served to clear away from genuine Christianity many of the human theories which had been associated with it. In the period when Greek thought was dominant in Christendom, philosophical theory was studied till truth was almost lost in theory. In the period of Latin ascendancy organisation was developed till the purpose of Christianity was almost lost in the tyranny of organisation. In the period of Teutonic ascendancy the individual and his spiritual experiences were discussed till individualism ran the risk of destroying the sense of brotherhood. Now in the day of Anglo-Saxon ascendancy practical problems press upon us: it is left to our race, with its mingled enthusiasm and sobriety of judgment, to deal with these practical problems, and to show how Christianity may be applied to life. We have all the experience of the past to draw upon: we have an unequalled vantage ground of influence: to us is given an opportunity bestowed upon no other race, of showing how the noblest moral and spiritual principles which the world has seen may be made operative for the highest good of human kind. If this is true for the religious bodies of the English-speaking race, it is doubly true for the Church of England, seeing the greatness of her inheritance from the past and in the present." *

With the exception of his contemporaries, Lightfoot of Durham and Creighton of London, no Bishop on the Bench had a truer appreciation of the call and character of the Church of England than the Bishop of Ripon, nor a sounder conviction of her proper policy in an age of intellectual

* *A Popular History of the Church of England*, pp. 493–4.

transition and of social unrest, and his policy was no mere popular opportunism, but was consistent with his principles.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER V

The Bishop composed a number of prayers for different occasions. Some of them have found a place in modern manuals of devotion. The following are taken from *A Chain of Prayers across the Ages* and the *Student Christian Book of Prayers*.

For Unity amongst Christians.

" O Lord God Almighty, look down upon Thy Church and people throughout the whole world; enable them everywhere to witness by their lives to the worthiness of Thy Name, and the greatness of Thy power. Knit them together in love, peace, and in wise and mutual sympathy. Send upon all the enlightening gift of Thy most Holy Spirit, that as there is but one body and one spirit, they may attain the one hope of their calling; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

That we may be " doers of the Word, and not hearers only."

" O Lord God of our life, Who hast given us the rest of this sacred day, grant that the benediction of its restfulness may abide upon us throughout the week. Enable us to carry the influence of its consecration into all we do; let the praises of our lips rendered to Thee this day become praise in our lives. May the power of Thy love be with us in every duty, that by pureness, by knowledge, and by tenderness, we may glorify Thee; through Jesus Christ. Amen."

Easter Sunday Morning.

" O Gracious Lord, Who as at this time didst raise Thy Son Jesus Christ with power from the grave, raise us up, we beseech Thee, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Revive our faith, and make us followers of Him Who hath taken away the ' sin of the world ; Who by His death hath destroyed death, and by His rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life.' Hear us, O merciful Father, we pray Thee, for the sake of our risen Saviour, to Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

A Wedding in the Home.

" O Lord God of our fathers, Giver of life and love, give Thy blessing to those whom Thou hast drawn together in love ; surround them with Thy protecting care ; build Thou for them their home ; make it to be the abode of light and love. May all that is pure, tender, and true, grow up under its shelter ; may all that hinders godly union and concord be driven far from it. Make it the centre of fresh, sweet, and holy influence. Give them wisdom for life, and discretion in the guidance of their affairs. Let Thy Fatherly hand ever be over them, and Thy Holy Spirit ever be with them. O Lord, bless them and theirs, and grant them to inherit Thine everlasting Kingdom ; through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

On the Birth of a Child.

" O Lord God, in Whose hands are the issues of life, we thank Thee for Thy gifts to us at this time. We thank Thee for the life given, and the life preserved. And as Thou hast knit together life and love in one fellowship, so we pray Thee to grant that with this fresh gift of life to us, there may be given an increase of love one to

another. Grant that the presence of weakness may awaken our tenderness, enable us to minister to the little one that has been given to us in all lovingness, wisdom, and fidelity ; and grant that *he* may live as Thy child, and serve this generation according to Thy will ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

For Absent Friends.

" O Lord of Love, Who art not far from any of Thy children, watch with Thy care those who are far away from us ; be Thou about their path ; be Thou within their hearts ; be Thou their defence upon their right hand ; give them unfailing trust in Thee ; grant them power against temptation ; qualify them for whatever task Thou givest them to do ; deliver them from the snares of setting duty aside ; make it their joy to do Thy will. Let not distance break the bonds of love which bind them to us and to Thee, but knit us closer in Thy love ; for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

During Illness in a Family.

" Lord, behold *he* whom Thou lovest is sick, but come and lay Thine hand upon *him* and *he* shall live. Look, O merciful Lord of life and health, upon our beloved one now sick. Renew *his* strength and restore *him* to health if it be Thy gracious will. Give *him* in time of bodily weakness the renewal of Thy Spirit, and the unfolding power of Thy love ; and as all things work together for good to them that love Thee, so do Thou shed abroad in *his* heart Thy love, that out of this weakness *he* may grow stronger in Thee, and in Thy love ; for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

CHAPTER VI

AS PREACHER

"I hope I am not trespassing unduly on your usual indulgence in calling your attention to a very remarkably able young clergyman who has been preaching in the nave of our Cathedral. His name is Carpenter and he is Vicar of St. James', Holloway. Although reputed an evangelical clergyman he is entirely devoid of party spirit, and my attention was called to him by a very able man of an entirely different school. He preached without a note—very unaffectedly but very impressively—without the slightest hesitation, and in language well suited to the most fastidious congregation. It has just occurred to me that you might not be unwilling, unless your list is full, to give him an opportunity of preaching at one of your evening services. His talents at present are certainly put under a 'bushel' or a bed. He is a very diffident and humble man; and I need hardly say he knows nothing of my writing to any one about him" (*Extract from a letter of December* 1, 1874, *written by Canon Richard Harvey of Gloucester to Dean Stanley*).

Of the six greatest preachers of the Victorian age in England—Newman, Robertson of Brighton, Liddon, Spurgeon, Magee, and Boyd Carpenter, the last three are the greatest orators, and these in contrast to the first three were emphatically to be heard rather than read. When we read the sermons of Newman, Robertson of Brighton, and Liddon, it is true we do not get as much as if we heard them, but we get the best and greatest part of them; but in the case of the printed sermons of Spurgeon, Magee, and Boyd Carpenter the half is not told us.

Boyd Carpenter never used a manuscript in the pulpit or notes on the platform. His first sermon preached in Holy Trinity, Tewkesbury, was delivered without a manuscript, and although, as he relates, "The vicar's wife commented upon my impudence in daring to preach without a manuscript," yet nothing daunted he continued the practice, and his greatest oratorical efforts, his Queen Victoria Jubilee Sermon before the House of Commons, his Presidential Address to the Wakefield Church Congress, his Bampton Lectures before the University of Oxford, his speech in the House of Lords against Home Rule, were all delivered without a note and had all the appearance of being *ex tempore*. His utterance was marked by free and graceful movements. His attitude was essentially winning and persuasive—that of an ambassador for Christ bearing glad tidings, rather than a Hebrew prophet denouncing judgment. At other times his *rôle* was that of an enthusiastic and interested teacher imparting ideas or solving a problem. His delivery was very rapid. The reporter who, with another, took down in shorthand his Bampton Lectures, told me that the Bishop was the most rapid public speaker he had ever reported, and that he averaged 200 words a minute. Yet although he spoke so fast he had the clearest and most distinct enunciation. This was not so at the outset of his career. He told a story of his curate days at Maidstone when one of his auditors informed him that he could not be heard six pews back from the pulpit, and how thereafter he daily practised vocal exercises for a year so

RIPON MINSTER.

that at the end he could be heard clearly in the largest church even if he spoke in a whisper. His voice was very sweet in tone. There was nothing harsh nor grating in it even when he spoke with great emphasis. He was called "the silver-tongued Bishop of Ripon"—the term "silver-tongued" had been applied to another great orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan—and it best describes the peculiar quality of the Bishop's voice.

Some who did not admire his preaching used to speak of it as a *vox et præterea nihil.* They transferred to the Bishop Canon Liddon's criticism of Archbishop Magee's famous sermon that it did not contain enough theology to save the soul of a tom-tit. In a sense this is true. It is doubtful how far theology or theological sermons do save the soul of any one. Boyd Carpenter's sermons were not after his salad days theological; they were concerned for the most part with the enunciation of moral and spiritual principles, or what Bishop Butler would call "general laws." These principles, the Bishop was convinced, had to be recognised if life was to be lived rightly—they constituted its secret and its significance. A perusal of the products of his oratory—and there are including his lectures (Hulsean, Bampton, Noble, Donnellan, Liverpool), some two hundred specimens extant—prove this to be the case. Each sermon forms a closely connected whole, and many of them abound with illustrations and allusions, literary and historical. Yet the attentive reader will not feel that any of these are superfluous. The preacher aimed at a cumulative effect. The object which he regarded as the most difficult of

all to accomplish in the composition of a sermon, and yet the most necessary, was the presentation of ideas in their right order, that is in such a form as to clinch the argument. This he spoke of as "the structure." Everything, in his judgment, was secondary to the structure.

"Any educated and well-read man," he used to say, "has plenty of information at hand for treating such a theme. There is no difficulty there. The real difficulty is the structure, and the next difficulty is the right selection of material to be used—to know what to retain, what to reject. Have plenty of illustrations. Illustrations are what windows are in a building, they let in light. Then you must practise passing easily from one stage or division in your sermon to the next. The way to avoid hesitancy and clumsiness here is to make a habit of collecting what I call 'bridge-words'—sets of phrases to be used in such transitions. Have a number of these always at your command and you will have no difficulty about it. Remember, in passing from one division of your theme to the next, that the argument of a sermon should move forward on wheels, not on hinges."

I quote here from memory—this was the substance of the instruction given in sermon classes. Any careful examination of his sermons will show how he practised these precepts, and yet for him *ars summa est celare artem;* the whole seemed perfectly natural, spontaneous, unstudied, *cor ad cor loquitur*—heart to heart, eye to eye. There were other precepts, but they had reference to delivery. He used to say: "Fire in the exordium is a fire of straw." He was, as Canon

Bickersteth * points out in his memoir, fond of the distich :

> " Begin slow, speak low,
> Rise higher, catch fire."

These rules were always observed in his own case. It is not surprising, whether one considers his precepts about preaching or the effect that his sermons produced, that they should have caused him infinite pains. One has only to peruse his numerous sermon note-books, study his outlines, arrangement, and re-arrangement, to see the amount of labour he put into the purely literary part of the sermon—its composition : then there was the fixing of it in the memory—not by learning if off *verbatim*, but by memorising the sequence of ideas with their appropriate illustrations. The actual preparation of his greater sermons took days and days of labour : and the period before their delivery was one of intense nervous strain. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter told me that he always passed very bad nights before preaching on important occasions. His sermon was never out of his thoughts for days beforehand, and least of all that exacting part of it, the structure—the *right* order of ideas. On several occasions only a few hours before delivery he pulled his sermon all to pieces and re-arranged the structure—a temerarious proceeding, but one which always brought peace of mind to the preacher, and, it is to be hoped, increased conviction to the auditors. The following is a part of one of his letters dated February, 1888, to Mrs. Boyd Carpenter describing

* Cf. Appendix II.

the condition of his mind and the sermon which resulted. It is written from Osborne :—

" I have just come back from Church. The first part of the day is over. We had service at 10.45 in the house Chapel. I preached on a totally different subject. ' We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom we have now received the Atonement.' I don't know why or how, but I was under a compulsion. The subject came into my mind after I reached here and I could not take any other. I argued and discussed, but a sort of tide carried me to that subject and I could not resist. I know nothing of how I got on. All was and is a dream. I feel myself a machine, passive in initiation but made to carry out the work of some one else. I suppose it is all right."

He does not seem ever to have been convinced until assured by his auditors to the contrary that he had not failed. On November 20, 1892, the bishop writes to his wife : " The Queen said, ' You gave us a splendid sermon, but you always do, but this was exceptionally fine.' " This need of assurance was due to his singular modesty. He took nothing for granted. He knew that unfailing success is granted to no one ; the possibility described in one of Shakespeare's sonnets is ever imminent :

> " The painful warrior famouséd for fight,
> After a thousand victories once foiled,
> Is from the field of honour razéd quite
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Doubtless he knew the story of Gil Blas and that famous preacher the Archbishop of Grenada.

His own experience however was not that of the Archbishop. Popular regard, enthusiastic press-notices, overflowing congregations were granted to him to the end. In Ripon Minster, where he preached constantly, it was necessary even in the twenty-seventh year of his episcopate, if it were known he was preaching, to go there some time beforehand if one wished to be at all near the pulpit. Sermons preached in his last years when he was a Canon of Westminster, broken with poor health, mental anxiety, domestic bereavement, yet had power to move great congregations.

The *Eastern Daily Press* of June 26, 1918, contains an enthusiastic account of a sermon delivered by him in Norwich Cathedral on the Sunday evening before. It opens thus :

" It would not be worthy of the Churchpeople of Norwich if the great event of last Sunday evening—for it was great—went unrecorded in the columns of the *Eastern Daily Press*. That vast congregation which filled the Nave to overflowing, knew what they had come out to see ; and once again they saw and they heard ; not a Court Chaplain, not a reed shaken with the wind, these are all too plentiful, but a prophet, a preacher, a forth-teller ; and they went away thrilled, enthused, uplifted, and for once at least they talked and thought of nothing else save the man and his message.

" After a somewhat melancholy rendering of our beautiful Evening Prayer, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, now simply a Canon of Westminister, mounted the pulpit, and without a manuscript at once riveted the attention of the multitude and held them spellbound for half an hour !

And while one listened one thought how much grander a thing it is to be a prophet than a priest either of the Old Testament or the New. . . ."

He became quite naturally the public orator of all religious and philanthropic causes. Every well-known missionary and charitable society which desired to touch the public's heart as a preliminary to touching the public's pocket invited Boyd Carpenter to preach its annual sermon or voice its special appeal, and congratulated itself warmly if the invitation was accepted.

The following newspaper paragraphs are characteristic :—

"From the moment when the patrons of the Bradford medical charities secured the good offices of Bishop Boyd Carpenter for their annual Samaritan service, an overflowing congregation was assured, and when the hour arrived yesterday, St. George's Hall would scarcely have held those who flocked to hear his discourse, had the place been twice as big."

"It was impossible to enter St. Bride's, Fleet Street, for some time before the commencement of the annual service of the Church Missionary Society held on Monday last. The gangways were choked with people, and from every door a small crowd extended as far back into the ante-chapel as it was possible to hear the voice of the Bishop of Ripon, whose popularity certainly does not wane" (May 7, 1897).

Archbishop Temple, who was not a purveyor of empty compliments, said to Boyd Carpenter

after hearing him address an S.P.G. meeting on November 24, 1898, " You're a wonderful man. I wish you had spoken all through the meeting."

Matthew Arnold, who heard him on one occasion in a country church, wrote : " There got up into the pulpit a small man in shabby Bishop's attire, and I thought, I wonder what's coming now ? and I never heard anything like what I heard then, and I listened as I had never listened to anything before in my life."

Besides his oratorical power and his gifts of emotion and imagination he was assisted by a prodigious memory. Members of the House of Commons observed the number of accurate quotations delivered from memory in his Jubilee Sermon. The House of Lords was no less astonished on another occasion. The incident is recorded in *The Outlook* of July 11, 1903 :

" The Bishop of Ripon achieved a feat of memory in the House of Lords this week that excited the silent admiration of his audience, while drawing from the Duke of Devonshire a tribute of open wonder verging on bewilderment. Without, as far as could be seen, the aid of a single note the Bishop built up a long and elaborate argument regarding the physique of the nation, every link of which was dependent and inter-dependent on the accurate presentment of masses of statistics rolling in each other's wake like waves on the seashore. The gift is not rare among practised speakers, but it has seldom been exhibited more strikingly in recent Parliamentary debates than on this occasion. It was all the more dramatic—if such a term may be used—because it was unexpected."

It was urged that conversions did not follow his preaching. Certainly there were no revivalist effects in his audiences, but these have never been conspicuous in Anglican churches and cathedrals. The Bishop did two things by his preaching.

The first, and indeed the most important, was to give to educated laymen the luminous impression that Christianity is essentially rational, moral, and spiritual: that it is in the highest and best sense world-embracing, not world-renouncing; that its great trumpet notes are a call to all mankind to enjoy in the fullest measure life, light, and love. Such preaching was an antidote to that horrid situation which is so liable to arise when the Gospel of Christ ceases to be a leaven leavening the whole life of the community, but becomes the esoteric and indeed obscurantist possession of a close corporation, the Church, which seems to exist only for itself and for the salvation of its members.

The second thing that his preaching did was to bring together great popular audiences who listened entranced to his wonderful oratorical expositions of Christian idealism and Christian duty.

Who can tell what was their after-effect on those who heard them? As in the case of the song of Wordsworth's solitary reaper, the Bishop's words must often have created a moral and spiritual echo in the hearts of his hearers, which lasted long after his voice had died away.

> "I listened motionless and still,
> And as I mounted up the hill,
> The music in my heart I bore,
> Long after it was heard no more."

Once a cabman, who drove him from Holloway to King's Cross, told him as he paid his fare that it was due to him that he took the pledge, and he added, "and now I have a horse and cab of my own." *

But he preached as well to the smallest audiences as to the greatest, and some of his most beautiful addresses were delivered to little congregations consisting of his family, neighbours, students, and domestic servants in the Palace Chapel at Ripon. Hard, very hard on himself in his preparation for preaching, he was a keen critic of the sermons of others—almost if not quite as keen a critic as Samuel Pepys.

From the Bishop's diary (1885–1917), I have selected some comments on sermons he had heard or read. They indicate what he abhorred and what he valued in preachers. In giving these citations, I have for obvious reasons excised names and places in most cases. It ought to be added that very often he offers no comment at all, mindful possibly of George Herbert's warning :

"Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge."

April 25, 1885.—He hears Canon Liddon preach at the Consecration of Bishop King of Lincoln and Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter.

"How can a sensible man believe as he does? O my soul, come not thou into their camp. O that God will open their eyes to see how they have mistaken figure for fact and fact for figure! According to him, no poor soul feeds on Christ

* Diary, Nov. 22, 1898.

in Holy Communion save at the hands of an episcopally ordained clergyman. Surely our Lord knew better than Canon Liddon. It is heart-breaking."

In 1890 he hears Liddon again at the University Church, Oxford.

May 25, 1890.—"Sermon interesting but not remarkable, yielding what it seemed to deny, denying what it seemed to yield."

May 17, 1885.—Sermon "feeble and emotional."

May 31, 1885.—Goes to hear Stopford Brooke. His comment is "Very good."

November 12, 1885.—Read Newman's Discourse: "What a medley of piety and profanity!"

November 13, 1885.—Read Bishop Ellicott's Charge. "Alas!"

November 22, 1885.—"A pretty sort of desultory sermon."

November 29, 1885.—Sermon "tiresome and noisy."

May 15, 1892.—(Whit Sunday). Hears "original sort of sermon" in the morning: in the evening hears "old-fashioned Evangelical." "Obsolete truth in phrases which seemed untrue."

November 19, 1893.—Hears "a dull sermon and a gospel which was no gospel."

May 31, 1896.—Hears Llewellyn Davies at Ripon Cathedral: "Fine and solid."

May 28, 1898.—Hears Sir John Hawkins at Oxford: "Quite admirable."

March 17, 1901.—At Torquay. "A sermon full of weak, illogical, misleading trash—a tissue of misinterpretations of Bible and Prayer-book."

March 31, 1901.—Goes to hear Canon Henson: "Good."

May 11, 1902.—Goes to church and listens to the "usual twaddle."

July 13, 1902.—"A fine manly sermon—not brilliant."

August 3, 1902.—"A clever and useful sermon, spoiled by small ecclesiasticisms."

August 24, 1902.—"A dull, well-intentioned sermon."

December 13, 1903.—"A deplorably weak and conventional sermon, redolent with obsolete ideas and meaningless phrases—well meant but futile." In the evening he hears at a French Church "a very excellent, well-considered, and intelligent sermon."

It has to be confessed that he was not so popular with clerical as with lay audiences. This is not hard to understand. He had imperfect understanding of, and no sympathy with, the clerical mind. He never used the ecclesiastical party shibboleths and he steadily regarded the Church as a means rather than as an end. It is not easy for a diocesan bishop to realise that he is unpopular with the clergy, especially with his own clergy. Their attitude to him is invariably courteous, and often deferential. After he had resigned his bishopric it became more evident. He notes in his diary that, having been invited to address an audience of clergymen in the Midlands, he was not thanked afterwards, and wonders if perchance his words were uncongenial.

There are many descriptions of the Bishop as a preacher; one of the most vivid is that by a Nonconformist minister, the Rev. T. J. Cox,* of Victoria Church, Harrogate, who heard him

* *The Rev. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. A Nonconformist Minister's Impression.* Printed by R. Ackrill, Harrogate (1904).

preach at Christ Church, Harrogate,* on a Sunday evening in May, 1904. It will be recognised that the description is by a specialist.

"There is a natural desire to hear the man we read about. A Bishop so broad in human sympathies, so alert in mental movements, so triumphant in moral whole-heartedness; so tenderly allied to the great literary and social problems of the day, so apt and poetic in his interpretation of Dante, of Shakespeare, and of Milton; so closely associated in thought and speech with the best Victorian literature; so masterly in his conception of Beethoven and Mozart, gifted with such an excess of hope and chivalry; so dowered with a might of moral magnetism, who makes his advent to any Church the advent of a brother to brother-men, charged with the cheer and courage and vision which inspire and ennoble those who work on lower levels. We want to hear such a man.

"For speech is the man. What he says is what he is. Can he speak to living men as a living man? Can he match their moods? Is there pity and power enough within the robes that adorn a stately figure to quicken and inspire men to live, and live like men? Shall we find in this man the soul of some subtle force, invisible to human eyes, but playing around the human soul like a flame of purest love? It was a great moment, for years of desire were trembling in the balance. The moment came, and in a moment two thousand souls were under the charm and spell. The atmosphere seemed charged with holy sentiments and mystic energies. It was like the touch

* It was in the churchyard of this church that Dr. Bickersteth composed the hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," on the death of the Prince Consort.

of summer upon the trees. Everything noble and strong rushed forth to his call. Criticism and comparison were at an end ; there was nothing left but to respond to the chastened and consecrated eloquence of our guest. It was a baptism of quick-leaping, triumphant, spiritual fire. . . .

"With the announcing of the text—*Isaiah* xliv. 17 : 'And the residue thereof he maketh a god'—we saw our figure. No robes or insignia of office could hide the critic, the thinker, the orator, and the poet. He saw 'Isaiah' as if he were a brother of the same band, for there is a family likeness among great souls. Before his vision rose the majestic figure of Cyrus, the only great hero the Bible and Greek literature treat with equal length and sympathy. Then in quick succession, with deft and masterly touches, came a series of word-pictures by which we saw the grim ancients making their idols. A factory of idol-makers challenged the Bishop's satire and scorn, but the point of the text, the point at which his flame and force gathered, was : 'And (with) the residue thereof he maketh a god.' Face to face with a proportion of the most cultured and honoured men of Harrogate, he subjected the modern tendency to exhaust brain and blood, heart and head, upon things commercial and literary, and with the residue make a god. With the 'residue,' he exclaimed with uplifted hands, and heightened manhood, and eyes quick as love's own—with the residue of your years and strength you come to God, to the Father who enfolds you with His love, warms you with His tenderness, educates you by your duties, ennobles you by your relations, transfigures you by your sorrows, leads you up the mountain side by the skirts of His Holy Son, breaks upon you at eventide with His sweetest benedictions, calls you after rest to

service and song—with your 'residue' you come up to take the bread and drink the wine, to share the sorrows and uplift the fallen ones. No! No! give Him what you have at once. Serve Him with the morning powers; toil for Him with earliest hours; work and ever work for God—it is the way of the truest life, the highest manhood, the holiest reforms, and the most abiding achievements of the soul. Would a child give his mother his residue? Would a lover of his country's poor give to the toiling millions his residue? Nay. Nothing but his deepest, purest, and best. Then came the voice from the other side: 'Thy love constraineth me.' It is Thy love that lives in me. It is Thy love which kindled this fire and burns in my own soul, that strikes the sweetest notes in human speech, that inspires the noblest faculties for human service, that sways and crowns the mightiest heroes; and with a look that gathered the agony and pity of a man struggling with the splendour of Eternal Love, he leant on the side of the pulpit and breathed down to a body of spell-bound men, saying: 'Jehovah is immeasurably superior to all idols. They are impotent to thwart His purpose, or to impede His people's freedom, or to avert a coming fate: brace your souls, come into the open, live like men dowered by Heaven for the sorrows and claims of earth.' Do you ask what religion is? It is sweeter than the light which falls with magical flicker on pearl and ruby, lance and armour—that overflows the shepherd's home, that ranges over the mountain side, and flames in the playful splendour on the wave. It is like the mighty sea that rolls and swells, gathers and breaks, curls and flashes its blue upon silent pebble and waiting shore. Sometimes it whispers, and anon in moments of anger it so lifts its voice of triumph that the stars seem

to tremble, and the very earth shakes. It is like the touch of spring, that kisses into vividness the sleeping blooms, and touches the tiniest thing with the gladness that makes it strong. So doth the Saviour's love—not hindered by our unworthiness, not offended by our slights, not baffled by our idol-making, or shut out by the smoke—come down to teach and bless the meanest and the lowliest in the New Creation. He restores the bruised reed, the weakest nature shares His visit, and revives beneath His smile.

" These passages were rolled (without a note) over the vast audience with all the passion of a Hebrew prophet. No painter can put upon the canvas the melting splendour of sunset. No adequate impression of the majesty of Beethoven's moving music can be conveyed to one who has failed to hear it. You must be there to see, to hear, and to know. There is something which touches in us that chord of gladness, which is always ready to vibrate, when we think of men who belong by kinship to that goodly fellowship of the prophets, the poets, the singers of all God's time. They possess a beauty which is not human, a strength which is more than earthly, a moral victory which pledges glory lying beyond the sight. To see and hear the Bishop of Ripon is to feel that there is one man whose house is not built upon the sand, but upon the rock. To see him in his strength was to see a knight-errant at home in the old time-honoured mansions of the faith firm upon its foundations, the battlements gleaming in the sunshine. Scientific attack cannot destroy the elements of the faith or disturb for one instant the stronghold of the Eternal City.

" Since that hour we have asked the question : Where is the hiding of his power ? Whence the sources of his splendid strength ? By whose

hand was this man fashioned? Science and culture may inquire; and inquire anew. Is it far to seek? We looked for imagination, for the indefinable quality known as charm, for the enchaining power which is the regal prerogative of the literary mind, for the faculty of analysing subtle human emotion, the gift of the pure in heart, for the power to dissect character, the rare weapon of the prophet, for the instinct to apprehend a dramatic situation; and in every case it was there. Where is the hiding of his power? He tells it: 'Thy love constraineth me. It is Thy love that lives in my depths, and carries me to heights.' It is in the vision of the Unseen, the ear for the melodies of the Eternal world, a man blent of strength and spirit bending before God.

"It is evident that this man does not belong to the priestly order. He spoke like a prophet, the type of righteousness; he hears the whispers of God's Spirit, and answers with the promptitude of a vigilant faith. He looked like a man face to face with his Maker, through Christ holding his patent rights direct from the Crown, standing like a responsible captain in the presence of the King, sunned by His favour, glowing with His love, ruled by His will, strengthened by His Spirit. 'He speaks,' said a lady next me, at the close of the service, 'as if he wanted all men to be as he is—in thought, in hope, in loyalty, and whole-hearted love.' His tones thrilled with passion to bring the finite will and the infinite love into immediate and pulsing contact. He has a reverence for the past, but a veneration for the present. He could 'woo,' he had the 'wooing' note; and he could rebuke, he had that power. 'And you build your houses, get on in the world, get wealth, get position, follow your own ideas as

to culture, consult your own moral sense as to duty, meet the standards that respectability requires,' and offer the 'residue' to God. He exhausted the gamut of pity and indignation at the man who could dare to offer to the Highest his 'dregs,' his 'residue,' his spent strength. It is leaving your first claims to the last, in fact, that is the terrible mischief of our time.

"Degeneration follows on the heels of formalism. Service comes to mean forms, and the intellect seizes the forms of religion, and instead of filling them with the wine of Life's best love, scatters them to the winds, and the heart is lashed with its own recoil. What are we doing? Dreaming is not our weakness. Quietness is not running into excess. Contemplation is not our mood. Action is spontaneous. All the wheels of prosperous enterprise are running. What of the 'residue'? He could not get away from the deception of the man—the loss of the soul that offered the 'residue.' . . .

"I am not comparing or contrasting this man with any leader of the Established Church. It was my joy to hear after a service of my own the poet-orator of our day. It was a moment of relaxation and revelation. I could feel the charm of this man. Working at the top of his bent, he was all aglow. His heat of heart penetrated, if the light of his vision failed. He had the secret of his own message. He belongs not to a few, but to the many. He holds his talents as a sacred trust. He is the servant of all mankind. For greatness, after all, is not 'in orders or garments,' but in a certain quality in human lives. The Bishop is not so much a channel as a reservoir, first taking the best into himself, and then distributing through himself to others some part of the infinite life."

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VI

Copy of letter by the Reverend Aubrey L. Moore, a contributor to "Lux Mundi."

2, Keble Road, Oxford.
Sunday, October 19.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I need not say how disappointed we were, when we found that you could not conduct our "retreat," especially as several of the names had plainly been given in faith of your help.

Just now I am writing to ask whether there would be any chance of your being able to help us *early in the New Year*. When we found you could not come, I was almost the only member of the Retreat Committee in England, and I therefore, on my own responsibility, tried several clergymen without success. Then a new difficulty came, Cuddesdon being supposed to be infected; and we felt that, in the face of the double difficulty, it was better to put off the retreat. We did so with a promise that if possible it should be just before next term, *i.e.* from Tuesday January 13 to Friday January 16: could you help us then? I am quite sure you would not feel it wasted time. We, who know Oxford, felt, more than outsiders can feel, that those who had sent in their names, several of them B.A.'s, were men whom it was most important to influence for good. Do give us your help. I would not ask you, knowing your engagements, if I did not feel sure that if you knew all you would *make* a way to come. I hope to see you to-morrow, but may miss you in the crowd, so I send this note.

Will you think me presuming if I venture to thank you, most heartily, for your help this morning? It is so seldom that we can feel, Oxford University Sermons being what

they are, that men are really being *helped* in their difficulties up here.

Perhaps you may be able to send a verbal answer by my brother. I mean that if you have a definite engagement for the days I have mentioned, we must, I am afraid, look elsewhere. If not, as I hope, please take as long as you will if there is a chance of a favourable answer. I am not speaking for *myself*, so I do not hesitate to write thus.

Yours very sincerely,
AUBREY L. MOORE.

From the Head Master, 19, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

DEAR BISHOP,

Many thanks indeed for your splendid sermon this morning. It was equally charming and impressive, and the boys will never forget it.

Yours sincerely,
J. GOW.

CHAPTER VII

AS THEOLOGIAN

"Salvation is emancipation from selfishness."—W. B. C.

"A growing Faith and an evolving Theology."—W. B. C.

"No amount of traditional belief, still less of theological denunciation, could keep back the advance of truth."—W. B. C.

"When people talk about one religion being as good as another, they have forgotten three things. They have forgotten scientific values: they have forgotten moral values: they have ignored spiritual values."—W. B. C.

THE Bishop's father and mother belonged to the Evangelical school, but whatever may be said of it in its later days by its critics, it was at this time neither ignorant, smug, nor self-indulgent. Strong attachment to the Bible as the supreme organ of Divine Revelation, simple faith in the merits of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, reasonable loyalty to the English Prayer Book as the director of devotion and the protector of orthodoxy were its outstanding features. But if it believed in justification by faith, it also taught by precept and example the need for hard work and self-control. It was natural enough that the Bishop should begin his religious life by devotion to the Evangelical school, and although he lived long enough to exchange his Evangelical theology for one which was more modern, yet he always retained something of the Evangelical manner—though perhaps in the end it was little more than

the white tie—and he had an affection for the Evangelical party which he never felt for the Tractarian or Anglo-Catholic. Temperamentally the Evangelical position must have appealed to the Bishop even in his boyhood. It was in Liverpool the middle way between the two extremes of Orange Protestantism of the crudest and rudest kind and rigid Romanising Tractarianism. Moreover, the future Bishop's Evangelicalism was neither ignorant nor unreasoning, that is in the light of the knowledge of those days—it was before Darwin and Colenso, and *Essays and Reviews*, and Max Müller and the anthropologists had begun to shake the theological heavens—and the Evangelicalism the young Boyd Carpenter inherited was truer to facts as the average Englishman then knew them than any of the other forms of Christianity which were competing with it. In Liverpool it struggled for existence in a world of controversy. The Bishop wrote of those days :

"We were steeped in a controversial atmosphere. Liverpool looked on and listened as great debates were carried on. . . . One day it was the Unitarian controversy, another day it was Mormonism. And always (for herein Liverpool has been the home of extremes) it was the Roman Catholic controversy. From this we were never free. . . . 'Controversy!' cried Hugh McNeile, its great religious orator of those days, 'Controversy! People object to controversy, but who can escape it out of Utopia. . . . Controversy! you cannot live without controversy.'"

Certainly they never did live without it in

Liverpool in Boyd Carpenter's youth. Nevertheless controversy had its advantages. The Bishop wrote years after : *

" Much as I regret its ills, I am ready to allow that we gained much from hearing all kinds of theological questions ardently debated. We listened with breathless attention as each side was argued, and we gained experience in argument, some knowledge of the past history of doctrine, and certain matters became familiar to us which I am surprised to find are almost wholly outside the range of the average theological student to-day."

But controversy then and there was mainly employed in grinding and re-grinding the same theological grist, and the Evangelical grist formed the appropriate theological pabulum of the youthful Boyd Carpenter. At Cambridge it was the same. There are no indications of theological growth during his period as an undergraduate. His studies were mathematical; his interests athletic, social, literary, domestic. The MSS. are extant of some of the sermons preached in his first curacy at Maidstone, and they are of the conventional Evangelical type. Paley's *Evidences* seemed to him then the last word in Christian apologetic.† The theological change came about early in the 'seventies during his period at St. James's, Holloway.

* *Some Pages of My Life*, p. 76.

† He relates how when a curate at Maidstone he lent a sceptical parishioner Paley's *Evidences* and urged him to read it, and how the parishioner, having read the chapter on the Resurrection, said to him, " I believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead and that He is my Saviour " (*Some Pages of My Life*, p. 165).

On August 31, 1873, he preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on the "Attractive Influence of the Cross," and the Evangelical treatment of the theme is conspicuous by its absence. His farewell sermon to the parishioners of St. James's, Holloway, preached on January 18, 1880, on "The Gospel in three of its aspects as Light, Love, Life," is a direct call to simple people to enter into a present experience rather than the unfolding once again to them of the traditional scheme of salvation in which predestination, justification, and sanctification constitute the successive stages. The Christian Gospel in its essentially modern form he had already portrayed with no little eloquence and persuasive power in his Hulsean Lectures preached before the University of Cambridge in 1878. Their title is *The Witness of the Heart to Christ*,* and their aim is "to illustrate the adaptation of the Gospel to the needs of man." It is a presentation of the Christian Religion in terms of psychology. The preacher unfolds his theme thus:

"Tested in every age and by every race, the Gospel has proved itself fitted to man, and possessed of power to win the wandering affections, to satisfy the uneasy conscience, to establish the wavering will, to kindle new hope, and to inspire with nobler aims the chance-led or passion-driven life. . . . If this be true, the truth supplies an argument. We may not be accomplished scholars, erudite critics, or subtle thinkers; but we are men: we know what we need, we know the force of tempestuous passions, the bitter

* Published by the S.P.C.K.

reproaches of a burdened conscience, the painful feelings of a vacillating will; . . . we find in Christ a remedy for these."

The Lectures reveal by their quotations and references the writers who were enlarging the outlook and strengthening the intellectual appeal of the young preacher. Citations from the Christian Fathers, the Evangelical divines, and the Protestant Reformers are absent, but Lecky, Martineau, Arthur Hallam, Dean Stanley, Froude, Gibbon, Renan, J. S. Mill, Tyndall, Dean Church, Buckle, Tennyson, Browning, Lessing, W. H. Mallock, Goethe, Luthardt, Maudsley, Ribot, Schopenhauer, Draper, Winwood Reade, J. B. Mozley, Frederick Harrison, Prof. Clifford, Strauss, Westcott, are numerous. The hard-worked Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, was getting into close contact with modern culture and had already learnt to think its thoughts and use its language. The text of his four lectures is *Luke* xviii, 21, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Their lesson may be summed up in the words of Dr. Chalmers: "Heaven is a character, not a locality."

In 1887 Dr. Boyd Carpenter, now in the heyday of his popularity, delivered the Bampton Lectures before the University of Oxford. He dedicated them in the following inscription to his mother:—

"To my mother
I owe my earliest thoughts of religion:
To my mother
I dedicate my latest."

These lectures represented a new departure in English Theology. Their title is *The Permanent Elements of Religion*. They voice a plea for the study of religion in the widest sense of that term, and an invitation to test the Christian Religion by means of the comparative study of religion.

The Bishop many years before, when a boy at the Royal Institution at Liverpool, had won a prize essay on "The Four Great Religions of the World," and this no doubt first aroused his interest in the subject. F. D. Maurice, it is true, had delivered his lectures on Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity at King's College, London in 1854, but in the English Church, even in the University pulpits, it was a method of presenting the Christian Religion which was until then practically unknown. The Christian Religion was regarded not only by the ordinary church-goer in those days, but even by the vast majority of English clergymen, as *sui generis*, and a sympathetic and dispassionate comparison between it and other cults savoured of something so daring on the part of a Christian teacher as almost to suggest a lurking infidelity. The time, however, was more than ripe for making the attempt, but it demanded some courage on the part of an English prelate to undertake it.

The archæologists since the beginning of the century had in Egypt and Mesopotamia been bringing to light the religions of the ancient Eastern civilisations: the anthropologists like Tylor had been investigating the religion of primitive man: the establishment of the *Hibbert Lectures*, the first series of which were delivered

by the chief exponent of Aryan religion, Max Müller, was annually producing scientific monographs on the religions of mankind. Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution, was attempting to find a place for religion in his Synthetic Philosophy. The writings of De Quatrefages, Peschel, Renan, Réville, Rhys Davids, Wellhausen, Kuenen, William Robertson Smith, and Matthew Arnold, were beginning to influence the reading and thinking public in their estimate both of the nature and of the functions of religion. The point of view succinctly summarised in Parson Thwackum's *dictum*, "Now when I say Religion I mean the Christian Religion; and when I say the Christian Religion I mean the Protestant Religion; and when I say the Protestant Religion I mean the Church of England," was becoming plainly inadequate to the situation.

It was high time that the authorities of the Church of England took cognisance of this fact, and attempted to show the relation of the Christian Religion to Religion generally, and that the Christian Religion not only had nothing to fear but much to gain by a clearer and truer appreciation both of its antecedents and its rivals. The Bishop attempted this with deftness and eloquence.

In his opening lecture he raised the question of the permanence of religion. He showed with a wealth of illustration that though religions die, religion lives, and that the constitution of human nature is essentially religious. Auguste Sabatier's great phrase, "Mankind is incurably religious," had not yet been coined, but the thought dominates the Bishop's opening lecture.

In his second lecture the Bishop showed that the religion that would survive must make certain contributions to man's religious nature. These contributions are described as essential elements of religion, and they are shown to be the sense of dependence, the craving for fellowship, and the capacity for progress.

In his third lecture the Bishop takes three religions which he claims to be " the three universal religions," Islamism, Buddhism, and Christianity, and indicates in what measure they respectively witness to the need in human nature of the three essential elements in religion.

In his fourth lecture he shows how far the three universal religions have met this human need. Islam has met it on the side of dependence, but not on those of fellowship and progress. Buddhism has met it on the side of fellowship, but fails in the elements of dependence and progress. Christianity alone meets its three demands, and it has done this because, according to the Bishop, it " alone of the three universal religions possesses originally and indigenously the three elements of religion which the History of Religions shows that man's nature demands."

In his fifth lecture, while admitting that religion is natural to man and so must constitute a permanent element in human history, he asks the question how far religion is ethically helpful to mankind. This question he regards as of great importance, because for him the acid test of a religion is the ethical test. History indicates that the influence of religion on ethics has been of a mixed character. Even when Christianity is

viewed historically, its preference of orthodoxy to ethics, and of emotion to conduct, has made it on occasions the enemy rather than the friend of morality; yet if Christianity be judged by its principles and ideals, it will be seen that it is the best friend to the highest morality. The Bishop deals with the charge of "other-worldliness" formulated by J. Cotter Morison and others: the "slave morality" charge of Nietzsche had not yet raised its formidable head in England.* But the support which Christianity gives to morality is to be found not simply in the perfection of those moral principles which the Gospel inculcates, but also in the fact that it claims for those ideals a Divine sanction and a universal and eternal quality.

In his sixth lecture the Bishop discusses whether any adequate substitute can be found for religion. After a survey of these substitutes the preacher comes to the conclusion which is deducible from Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, that "even were we to concede to these substitutes for religion all that they ask, we could not get rid of the fact that it is to the influence of religion that the great force of moral sentiment to-day is largely due."

The seventh lecture deals with Religion and Personality. The essence of religion, the Bishop believes to be relationship between personalities. The creative process seems to culminate in the

* Nietzsche's attack on the Christian ethic began about 1878, but was not known in England until many years after. When I became Librarian at Ripon Palace in 1906, there were no books by Nietzsche nor any books dealing with his philosophy in the Library.

evolution of self-conscious personalities, and their perfection is achieved in their self-sacrifice or rather self-consecration to God, the moral ideal enshrined in an eternal and infinite personality. The Bishop admits the objection to the word Personality as applied to God on the ground that it is anthropomorphic and seems to postulate various limitations, yet he knows not what to substitute for it. Abstract infinities are empty notions: the religious soul demands a relationship which is personal, hence the object of this relationship must be at least personal. As a consequence the Bishop finds the fundamental basis of religion, the religion of the future, to be not a creed, nor a code, but a Person. He declares:

"We can have a creed without a Person, and a code without a Person; but when we have the Person we possess both a creed and a code. The creed is what we believe of him; his character becomes itself a code of morals."

It is in discussing the relation of religion to personality and creeds that the distance that the Bishop has travelled theologically from traditional Christianity becomes evident. Relationship to a Personal Being, who is Himself the moral ideal, is an ethical relationship: assent to propositions is merely an intellectual act; and the insistence on this assent to propositions as the supreme religious act may lead to the most disastrous ethical consequences. Consequently the Bishop exclaims:

"The eager and shallow dogmatist who worshipped not God, but clung vehemently and

immorally to his creed, demanded intellectual assent. Heedless of the need of intellectual honesty, or of the ethical significance of the creed, he saw no alternative between the declaration of assent to a theological proposition and the eternal damnation of a human soul. He made it possible for men to say, and to say it with a measure of truth, that orthodoxy was the sin against the Holy Ghost. His creed became a fetish, instead of 'Believe in God, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,' he held aloft his creed and cried, 'Believe *It*.' . . . The realisation that the end of all worship is the benediction of persons in the recognition of a Person, will produce a wider toleration of varieties of form. If the end of religion be the perfection of man's whole nature, the development of man's character in the formation of a true resemblance to God, then we must see that the essential aim may be secured in an almost measureless variety of means. . . . With the realisation that religion expresses the relationship of persons to a Person will come clearer views. Doctrines will be seen to be based on that relationship, and will be interpreted accordingly.

"Men will awake out of their dreams of petty dogmatism into the recognition of eternal facts. They will remember that they and all men are in the hands of one eternal, man-educating, man-redeeming God" (pp. 276–80).

While the Bishop desired to use all that science contributes towards the construction of a modern theology, he is yet conscious that as in ethics so in theology, science is not *capable de tout*.

Pectus facit theologum may not be altogether true, but at least it is a half-truth. Hence the Bishop:

"The defect of the scientific creed is that it supplies no ideal. There are excellent precepts, there are strong reasonings, there are stern enforcements, but there is no ideal. Its power of looking forward is bounded by its power of looking backward, and its backward glance is limited by the range of knowledge. . . . The ideal city, like the ideal man, descends out of Heaven, from God. What then do we see? The religion of the future; and the religion of the future based upon personality; upon personality in man, and upon that personality in God, which is above all personality."

In the eighth and concluding lecture the Bishop deals with the religion of the future. That religion he believes to be the religion of Christ, and it has but one article in its creed, "God is love."

The Bampton Lectures were a serious attempt to present the Christian Religion in the light of modern knowledge. It is obvious to any one who studies their citations and footnotes that this presentation was inspired by all that was most arresting in a period of great mental activity, and when the best minds in the scientific and literary world were more interested in the problems of theology than they are to-day. It is not to be supposed that these lectures spoke the last word on the subject. The Bishop in the Preface states that he is aware of their "feebleness," but just as Dean Fremantle's Bampton Lectures were the first modern attempt in an English University pulpit to deal with the social implications of the Gospel in a comprehensive and systematic way, so Bishop Boyd Carpenter's Bampton Lectures were the first attempt to

present the Gospel in the light of the new scientific study of religion which was at that time beginning to gain the attention of the educated Western world.

In 1904 the Bishop delivered the William Belden Noble Lectures in Harvard University. Their title is *The Witness to the Influence of Christ.** They are an expansion and re-presentation of the theme which he chose for his Hulseans twenty-six years before. From the literary point of view it is of no little interest to compare the two sets of lectures. There are in the later series an ease and sureness, a strength and calm, which mark the accomplished orator. Theologically also there is considerable enrichment. The Bishop's studies in psychology and mystical piety are responsible for this. Starbuck's *Psychology of Religion*, William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, Edward Caird's *Evolution of Religion*, Morris Jastrow's *Study of Religion*, Professor Granger's *The Adventures of a Christian Soul*, Inge's Bampton Lectures on *Christian Mysticism*, had all appeared in the interval, and they had enriched the Bishop's theology on its mystical and psychological sides. As a consequence, although the Bishop is thoroughly loyal to truth, he refuses to allow the scientist and metaphysician to have the last word in religion.

"Religion," he admits, "cannot claim the right to bar the path of philosophy or science, or deny to them the right of entry into any field of

* On March 24, 1911, the *Präsident des Evangelischen Ober-Kirchenrats*, at the command of the Kaiser, requested the Bishop's permission to have them translated into German.

inquiry, but she may and must decline to accept conclusions as final which are based upon inquiries which have left vast areas of life unexplained and even unexplored" (p. 14).

In concluding his course the Bishop said:

"We have considered Christ as a fact in history, as a great moral and spiritual influence in the world, as the conscience of mankind, and the law of the soul's progress, but we may ask whether in all this we have any approach to certitude" (p. 15).

In his answer the Bishop excludes all appeals to "the evidential value of miracles and prophecy, and other similar matters" (Preface, p. vii). Certitude, he declares, is not to be found in the Bible, the Church, and the individual conscience appealed to separately. He finds certitude alone in the combined testimony of historic fact and psychological experience. He sums up his answer thus:

"The New Testament gives to us the picture of the Christ without; the religious consciousness of Christendom bears witness to the Christ within; in the Gospels we have the Christ of history; in the souls of Christians we have the Christ of experience. We meet thus a convergence of fact and experience. It is not proof, if you will; it does not banish all questions; it does not solve all difficulties; but it is the drawing together of two facts which are enough to evidence the presence of a great religious power in the world, which unite together the greatest fact in human history with an inward spiritual force, a unique fact with a continuous experience" (p. 166).

"No proof! no, if you will, but surely there is enough moral power in this Christ of fact and experience to make Him a good working hypothesis of life and conduct—helpful as a spiritual ideal which, if accepted by all men, would promote the future welfare of the race" (p. 178).

"No! there is, if you will, no proof in what we have said: and yet . . . I find some things more difficult to believe than the eternal significance of this story of Christ. I find it difficult to believe that even in things intellectual our fundamental powers and laws of thought will hereafter be found to have wholly misled us. . . . And yet this would not be so inconceivable to me as to awake in a realm in which moral principles cease to operate, and where wrong will be deemed right and right wrong. . . . Still less could I conceive a world in which love meant nothing, or in which all that was shown to men in Christ had no counterpart in eternity. . . . You may call this faith, but it springs from the necessity of the soul; it rests on the conviction that what has been the most glorious and potent force known to us cannot deceive us, or have no place in the reality of things" (p. 179).

Paley's *Christian Evidences* are left a long way behind. The Bishop had come to realise the truth of a sentence of Montaigne which he was fond of citing in his later years. "Combien de choses nous servoyent hier d'articles de foy, qui nous sont fables aujourd'hui."

In 1913 the Bishop delivered another series of lectures on the Belden Noble Foundation. They are entitled, *The Spiritual Message of Dante.* They consist of thoughts on religious experience as exemplified in Dante's *Divina Commedia,* and

were designed to illustrate the principles set out in the Belden Noble Lectures of 1904. They are literary and religious rather than strictly theological.

The same year the Bishop delivered the Liverpool Lecture in that city.* It is entitled *The Apology of Experience.* In it the theme of the Belden Noble Lectures is treated more succinctly. It directs attention particularly to the psychology of conversion and that aspect of conversion which

* A German translation of this (*Die Apologie der Erfahrung*) appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbuch* (Band 155, Heft i., 1914), edited by Prof. Hans Delbruck, with a *Nachwort* by Prof. Adolf Harnack, in which he declares that much more of this kind of Christian Apology, of which this essay is a fine example, is needed in Germany. The following letter (published in the text in Chapter X) was sent by the Kaiser with the copy of the German translation to the Bishop :—

Neues Palais,
Jan. 13, 1914.

My dear Dr. Boyd Carpenter,

I herewith send you enclosed the translation into German of your excellent *Apology of Experience* which was made by Prof. Harnack personally. He was just as much struck by your paper as I was. And he immediately after its perusal declared that it was necessary to give it as wide a publicity in Germany as possible by translating it. He also added a short postscript from himself, which I venture to think you will find very complimentary. I am scattering the translation far and wide among the clergymen, officers, and ladies ! To my great joy I have already received a number of letters, which show how deeply the readers of both sexes have been moved by your words, and how well adapted your way of treating this great and all-absorbing theme is for the spiritual requirements of this stormy period of social and religious life and its problems. I am sure your treatise will create a very deep commotion in my country and much to its welfare, and I shall do everything in my power to foster the growth of the plant, and to fan the flames of a fire of which the Lord Himself said, " I have come to kindle a fire on earth : I wish it was already aflame." With my sincerest thanks for the great boon you have bestowed on all of us, who are convinced Christians,

I remain, ever yours truly,
William, I. and R.

Professor Starbuck describes as "unselfing" or the creation of a new ego as the result of the process. This new ego is not individualist and selfish, but is full of active sympathy with the world outside. Behind the phenomena of Christian conversion extending from St. Paul's day down to our own stands, so the Bishop contends, the personality of Christ, and that "the power of Christ's personality originated a spiritual influence which like a spreading wave has rolled over the world and is still moving with a force which time has not weakened."

"We may," he continues, "regard this influence as a power from the past or as a present power. If we regard this influence as the historical continuation of an influence which began with the disciples, we must admit the transcendent power of His personality as a historic character. In the other case, we must regard this influence as the witness of a power which is living and working to-day. Either the Christ of history exerts a continuous influence over the centuries or the Christ of experience is a living Christ to-day" (p. 28).

Christian experience bears witness to a power which works this "unselfing" in the souls of men, and Christian experience exhibits in the individual the conflict against self which is being slowly fought out in the world. The individual who has this experience is a microcosm of the world that is to be, or, to use an Apostolic phrase, "a kind of firstfruits of God's creatures."

The Bishop concludes his argument thus :

" In these experiences, as we mark the unselfing process, we see the earnest of that great inheritance which will be ours when the creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption, which is selfishness, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

" If science teaches us that the experiences of past evolutionary history are written in the physical frame of man, Christian faith teaches us that in these religious experiences is written the prophecy of the great deliverance which in Christ will be to us and to all people."

In 1914 the Bishop delivered the Donnellan Lectures before the University of Dublin. Their title is *The Witness of Religious Experience.* In the words of a Father of the Christian Church, he returns to his favourite theme once more: " I retire from the things without to the things within : I rise from the things within to the things above." And this is in no wise surprising if what Professor Paul Sabatier has written in his life of St. Francis of Assisi be true: " There are unfathomable powers in the depths of the human soul, because in the depths there is God Himself." The utterances of the ancient saints, so the Bishop claims, are supported by the modern philosophers. Mr. Bradley writes in his *Truth and Reality :*

" The main interest and the genuine claim of the religious consciousness is, to my mind, the ground on which everything must be based. Whatever ideas are required to satisfy the above interest and claim must, I think, be true—true, that is really, though not absolutely. Hence it is solely by an appeal to the religious consciousness

that, in my judgment, the question as to God's personality must be answered" (p. 449).

"This conclusion," writes the Bishop, "is the conclusion which thoughtful men of various schools have reached"; and he cites the words of his friend, the great Master of Balliol:

"There is the belief of the head and the belief of the heart. And these two blend in one. As the heart believes, the objects of belief gradually clear and become definite to us. We no longer use words merely: we feel within us that they have a meaning: but our inward experience becomes the rock on which we stand: it is like the consciousness of our own existence." *

And so concludes the Bishop:

"In finding ourselves we find God, and in finding God we find ourselves."

Hence the recitation of the Christian creed becomes the recitation of an inner experience; "the simple historic facts of Christ's life have become incorporated into Christian experience" (p. 107).

. . . "The historic Christ coming as the spiritual Christ brings His own authentication to the souls of men. I am ready to admit that in the history of Christendom there has been a tendency to externalise these principles and to speak as though salvation came to the man who rests only on the belief in certain historic facts

* B. Jowett, *College Sermons*, p. 21.

or theological propositions ; but this is foreign to the primitive spiritual realisation " (p. 107).

There is a story told of the great mediæval scholastic theologian, St. Thomas Aquinas, that having had a vision he felt no inclination to carry to its completion his theological system. Logic seems thin when compared with life, and an inner personal experience does not demand the evidence of ancient history to give it the force of conviction. The theologian is transformed into the mystic, and the man who can say with St. Paul, " It is no longer I, but Christ liveth in me," has reduced Christian theology to its simplest dimensions. It was this inner spiritual experience, combined no doubt with the study of the psychology of religion and the historic evolution of religion, which transformed Boyd Carpenter theologically from a traditionalist Evangelical into a Modernist mystic.

At the Church Congress in 1898 he predicted that the time was coming when Anglicanism will be :

" Content with a simpler symbol, because it will have learnt Christ. It will not need any longer Trent, Westminster, or Lambeth, or the Vatican, to lead it. It will be satisfied with simpler thoughts and a purer faith. It will rejoice to realise that there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

Marchfield, Oxford.
May 8, 1887.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I hope that you will not think that I am presuming too much on our slight acquaintance if I write to thank you most warmly—and if I may so say, enthusiastically—for your sermon of this morning. I have been prevented from hearing any of your previous Bampton Lectures: and I fear that I shall have also to be absent from Oxford when the remaining Lectures are given. And therefore I write now rather than at the end of them all to thank you with all my heart for the great service which you are doing. Apart from the important contribution which you are making to the better understanding of religion in our time, you are also helping others to do, in their degree, similar work. We have had in Oxford the great misfortune of having no one in high position —round whom younger men could rally—who was at once liberal, religious, and sympathetic. Liberalism in religion has been identified with destructive criticism. I have myself found my chief opponents among the laymen who agree with me: their ground is that, though no doubt liberal opinions are true, a clergyman has no right to hold them. It will now be possible to point to you as proof conclusive that a man may be in full sympathy with the movements and questions of his time without ceasing to be either religious or loyal to his Church. It is really a great help: and I venture to prophesy that your Lectures will mark an important epoch in the history of English religion.

With sincere regard, I am, my dear Lord Bishop,

Yours very faithfully,

Edwin Hatch.

7, Norham Gardens, Oxford.
June 4, 1889.

My dear Bishop,

I hope you are taking some rest from your manifold labours. It is the manifoldness of our labours which tires us. If I had nothing in the world to do but the Veda, I could work all day without feeling distracted. How a Bishop can get through any work of his own, with all the electric bells of his diocese always ringing in his ear, is more than I can understand. But I hope you will now get a long *otium sine dignitate episcopali*, and that the world may have your Bampton Lectures, even if some curates get no answers to their letters. I have finished my Gifford Lectures; and I hope they will be out in about a fortnight. . . .

Have you ever had time to think whether you could contribute an essay to a Collection of Essays on Thought and Language of which I spoke to you some time ago? There is no hurry, for those who have promised to contribute are very slow. I have promises from Sir J. Stephen, Romanes, Lloyd Morgan, Courtney, possibly the Duke of Argyll. In no branch of thought is language more potent than in theology, and an essay from you on the subject of expression in religion would be of great importance. But at present it is only a suggestion to think about, when nothing else occupies your mind.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Boyd Carpenter,

Yours very sincerely,

F. Max Müller.

CHAPTER VIII

AS PASTOR PASTORUM

"Be wider than your calling."

"Call no man your master upon the earth, for One is your Master, even Christ."

As years passed the Bishop came to recognise acutely the important part which was being played by the theological colleges in the training of candidates for Holy Orders. He himself, it should be stated, had not been trained in one of these institutions, and he did not regard the training they imparted as satisfactory.

While the Bishop may be supposed to have recognised the good influence which both the Anglo-Catholic and the Evangelical theological colleges exerted on their students in training them in habits of devotion, discipline, and punctuality, he yet felt that they failed in two directions. First, they widened the gap between the clergy and the laity, producing in some cases a distinct type of clerical mind, as also a characteristic clerical manner.

Secondly, they helped to create, accentuate, and perpetuate party differences within the Church, by doing these things first in the case of the clergy. So long as the bulk of the clergy were trained exclusively in Anglo-Catholic theo-

logical colleges and in Evangelical theological colleges so long, it appeared to him, would there be clergy of these types ready to divide the Church or diocese on party issues. Both the clericalist spirit and the party spirit seemed to the Bishop to be detrimental to the influence of the Church with the community, and he desired if possible to eliminate them.

It would not be just to suggest that he would have said with Gambetta, *Le clericalisme voilà l'ennemi*, nevertheless he regarded it as essentially unchristian, for it was the conviction of the Bishop that the Christian religion is one in which every priest is a layman and every layman ought to be a priest. Clericalism, he was convinced, was not justified by the New Testament conception of the Christian Church and its ministry, and moreover it was essentially alien to the temper of the English people. Consequently he desired to see an English ministry trained apart from the spirit of clericalism and the spirit of sectarianism. He also desired to see it trained apart from the spirit of obscurantism, which he regarded as the parent both of clericalism and sectarianism. He detested the thought that those who were to teach the Christian faith to others should be so trained as not to be either able or willing to face the fundamental objections to, and greatest difficulties in connection with, that faith. That clergymen should refuse to study certain subjects or read certain books lest these should undermine their own faith, when the educated laity and the secular press were giving attention to these books, seemed to him a fatal policy. Christianity, he felt,

because he really believed in it, had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the frankest and freest investigation. I remember his saying to me: "I hear that the Leeds Church Institute refuses to put any of Harnack's books on its shelves.* That's drawing down the blinds." Viewing the spirit of clericalism, the spirit of sectarianism, and the spirit of obscurantism, as the hosts of Midian for ever prowling round the Church and as fostered by its numerous theological colleges, it is not surprising that he should have done what he could to guard against them. Had he had the power he would have swept all the English theological colleges out of existence, and have had the clergy educated at the Universities alone, taking the Honour School of Theology after graduation in some other Honour School. This, however, was impossible for a variety of reasons, the strongest being that the majority of the bishops did not favour their abolition.† He might, under the circumstances, have been satisfied to pursue the ambidextrous policy of condemning the theological colleges on the one hand, and ordaining their products on the other, but he was much too sincere and practical a man to be satisfied with such a procedure. He chose instead a course which entailed considerable self-sacrifice. He resolved to found a theological college for University graduates which should be, to use his

* If this was the case then, I have no doubt that it has ceased to be so now. This was fifteen years ago.

† The present Archbishop of Canterbury, when a deputation to him reproached the theological colleges with the kind of men they were turning out, deftly silenced the complainants by saying: "Yes, indeed, but you should see those men when they go in."

own phrase, " on wide and truth-speaking lines." Accordingly in 1898 he founded a hostel for theological students in Ripon, which a little later was named Bishop's College. Its first Principal was the Rev. Henry Gee, who after a few years resigned to become Master of University College, Durham, and later Dean of Gloucester. On Dr. Gee's resignation Bishop's College was united with the Midland Clergy College under the Rev. J. B. Harford, and was given the name of the Ripon Clergy College. Its founder outlined his ideal for it as follows :—

The qualities which the founders desire to develop in its members are :

(1) *Love of Truth,* not of a certain set of views, received by tradition and labelled ' The Truth,' but of reality, the truth of things as it appears in the sight of God.

(2) *Sound Scholarship,* that thinks no pains too great to ascertain the exact meaning of words and phrases.

(3) *The Use of Historical Methods,* seeking to read the Bible and early Christian writers not in the light of succeeding centuries—whether the fourth or the sixteenth—but in the light of their own day.

(4) *The fearless welcoming of light from every quarter,* assured that it can only throw light upon God and His Truth.

(5) *Patient zeal* to apply the truths thus ascertained to pressing problems of individual and social life.

It would be lacking in candour to allow it to be assumed that the Bishop's theological college perfectly achieved the Bishop's ideal. The spirit

of clericalism may be an exclusive product of clerical seminaries, but the spirit of sectarianism and the spirit of obscurantism are native to humanity, and flourish and abound as much among laymen and even among secularists as among clergymen—only the sectarianism and obscurantism are in their case of the lay and not of the clerical species. Some students benefited greatly by the training of the Bishop's theological college, some became clericalists and obscurantists in spite of it.

The inducements in the clerical calling to become a clericalist and an obscurantist are too great to be resisted by a young man unless he be possessed of a moral courage and an intellectual vigour which are far from being the possession of all clergymen.

Nor must it be assumed that the staff of the college were perfect instruments of the Bishop's ideal. We may charitably assume that they did their best, but the ideal was no easy one to achieve in the case of a mixed company attracted to the Bishop's College by variant motives, not the least being its founder's prestige and popularity.

Nevertheless the college succeeded sufficiently to become the chief of the Bishop's interests in later life. It was closed down during the war, by which time nearly 140 of its members had passed from its portals into the ministry, of whom eight gave their lives for their country.

The Bishop resolved, as soon as the war terminated, to re-open the college and locate it in some University city, as he believed the

THE BISHOP IN 1910, WITH MEMBERS OF RIPON THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

On his left is the Very Rev. H. Gee, D.D., the first Principal, and on his right Canon J. B. Harford, the second Principal.

University atmosphere to be one of the best permanent antidotes to the spirit of seminarism and obscurantism. He died, however, in 1918, a few days before the Armistice, having first commended his foundation to the good offices of the Primate, and having appointed as its Warden Dr. H. M. Burge, then Bishop of Southwark. During the latter days of his life his foundation was much in his thoughts, and he gave £500 to its funds when on his death-bed, having generously given to it £1,000 in varying sums at earlier periods. After his death his friends and admirers raised between £4,000 and £5,000 towards its endowment, and moved it up to Oxford, giving it the name of Ripon Hall.

The way in which the Bishop's foundation was viewed by the representatives of clericalism is seen in the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Church Times* a few months after his death:

"It is proposed to remove the Theological College from Ripon, and to provide it with buildings in a University town. . . . It is interesting to recall the history of the last attempt to found a Latitudinarian theological college. Promoted by a bishop, and having a learned canon as its principal, it numbered at one time as many as two students. With their ordination the college came to an end." (February, 1918.)

The other "attempt" was made by Bishop Percival of Hereford.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter felt much anxiety about the preservation of the independence of his foundation, and looked with grave uneasiness on a scheme for the inspection of theological

colleges sanctioned by the Upper Houses of the Convocations of the two provinces. This appears in a letter written in March, 1914, to Mr. H. G. Hart (Headmaster of Sedbergh School), who had been invited to become one of the Inspectors under the scheme and wrote to the Bishop for advice in the matter.

Riversea, Kingswear,
March 9, 1914.

My dear Mr. Hart,

I have heard nothing of the proposed scheme of Inspection. Without committing myself to any final view, for which I should have to know the details of what is proposed, I have a suspicion that it is one of those schemes which is almost certain to be used to promote ideas which are abhorrent to my reading of our Lord's teaching. They are sure to be ultra-clerical. I think that the more independent theological colleges would resent the attempt to bring about such inspection.

As for the colleges themselves, I started mine at Ripon because those in existence were objectionable in one direction or another : they were either obscurantist and Evangelical or Romanizing and so-called Catholic. The only way to deal with the situation was to open a college on wide and truth-seeking lines. There are now two or three colleges which exist in the interest of Truth and Christianity, I am glad to say ; and I think that their very existence may have re-acted upon the tone of the others.

I do not think, however, that your kind offices in visiting the colleges could be other than helpful and wise.

It is a hopeful sign—among many *very* dismal signs—it is a hopeful sign that you have been asked to undertake such a work. The colleges

exist and will continue to exist. I do not like the system, but it is wiser to help to guide them than to withstand such a movement, so I am disposed to hope that you will throw your influence, as you have been invited to do, into the proposed work.

With our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hart,

Ever yours truly,

W. B. CARPENTER.

But its founder not only gave the college its ideals and part of its endowment, he also gave it much personal service, and that not only on its Governing Body. When at Ripon he tried to instruct all its members in the art of sermon composition. Week by week in term we assembled at the Palace, the students and staff seated round the large table in the Holden Library where the sermon for the day was read aloud by its author. Each one present was called on in turn by the Bishop to offer his criticism on the composition. The criticisms were directed along clearly defined lines, such as structure, diction, lucidity, illustration, knowledge, practicality, and so on. What impressed one most was the Bishop's extraordinary modesty and sympathy in conducting the class. He treated the feeblest compositions with respect; he analysed them seriously—and his power of analysis was very remarkable—and then presented them in their best light; he doubted in some cases the justness of the criticisms given: other criticisms he allowed: he offered suggestions of his own, appealing by his voice and manner for the support of the class in what he was urging—*ὡς φρονίμοις λέγω.**

* 1 Cor. x. 14.

One quite forgot, at these sermon classes, that here was the greatest pulpit orator in England addressing a body of young and inexperienced men on a subject of which he was master, and speaking all the while not as an authority but almost as a suppliant, certainly as a fellow-student. No doubt what he said failed of its full effect on many—they needed something less sympathetic and less subtle—but it told with others. Several at least of the students of those days—notably Mr. Studdert Kennedy and Mr. Wallace Elliott—have made their mark as pulpit orators, but orators, like poets, are born, not made.

The Bishop showed much hospitality to the members of the theological college. They breakfasted with him at the Palace at the beginning of term : they dined there at least once a year : he got them on occasions to read plays in the evening with him, either Sheridan's or Shakespeare's. On Sunday afternoons some of them attended at the Palace Chapel to assist with the services. Great indeed was the loss to the college when its founder left Ripon to live at Westminster. He served something of the purpose of a university when he was with us—and a university in its ideal aspects. Here were culture, letters, manners—the best of the great world transfused by the Spirit of Christ. The ideals which the Bishop tried to carry out he expounded in an article on the training of the clergy contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* in 1905, and in his *Lectures on Preaching* * delivered in the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1894. His

* Published by Macmillan & Co. 1895.

whole ideal was summed up in the motto: "Be wider than your calling," combined with the conviction that the calling of a minister of Christ is the widest calling in the whole world.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII

[*A letter to old students of Ripon Clergy College.*]

Riversea, Kingswear,
June 17, 1909.

DEAR FRIENDS NOW MET IN REUNION,

I send you my greetings, and along with them my unfeigned regrets that I am deprived of the pleasure and advantage of meeting you this year. I am for the present by doctor's orders laid aside; but here where the river runs into the sea and where twice a day the sea invades the river I shall think of you and of your work. I shall remember you as I watch the waters which ebb and flow under my windows. I shall think of you and your work, and I shall rejoice in thinking that each of you is pouring out strength and energy into the great ocean of the world, among those whom it is your joy and your duty to serve as ministers of Christ to men. This work of yours needs to be whole-hearted: it is the pouring of the whole self into your work and message; for yours is a life of self-sacrifice and self-surrender. Of this the river rushing with all its volume seawards is the fitting emblem.

I shall think of you in Reunion gaining strength and encouragement from mutual intercourse and from the words of counsel and earnestness. And again my outlook will give emphasis to these thoughts, for I shall remember that the river is ever gaining from the ocean as well as giving to it. Its healthfulness, its freshness, its volume owes more than we can measure to the Ministry of the

ocean. The clergyman gains from those to whom he ministers: if he is wise, he will realise this and regard all his people as ministers and messengers of God to him, while he keeps in mind his duty of Ministry to them. He will remember, too, that all he can contribute of himself to the world is nothing unless his power be replenished from the great ocean of the Divine and Eternal Love, which never fails, but with ceaseless ebb and flow ministers to every heart which lies open to its influence.

May the God of Love bless you in your intercourse with one another and in your work of ministering when you return to your parishes! May the joy of the Divine presence be yours at all times according to that great word of our Master—If a man love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make Our abode with him.

Believe me, with all affectionate remembrances,

Ever yours truly,

W. B. Ripon.

CHAPTER IX

AS MAN OF LETTERS

No man is a judge of his own ink.—*Journalist's dictum.*

A LARGELY circulating newspaper published a series of statements by prominent personages, of whom Boyd Carpenter was one, relating their early education, favourite recreation, the secret of their success, or some other equally attractive personal confession. On coming into the library on the day of the publication of the Bishop's confession, I said to his secretary, "I see the Bishop has been revealing himself in the *Daily* . . ." "Yes," she replied, "and he's rather pleased; the editor has put him among the men of letters and not among the ecclesiastics."

It is said that every illustrious Englishman has a secret ambition to be distinguished or to be thought distinguished in some sphere or department in which he is not at all pre-eminent, but that the sphere in which he is *facile princeps* he holds in very moderate esteem. The Bishop had, I should say, a secret ambition to be a literary genius. He was an oratorical one—that perfect style of pulpit oratory which was the highest ambition of Gil Blas' archbishop, he had achieved, and all the world recognised the fact, but the wreath he desired to wear was that which only

the Muses of Literature could bestow. Daily he frequented their temple-courts and wooed them with offerings. Poems, allegories, plays, hymns, even novels and parodies, flowed from his pen, but Parnassus declined to place the coveted wreath on his mitred locks, although had Queen Victoria had her way it would have been otherwise. She, after the appointment of Lord Tennyson's successor, hinted to her favourite preacher that she wished that he might have been appointed Poet Laureate, as she understood and liked his poems ever so much better than those of the Laureate.*

He certainly possessed great facility in writing verses. He might have said with Pope, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, as famed in academic circles for his eloquence in the Latin tongue as was Boyd Carpenter in popular circles for his eloquence in English, having received from the Bishop one of his New Year poems, wrote a polite letter of thanks, in which he said :

"I think that you, like me, must have the gift of composing in railway trains. I beguile many a mile in making Latin Elegiacs. But then, I have far, far more leisure than you."

When the poetic *afflatus* inspires its votaries in railway carriages, it leaves its mark on the

* Extract from a letter by the Bishop to his wife, written at Windsor Castle on March 8, 1896 :

"The Queen said : 'You have been so very kind (meaning about the Princess Henry). There, you wrote such beautiful verses, and Mr. Austin such silly ones. It's a pity he was made Laureate.' Isn't this delightful ?"

quality of their verse, as it did on Mark Twain's famous poem composed in a tram-car :

> " Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passengere."

Bishop Boyd Carpenter, as was natural, began by writing devotional poems for his Confirmation candidates, and published them in the parish magazine. Poems of a similar kind appeared at short intervals (not indeed with the frequency of the productions of his contemporary, Canon Rawnsley of Crosthwaite, who is credited with having composed a sonnet every morning in his bath) ; some of these poems, especially after he became Bishop, found honoured places in the religious press. His poems had two commendable qualities—brevity and good taste. The religious sentiment of some of them seems perhaps unreal to us to-day, but it was real enough to the religious Victorians. The marriage hymn sung at the wedding of H.R.H. Princess Louise of Schleswig Holstein was certainly the best of his hymns and deserves a place in our hymn-books. The poems, however, are seldom distinguished by any real literary felicity. They contain echoes of our greater English poets and suggest to their reader Pope's couplet :

> " Those middle natures, how they long to join
> But never pass the insuperable line ! "

The religious poems were appreciated by religious people for their religious quality ; the patriotic poems by patriots ; the sentimental poems by sentimentalists ; the parodies by lovers of humour ; but none of them are worthy of the

anthologies. I have selected a few from the hundreds he wrote. They are collected at the end of this chapter. "Alive with God," "Jowett's Funeral," "The Union Jack," and the elegy on his dog, are most characteristic of their author's moods.

His poems were essentially occasional pieces; stirred by some incident or emotion he turned to verse rather than to prose to express himself. Sometimes his verse seems to show a power of antipathy that does not appear in his prose. The following, addressed to a conscientious objector, is an example of this. I believe it was not published.

May 5, 1916.

MY DEAR MUGWUMP,

I know that you are often perplexed in your Parliamentary duties. A sensitive nature like yours must often be exposed to the conscientious hesitations which the brutal-minded call vacillations. I am minded therefore to send you a good and protective recipe, which I have found both strengthening and soothing. Forgive me if I am sending coals to Newcastle; but I try to follow the precepts of my dear Grandmamma Molly Coddle, who always said, "It is kind to pass on useful knowledge." She had a little rhyme about it—it was something like this:

"If in your bonnet you should have a *flea*"—

I am not sure whether it was a *bee* or a *flea*; but the sense is the same.

"If in your bonnet you should have a *bee*"—

Yes, it must have been that, because there is, of course, a *b* in bonnet—

"If in your Bonnet you should have a Bee,
To pass it on is true Philanthropy."

So I follow Grandmamma's precept and example, and I send you my patent recipe in verse.

I am, Yours electorally,
SIMON SWEETPEACE.

P.S.—I cannot tell you how much comfort I have had since I discovered my conscience, and this discovery is one of the blessings of the war.

THE RECIPE.

What is the nostrum for our day
Which sanctions all I wish to say
In such a sanctimonious way ?
My Conscience.

What tells me I am always right,
Provides me with a garment white,
And is an angel robed in light ?
My Conscience.

What has a wondrous subtle art
In choosing just the easy part
And sends sweet slumber on the heart ?
My Conscience.

What brings me often fresh surprise
And teaches me the use of lies
And saves me from all sacrifice ?
My Conscience.

What tells me I may justly shirk
All share in love's defensive work
And leave the world to Hun and Turk ?
My Conscience.

This *sæva indignatio* also appears in a poem "Armenia to the Powers" (*published in the Yorkshire Post* of September 30, 1896) and in "Magersfontein."

His first literary work to attract public notice was *Narcissus,* an early Christian novel. It may be compared with Dean Farrar's *From Darkness to Dawn,* or better still with J. H. Newman's *Callista.* Such books are hardly literature, but rather hagiology or Christian apologetic.

In 1905 he printed privately a play named *Brian*—a tragedy in five acts. It is written in smooth blank verse, and its tone and temper are redolent of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.* Its mystical character rendered it unsuitable for the stage. Earlier he wrote what in happier days than these was called "a shilling shocker," entitled *The Last Man in London.* It was a thrilling story and sold well. It appeared, as did some of his other productions, under the pseudonym of Delaval Boyd.

But although the Muses of Literature would not place a wreath upon his brow, they rewarded his devotion to them by appointing him their hierophant for the people of England. None were more eager than he to popularise the great English poets, and to secure for them their due influence as moral and spiritual teachers of the English people. He studied them enthusiastically; he expounded them directly and indirectly; and his merits as a popular interpreter of them came to be generally recognised. As a literary critic he had not the technical knowledge of a Mr. Edmund Gosse or of a Prof. George Saintsbury on the one hand, nor the critical insight of a Prof. A. C. Bradley or of a Matthew Arnold on the other. As an interpreter of our literature he is in very much the same class as the late Stopford Brooke. There

is as great need of enthusiastic literary middle men as there is of University Extension Lectures in our vast modern communities, and the Bishop played his part well and was much in request by literary societies and for literary functions. A friend of many eminent actors, especially of Sir Squire Bancroft, and an ardent lover of the English drama, particularly of the plays of Shakespeare and Sheridan, the Bishop recognised the important part which the Drama is capable of playing in national education; but he also recognised the subtle temptation to prostitute the stage to the basest of uses, and that for this prostitution the public and not the actor-managers and actors and actresses are chiefly to blame.

> "The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
> For they who live to please must please to live."

The Bishop sought the society of the leaders of the English stage, and made a point, by judiciously attending the theatre, of encouraging sound plays. His interest and friendship were appreciated, and Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir George Alexander, and other eminent actors, complimented him on forging a link between the Church and the Stage. On St. George's Day, 1901, the 337th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, he preached at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival; and in April, 1916, he preached at Westminster Abbey in celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

He was an ardent promoter of the British Empire Shakespeare Society and took part in the Garrick Theatre celebrations in July 1903, by delivering an oration on the poet—which Miss

Ellen Terry described as " One of the most beautiful sermons I ever heard in my life." On this occasion Sir Sidney Lee wrote to say how greatly he had helped their cause, and adds among testimonies of appreciation that " An American professor (W. P. Trent of Columbia University, New York), writes to me: ' The Bishop of Ripon's eloquence is of a quality rarely if ever heard in America.' "

He preached a Memorial Sermon on Lord Tennyson in Westminster Abbey on April 30, 1893, and unveiled the Tennyson Memorial Window at Haslemere Church in 1899, when he preached on the unworldliness of the poet.

In December, 1905, he preached the sermon at the Milton Tercentenary Commemoration in Bow Church, Cheapside.

He addressed the Birmingham Ruskin Society on "Taste in Literature," the University Extension Society at Oxford on " Prose Poems of the Day," a distinguished gathering of Scotchmen at Edinburgh on " The Romantic Movement in English Literature." Twice at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund he proposed the toast of " Literature," linking it on one occasion with the name of Lord Morley and on the other with that of Sir William Anson. He was a member of a number of literary clubs, and President of the Authors'.

He wrote introductions to editions of the American poets, Longfellow and Whittier, and in 1900 he brought out a most readable volume entitled *The Religious Spirit in the Poets*, in which, after dealing with the relations between Religion

and Literature, he expounds the religious teaching of Edmund Spenser, Marlowe's "Faustus," Shakespeare's "Tempest," Milton's "Comus," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and the spiritual messages of Tennyson and Browning.

He enjoyed the friendship of Tennyson, and contributed articles to the magazines relating his reminiscences of the Poet Laureate. His best and fullest account is his latest contained in the chapter headed Tennyson in *Some Pages of My Life.** Undoubtedly Tennyson was for him the greatest of living poets, and the Bishop's visits to Aldworth were some of the happiest experiences in a happy life. His accounts of his intercourse with Tennyson cannot be said to add anything to our literary knowledge of the poet, but they bring out the strongly theological bent of Tennyson's mind. Those religious questionings, which appear in *In Memoriam,* appear and re-appear in later life in his intercourse with the Bishop. He seemed to value the opportunity of what old-fashioned people would have called "religious conversation" with a religious and open-minded man like his guest. When they parted for the last time, the friend of F. D. Maurice said to the Bishop: "Good-bye; you are a man of broad mind, and I like men of broad minds." The Bishop very beautifully replied: "I hope God will keep us in His breadth." After the Laureate's death Lady Tennyson wrote: "You were one to whom *he* could speak so freely and be sure of not being misunderstood, that we cannot but bless the day which brought you to our home."

* Second Impression (1911), pub. Williams & Norgate.

Boyd Carpenter also knew Browning personally —they had met under Jowett's roof at Balliol— and Browning promised to visit him at Ripon but died before he could fulfil his promise.*

As a young man Boyd Carpenter came into contact at Nottingham with Bailey, the author of *Festus*. He was also a warm personal friend of Joseph Henry Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*, which ranks with Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* as the happiest presentation in Romantic literature of the spirit of English religion. The account of this friendship is related in the chapter headed J. Henry Shorthouse in *Further Pages of my Life* (pp. 204–17). Many letters passed between them. The following one, begging the Bishop to take more care of himself, indicates Shorthouse's deep regard for him:—

Landsdowne, Edgbaston.
3rd Sunday after Easter, 1892.

MY DEAR LORD,

I was very sorry to see the other day in the papers that you have been ordered complete abstinence from work. I had seen some time before that you had not been able to be at some function at Leeds owing to a cold, but I had hoped that this was only a slight ailment. This latter report seems more serious. Not that I believe what the papers say. Some time ago we had a sensational and graphic account of the Bishop of Ely's narrowly escaping being shot through the head at a railway station. The fact being, as the Bishop told us, he was at the other end of the platform and only wondered why they were discharging *fog-signals* on a clear day!

* There is a chapter on Browning in *Some Pages of my Life* (pp. 198–205).

But I am somewhat inclined to believe the report about your Lordship because I have no faith in you at all; and I quite believe you will kill yourself long before your time with irrepressible overwork. If it is possible for your friends to prevail with you at all (and if innumerable and surprising acts of kindness received by *any man* entitle such a man to call himself a friend, then surely I have a sure claim to call myself yours), I *do hope* that you will relent in time and take things a little more easily, and reflect that the Church requires never more than to-day all the good men that God has given her, and so preserve yourself to her for a long time to come.

We should be very glad to hear how you are, and we hope that Mrs. Carpenter is strong again, at least as strong as any one can hope to be after such a spring as we have been having.

We have been in great anxiety on account of our Vicar, but God mercifully heard the prayers of the Church and he is restored to health. His loss would have been one very difficult to describe. My wife is in great sorrow on account of her two brothers, who are struck quite suddenly with severe and I fear incurable illness. It has been a most fatal year, so far, to many.

We have been so very much interested in the life of Archbishop Tait. I wrote to the Bishop of Rochester to tell him a little of what I thought of the book. He was a most remarkable man, and it seems to me very striking how ecclesiastical biography and history preserves its interest while all other history and biography have become very dull.

With kindest remembrances,
I am, my dear Lord,
Yours ever gratefully and affectionately,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

It was the Bishop's good fortune to meet many literary people, and he left behind him piles of letters from authors, editors, playwrights, publishers, professors. He published some of the more interesting of these in his own reminiscences, and others have appeared in the biographies of his correspondents. Very few of those that remain are worthy of publication, but they indicate the variety of his literary relations. Professor Israel Gollancz writes inviting the Bishop to contribute a preface to Rossetti's rendering of the *Vita Nuova*, and brings the Duke of Alba to call after the Bishop's Shakespeare sermon, as he wished to thank him personally for his reference to Cervantes.

Mr. Edmund Gosse informs the Bishop that a German translation of his sermons has been made with the Kaiser's "special approval." Mr. Hugh Chisholm, an editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, invites the Bishop to contribute to the Supplement an article on the Church from 1875 to 1900. Mr. Sidney Colvin writes asking the Bishop to marry him. Dr. Montague Butler, Master of Trinity, sends him a long letter on the precise meaning of *at* in an imaginary conversation between Cicero and Pompey.

Mr. W. J. Courthope writes to him on the degeneration of literature. Sir Percy Bunting suggests that he should contribute his reminiscences to the *Contemporary Review*. Dr. Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, tells him of the competition in Dublin to entertain him on the occasion of his approaching visit (1893); and Prof. Lewis Campbell informs the Bishop of the

American appreciation evoked by his recent visit (January 15, 1905). Mr. Coulson Kernahan invites the Bishop's approval of his *brochure, A World without a Child,* and informs him that already half a million of his "tiny books" have been sold, and that they have been translated into thirteen languages including Chinese. The author of *Tom Brown's School Days,* one of the early Christian Socialists, invites him to speak on industrial co-operation, and adds:

"I never scruple to apply to any clergyman in this behalf, as I see more and more every year what F. D. Maurice prophesied so emphatically 40 years ago, that the hope of Christianizing trade in our time lies here."

Prof. Max Müller wrote him a letter dealing with a point in the Bishop's Bampton Lectures which students of Comparative Religion may be glad to read uncompressed.

7, Norham Gardens, Oxford.
June 17, 1898.

My dear Bishop,

Your proof-sheets have brought back to me very vividly the time when I listened to you at St. Mary's. Only the voice is wanting, and what power and charm there are in a voice!

As you wish me to do so, I have scribbled away very freely on the margin. There is one point where you will see I differ very much. I can see

no trace of fellowship in Buddhism. It seems to me the very opposite of every kind of fellowship—pure aloneness. At least so it seems to me in Southern Buddhism. Then comes reaction, just as in Sufiism in Islam, and in Northern Buddhism, the Buddha himself, such as Amitâbha (infinite light) in Japan, becomes divine, ever living for those who are born again to gaze on him and listen to him in Suklâuatî, the land of bliss. My only doubt is whether we may call Northern Buddhism (or what I call Bodhism, from *bodhi*, the highest intelligence) a reaction. It looks rather like a protest of some Northern race, adopting Buddhism, but protesting from the first against its Godlessness or want of Dependence and Fellowship, and introducing some religious elements which they brought with them. The chief supporters of Northern Buddhism were the Scythian conquerors of India, Kamihka and the rest, about the beginning of the Christian era. They must have had some religion of their own, and the vital elements of it may have found entrance into the then national religion of India, Buddhism. But that is a mere guess, and I only mention it because it would not be quite true to call Northern Buddhism a reaction, for we cannot watch every crisis. Southern Buddhism satisfies the craving of the masses for divine, or at least superhuman, beings, by allowing the local worship of spirits and public festivals in honour of Buddhas and Saints. Buddhism interfered very little with the people at large. It gave commandments, heard confession, accepted gifts, but we must not forget that what we generally call Buddhism is a *regula* for monks, not for laymen.

One thing struck me in a lecture of the Bishop of Colombo—how little pains is taken in Southern Buddhism to represent the young prince as a

pattern of virtue. Like the "roast pork," it shows the faithfulness of the chroniclers.

Yours very sincerely,
J. MAX MÜLLER.

Mr. Rowland E. Prothero begs him (December 8, 1893) to review *The Life of Pusey* for the *Quarterly*, and adds:

"It is so difficult to find anyone who will look on the Pusey movement dispassionately, and, without blinking its mistakes, do it justice."

And Mr. G. W. Prothero invites him to contribute articles to the *Quarterly* on the late Empress Frederick and Queen Victoria. Sir John Sandys, the historian of classical scholarship, writes to tell him that the *Italic* type used by the Aldine Press has been proved not to be a copy of the handwriting of Petrarch. Mr. W. T. Stead invites him to sit for his photograph to appear in a volume of Victorian celebrities which he is producing. Mrs. Andrew Lang writes inquiring whether Dante may not have been influenced by the *Book of Enoch*—a very suggestive inquiry—but unfortunately the Bishop's reply has not been preserved. Sir Adolphus Ward writes requesting him to accept membership of a committee formed to found a Chair of English Literature at Cambridge. Sir Herbert Warren writes correcting a false quantity of which he, *mirabile dictu!* has been guilty in a previous letter; and more remarkable still, the author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* writes reproving the Bishop severely for manifesting a sense of

humour in one of his Bampton Lectures. This letter deserves to be published, if only as evidence of the clear distinction observed by Victorians between the sacred and the secular.

Ch. Ch., Oxford.
May 8, 1887.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I feel how great a liberty I am taking, as a total stranger, in addressing your Lordship; but I write, as one of the large University congregation who listened this morning to the Bampton Lecture, to make one single remark—that I feel very sure that the 2 or 3 sentences in it, which were distinctly *amusing* (and of which *one* raised a general laugh), went far to undo, in the minds of many of your hearers, and specially among the *young* men, much of the good effect of the rest of the sermon. Feeling profoundly (as who can fail to do?) what enormous powers have been given to your Lordship for influencing large bodies of men, I feel an equally profound regret that anything should occur likely to lessen their influence for good. I can only *hope* your Lordship will pardon the presumption of such plain speaking, and remain,

Your Lordship's most truly,
Charles L. Dodgson.

P.S.—We have *one* common friend, Mrs. Bickersteth ("Ella" she has always been to me); but I doubt if she would readily forgive me, did she know what a liberty I am taking with her friend.

Yet, curiously enough, the reprover of the Bishop wrote a charming Easter Greeting *

* Dated 1876, and published in the People's Edition of *Alice's Adventures* (1896).

addressed "To every child who loves *Alice*," in which he very gently and wisely indicates how false and artificial this distinction may be between the sacred and the secular.

"For I do not believe God means us thus to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out-of-place to even so much as mention Him on a week day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer—and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children, as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the 'dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral?"

Sir George Grove, the editor of *The Dictionary of Music*, who believed that the soul of Dean Stanley had become re-incarnated in Bishop Boyd Carpenter, writes protesting with noble rage against a new musical instrument.

Lower Sydenham, S.E.
June 1, 1897.

My dear Bishop,

If Mr. Balling whom he wishes to advocate is the Mr. Balling who has lately come to London, I am afraid I shall not be inclined to do much for him.

The said Mr. Balling is the apostle of an instrument which has just been invented to supersede the ancient "viola"—a violin which lies between the violin itself and the violincello, which was used by Mozart and Beethoven for their quartets and with which they were perfectly satisfied.

If this new instrument is successful, it will

introduce an entirely new and *modern tone* into the old quartet of stringed instruments; and the consequence is we shall *never again* hear these splendid compositions for solo stringed instruments from Haydn to Mendelssohn, as they were written.

It will be as if some one preached one of your sermons wearing a Greek tragic mask, which made his voice perfectly unlike yours and perfectly unnatural.

It is another branch of the evil which the greatest musicians are now trying to introduce, viz. to adapt Beethoven's orchestral music to the modern orchestra, and therefore make an entirely disproportionate and unnatural thing of it—an effort which I hope I may struggle against to the last moment of my existence.

Forgive my violence, but I have right on my side.

Imagine anybody inviting one to a reading of Tennyson's poems, and one's finding to one's disgust that every other line was not as the author had written it, but "improved" to suit the superior ideas of the reciter. We shall have some more talk about this when we meet. . . .

Ever your devoted admirer,
G. GROVE.

Dr. Eliot, the President of Harvard, writes to tell him that the Noble Lectures were "highly successful from every point of view," and that the foundress of the course was delighted, "for she had but scant pleasure in the preceding courses."

Mr. John Murray proposes to him, as Eton schoolboys are dependent on Nye's *Popular History of the Church of England*, to produce something better for the upper forms of public

schools, and later writes warmly of the result. Professor Gwatkin writes criticism and commendation of the same volume and treats the Bishop to two personal confessions: one, that he is a *helluo librorum*, and the other, that "the feeling grows on me that Protestantism in its main forms is too Romish." Mr. Frederic Harrison writes about an umbrella and tells the Bishop that he is going to add to his collection of autographs the "amusing letter" just received from him. Prof. William Knight, the editor of Wordsworth, invites the Bishop to read a paper at the Coleridge Matinée at the Haymarket, and thanks him for his verses on "The Union Jack." Mr. W. L. Courtney invites him to send an article to the *Fortnightly* on the Education Question; Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell desires him to contribute to *Literature*; Professor F. G. Peabody of Harvard University writes to tell him he has read his *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures* with "unusual interest"; and the Swiss translator of the same treatise informs him of its favourable reception in that country.

Lausanne, Boulevard de Grancy 8.
29th Oct. 1916.

MONSIEUR,

Il y a bien des mois que la traduction de votre *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures* a paru, et j'aurais voulu vous écrire plus tôt combien j'ai été heureuse de faire ce travail, et comme il a été bien accueilli de notre public. Monsieur Lucien Gautier, que vous connaissez, l'a chaudement recommandé dans le *Journal de*

Genève, Monsieur Philippe Bridel, professeur de théologie à la Faculté libre de notre ville, en a fait autant dans la *Gazette de Lausanne*. Et plusieurs personnes m'ont déjà dit à quel point il leur est utile et précieux.

J'espère, Monsieur, que vous avez bien reçu ce printemps les exemplaires que je vous ai fait expédier par l'éditeur : un volume broché, fait ordinaire, un volume relié toile—et un volume à reliure de peau souple, plus élégant et vraiment réussi.

Permettez moi de vous remercier encore de m'avoir facilité la publication de cette œuvre qui répond admirablement aux besoins de notre public religieuse, et veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments dévoués et respectueux.

S. Godet.

The next letter (translated from the German) indicates how thoroughly the Kaiser did his self-appointed task of popularising the Bishop's religious writings in Germany.

Most noble Lord Bishop!
Most Rev. Herr Doctor!

I beg your Lordship most respectfully to allow me to express my humble and hearty thanks for the many-sided helps and stimulus I have received through your works. His Majesty, the All-Highest, Kaiser and King, presented me with both *The Son of Man amongst the Sons of Men*, and also *The Witness to the Influence of Christ*, as well as the translations. He spoke with such grateful reverence of your Lordship, as well as with the keenest interest in your Lordship's works, that I felt I must share the blessings so received,

with others, and satisfy this demand in *Sermons about the Disciples*.

With pleasure did I compile these Disciple-Sermons, and published the same for the centenary of the birthday of the Empress Augusta.

Now I take the liberty of handing a copy to your Reverence with heartfelt gratitude. God bless and keep your Lordship for many years for the good of the Church all over the world (I mean the whole world).

I am in humble reverence and devotion,

Your Lordship's most gratefully,

HOLSTEIN,

Pastor of the Church of Mercy.

Lecky, the historian, was a close personal friend. The following letter has a literary interest, perhaps not least because it refers to Lecky's small collection of charming verses so little known that I have never come across it in any private library except the Bishop's.

38, Onslow Gardens, S.W.
March 26, 1901.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Let me most heartily reciprocate your most kind wishes. I did not know that we had the bond of a common birthday, though I believe there are many years between us—to my disadvantage. Thanks much for your charming history—a wonderful piece of comprehensive knowledge to be achieved by so active a man. I suppose the habits of oratory have helped in making the symmetry and arrangement so good. These are points on which I always break down.

I don't think I shall write much more, for I believe I have expressed my best thoughts, and I find Parliamentary life takes away all my energy

during several months. I venture to send you a little volume of verse which you have probably not seen and which I am afraid the public has not cared for.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Carpenter,
Believe me, yours sincerely,
W. E. H. Lecky.

Undoubtedly the Bishop's greatest service to English-speaking folk as a man of letters was his popularisation of Dante. His lectures on Dante drew great audiences, many of whom had never heard of the poet, and certainly had never read him. On one occasion the Bishop was expected to visit a well-known public man in his Diocese. In conversation with the host I happened to mention the Bishop's interest in Dante. He said: "Who's Dante? I've never heard of him." After the visit was over he told me that he had, before the Bishop arrived, read the *Encyclopædia* article on Dante in case he might come up in conversation.

During a period of five and thirty years the Bishop delivered Dante lectures to enthusiastic audiences not only in England but also in Ireland, Canada, and the United States. He was attracted to Dante as to a great moral and spiritual teacher, and he expounded him as such rather than as a commanding figure in Italian literature and politics. Hence the Bishop's study of Dante was mainly confined to the *Commedia*. He did lecture occasionally on the *Monarchia* also. There were four fundamental convictions which the Bishop shared with the great Italian poet and which no doubt drew him towards him. The first was the

conviction that love is the essentially Divine element in the Universe—the source and end of the creative process; the secret of true happiness and of supreme virtue.

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And men below, and saints above,
> For love is heaven and heaven is love."

The second was the Bishop's reverence for womanhood. Woman's love and influence were man's lode-star to the higher life. Woman is the redeemer and inspirer of man.

The third was the Bishop's belief in Nemesis. When in conversation with Tennyson, after agreeing with the poet's rejection of the popular conception of hell-fire, he added, "But I ought to explain"; and he then maintained the part that suffering for sin must play in moral and spiritual purgation both in this life and in another. The fourth was the belief that the authority of the State is as truly divine as that of the Church. Of course the Bishop could not be a Ghibelline, in the narrow sense in which Dante was, but he had a fundamental sympathy with Dante's conviction that Cæsar not only has his rights but that his authority is sacred. He preserved in his scrap-book the form of the oath of allegiance which he had taken to his sovereign on becoming Bishop, and which it was his duty as Clerk of the Closet to administer to ecclesiastical persons before doing homage.

The Bishop had a devotee's love for Dante's poetry and a good memory for his more beautiful passages, but dry-as-dust knowledge of textual

criticism, minute acquaintance with the historical background, were not his, and could hardly be so with all his other occupations.

Great Dante scholars recognised the impulse which the Bishop's lecturing gave to the study of Dante; they also recognised the Bishop's remarkable gifts as an expositor of Dante's moral and spiritual ideals. Canon Moore, Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, wrote to him as late as November 28, 1913, after reading the Bishop's book on *The Spiritual Message of Dante*: "I have again enjoyed this reading very much, especially the development of the idealisation of Beatrice, which I had never seen so admirably worked out."

The following letter, dated November 29, 1899, from the same correspondent is of interest in this connection:—

"I am writing to ask whether you will be so very kind as to write a few pages of Introduction to the *Paradiso* for my excellent friend Wm. Vernon's forthcoming *Readings on The Paradiso*. He would appreciate very gratefully the increased value and *éclat* which his Book would derive from this. You will notice (if you know his *Purgatorio*) that Dean Church performed this kind office for him in that case. Also you will see that it was quite short (only about 8 pages), and it need only refer slightly to Vernon's own work, though he would of course send you the sheets as printed, but rather be a general commendation of the subject and great beauties of the *Paradiso* to his readers. . . . I think, too, that you will feel that he is worthy for whom you would do this! For he has devoted many years of his life to these

Readings, which will now form six substantial volumes. He has also spent a large sum on the publication of the valuable *Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola*

" Besides, is he not the son of his father ? If the request would come with more weight in the very words of Dante, I would conclude—

ten prego,
e riprego, che il prego vaglia mille."

The Hon. William Warren Vernon, to whom the above letter refers, read the proofs of the Bishop's Dante Lectures and wrote in December 12, 1913 :

" I am already deep in them. Where the matter is so entrancing to read, it is difficult to remember that one has to search out and note any *possible* trivial small inaccuracies."

But at the same time great Dante scholars recognised that the Bishop's acquaintance with Dante was rather that of a constant reader and enthusiastic admirer of the *Divina Commedia* than the wider and deeper knowledge of the professed student, and the Bishop himself would never have claimed more. His Noble Lectures, *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, which he delivered in 1913, are undoubtedly the best popular introduction to the *Divina Commedia* which we possess in English, and are full of great and uplifting thoughts. The concluding paragraph sets forth the essence of the Bishop's creed, and possibly it was even more congenial to his nature than it was to the poet's,

"Wouldst thou enter God's Kingdom, O pilgrim of earth? Then love. Wouldst thou know Him who rules over them and all? Then love. For love opens the Kingdom of heaven, and love makes the joyousness of its happy services, and none can know the heart of God save through love; for God is love" (p. 225).

It is entirely in harmony with his life-long devotion to literature that his last public utterance contained in a letter to the *Times*, written in the intense days before the Armistice, which he did not live long enough to welcome, should have voiced three messages from the great literatures of the world:—

SIR,

Three messages from the past may be welcome. Their application will not be difficult.

(1) A message from sacred lore:

"He falleth down and humbleth himself; that the congregation of the poor may fall into the hands of his captains" (*Psalm* x. 11).

(2) A message of justice from the Middle Ages:

"Ma, se Doaglo, Lilla, Guanto, e Bruggia
Potesser, tosto ne saria vendetta:
Ed io la cheggio a lui che tutto giuggia."
Dante, *Purgatorio*, xx. 46–8.

"Were power to Douay, Ghent, Lille, Bruges given
Revenge would soon arrive, and at His hand
I ask revenge, whose dwelling is in heaven."

(3) A cheering message of old-time British valour:

"The British Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increased in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes
And blest by rescued nations as he goes:"
Addison, "The Campaign."

Ever yours truly,
W. Boyd Carpenter.

6, Little Cloisters, Westminster.
October 20, 1918.

The Bishop loved not only books but the makers of them—and this means more even than their authors. He was essentially an æsthete, and the whole *format* of a book—its printing, binding, illustrations, appealed to him. He loved to handle them. I remember his telling me that the warmth of the hand and its natural oil were the best preservatives of calf-bindings. He has a delightful short chapter on Books in *Some Pages of My Life* (pp. 124–30). It opens thus: "Books! They all have a fascination for me. To be let loose in an old book-shop is one of the joys of life."

His diary, especially when in London, bears witness to this form of enjoyment. He was in the technical sense something of a bibliophile and collected rare editions of Dante. Mr. Paget Toynbee congratulated him on some of his purchases.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IX

Longcot Vicarage, Berks.
23.9.93.

DEAR BISHOP,

I would gladly come to your Diocesan Conference with a meeting of working men, including representatives of Trades Unions, on Oct. 24th, but have a Court that day at Congleton, which makes it impossible. Perhaps, however, it is just as well, as I should probably only be a *lapis offensionis* to modern Trades Unionists and cause the discussion to drift into a dispute. I feel strongly on this question, as I sat on both the Royal Commissions and took an active part in promoting the Act which gave the Unions a legal status and full protection for their funds. I did this because I had been intimate with several of the leading men (Trades Unionist leaders) of the last generation and believed that their fair and manly policy would rule in the future. I have been grievously disappointed, and have for years now had no connection whatever with the Unions. They seem to me to have drifted into bodies quite as narrowly self-seeking as the old guilds at their worst. Can anything be worse than the attitude (*e.g.*) of the leaders and their dupes in this last great coal strike—utterly regardless of the interests of all the rest of the labourers in other trades, and as cruel as any king or aristocracy have ever shown themselves, to their own poorer brethren whom they call blacklegs ? " O my soul, go not thou into their secret habitations : to their assembly, my honour, be not thou united ! " You probably see by this time (as my pen has run away with me) that I am much better out of your conference. If you would like to have there the finest specimen of a working man I know in England, write and ask Joseph Greenwood, the manager of the fustian Co-operative Association, Nutclough, Hebden Bridge, to come, and tell him I think *he oughi*.

I am just come here, after wandering about Cornwall for some weeks, to my brother's parsonage and find yours of the 10th, or it would have been answered sooner.

With best wishes for the Conference and all other good work.

Always very truly yours,
THO. HUGHES.

P.S.—I go home (Chester) on Saturday next.

West Malvern.
January, 1889.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,

. . . I have been thinking about the Bampton lectures again : My counsel would be not to print them or to let them further trouble you at present, but to take them up again sometime hence and to preach them with alterations and additions at York, Leeds, Ripon and elsewhere. This would keep up the interest in the subject and people would never tire of hearing them like Whitfield's sermons. But if printed they would disappoint, because the impression of the book could never equal the impression of the sermons, and the impression of the preacher might be further damaged by the impression of the book. I am inclined to think that a great preacher should never write. He should confine himself to the mode of expression which is most congenial to him. He must avoid monotony, and have different keys and styles, but if he can avoid this defect he may have prodigious influence for good. I sometimes fancy that the range of pulpit oratory might be widened so as to include science, history, biography, moral philosophy. . . . I am partly led to make these reflections because a friend of yours and mine said to me that he doubted whether the person who got you appointed to the Bampton Lectureship had done you a real kindness.

There are two classes of persons who may be expected to sneer at you, the High Churchmen from party-feeling and the Oriental scholars from jealousy. I think the person or persons who induced the University to appoint you have been very well rewarded. For there was never a greater success in the University pulpit than these Bampton Lectures. . . .

Your sincere friend,
B. JOWETT.

West Malvern.
Jan. 3, 1889.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I send my best wishes to you and Mrs. Carpenter for the New Year, and I congratulate you on having got rid of the burden of the Bampton Lectures. But I do not at all approve of your apologizing to me about that or about anything else. I am always doubtful about advice which I venture to give, and am therefore not at all sorry when it is not taken. Besides, every one is his own best adviser, if he is clear in his view and has the perseverance to carry it out.

The religions of the world are the most important theological subject of our day; and will have the greatest effect on the Church and Theology of the future.

Since we met I have lost two friends, and they are of a sort which cannot be replaced, Browning and Hatch. I am glad that you made Browning's acquaintance at Balliol. Hatch was a very able and learned man, a great loss to learning and to the Church. He had had a very struggling life and was just beginning to be recognized in the world at large. This is very sad. He had so little of happiness—in life, and has left his family badly off. . . .

Ever yours most truly,
B. JOWETT.

Festa della Madonna, 105, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.
25th March, 1916.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I learn from the Papers that you are celebrating your 73rd birthday to-morrow. Will you allow *Un fiore appassito*, as Lacaita used to call himself, to wish you every blessing and happiness and many prosperous returns of your birthday?

We have good cause in the Dante Society to be very proud of our President, and all the members must breathe a prayer that he may long be spared to them.

I grieve from my heart that no shorthand report was taken of your Address at the Mansion House. I hear right and left how beautiful it was, and now it is lost! If I could have foreseen that, I would have paid a reporter myself.

Oh, the pity of it!

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM WARREN VERNON.

8, Scrope Terrace.
Mar. 4, 1898.

MY LORD BISHOP,

I am quite ready to read a paper on *The Unrest of the Age.*

My own idea would be to divide it into:

(1) the religious unrest;
(2) the political unrest (need not be political in a partizan sense);
(3) the social unrest.

And of these I should like to read a paper on (1) unless instead you think I can do better service by a general paper introducing the entire subject.

One line I shall take—that the return to mere authority is as plain a sign of unsettled belief as any blatancy of unbelief.

Yours truly,
H. M. GWATKIN.

The following letter deals with the Bishop's *Popular History of the Church of England.*

8, Scrope Terrace.
Dec. 20, 1899.

My Lord Bishop,

This time my criticisms are mostly verbal—no howlers, I think.

You have brought out well the strength of conservative thought *circa* 1820–30: but I should have liked a little more on the battle of life and death which shaped (1789–1815).

I should also have liked a little on the industrial revolution—*e.g.* how the real good of the factory system was obscured for a generation by the sordid selfishness inherited from the last century.

Might not a glance be thrown back on the science of the last three hundred years as throwing new light on :

(1) The vastness of Creation
in space,
in time,
in plan.

(2) The method of Creation (*cujus providentia non fallitur*)
by unfailing law,
by gradual development.

(3) The Mystery of Creation
in the commonest things
(*omnia abeunt in mysterium*) ?

You have done your work at a good pace. I wish I could get ahead with mine. But I hope to get a good pull now till April. The Essays book is put off till after Christmas.

Yours truly,
H. M. Gwatkin.

Hutton's book is in every way a curious contrast with yours.

33, Campden House Chambers.
Sept. 16, 1900.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I have lately read your *Popular History* "from cover to cover," with profit, as I hope, and certainly with admiration, especially of some of the later chapters. I trust that it is having the vogue which it deserves. It is well-timed, and should do much good. . . .

Yours most sincerely,
LEWIS CAMPBELL.

S. Andrea Alassio,
Nov. 19, 1900.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

You will say there is "nothing like leather"; but it had occurred to me, with reference to your view of the *Church of the Future*, that while it is true to say that the Teutonic is supplanting the Latin influence, there is something more. Of course, underlying both there is what M. Arnold called "The Secret of Jesus" and "Sweet Reasonableness"; but is there not also the Greek Spirit? Is not this really coming to the fore, as never hitherto, and does it not pervade everything, supplementing the "Syrian blue"?

What are the elements of this?

(1) The *Echtmenschliche, Hom. Il.* 24 (Achilles and Priam) *et passim.*
(2) Equity the quintessence of Justice—*Eumenides*;
(3) Power not supreme without beneficence—*Prometheus.*
(4) The Higher Law—*Antigone.*
(5) The reality of the moral Ideal—*Plato.*
(6) A seed of immortality in human things—*Plato.*
(7) Do right in scorn of consequence—*Plato.*

If you had stayed till to-day you would have seen Alassio at its best. The Moglio valley was quite beautiful

yesterday ; and this morning the crescent moon (the whole disc silvered) and Venus above her, were no less so.

Our affectionate regards to you both.

Yours most sincerely,
LEWIS CAMPBELL.

From the Bishop of Gibraltar, the Church historian.

Milano.
April 20, 1900.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

Many thanks for your letter, and the book [*A Popular History of the Church of England*], which I shall much value and expect great things from. From what I have seen already I hope that it will help to show many that our points of difference are (in spite of some apparently irreconcilable extremes) less vital than we are inclined to think, and more frequently the result of differences of taste and temperament.

I am here for two days on my way back from taking the Holy Week services at Bordighera, and am now on my way, on a tram, to the Bibl. Ambrosiana.

Always yours truly and gratefully,
W. E. COLLINS.

From Archdeacon Sandford, the biographer of Archbishop Temple.

The Close, Exeter.
July 11, 1906.

MY DEAR LORD,

I write a few lines of grateful thanks to you for your review of Archbishop Temple's life and character in the *Hibbert Journal*. I have seen nothing which goes so straight to the heart of the life as this, or which says so exactly the things about him that one wishes his fellow-men to know.

I did not see who had written the review until I finished it, and was wondering who had read the secret so well, and had said so graphically the things which

those who knew him wanted to be said. The ordinary review does not penetrate beneath the surface to the real man: this you have done, and as one who loved him, and believes that few things better for his fellow-men and for this generation can be done than to help them to know him, I am proportionately grateful.

Believe me, my dear Lord,
Sincerely yours,
E. G. SANDFORD.

SOME OF THE BISHOP'S VERSES

JOWETT'S FUNERAL

We laid the Master in his grave to-day
Beside that friend of kindred soul with him;
There followed grave-faced men with eyes grown dim,
Art, Science, Statecraft, Faith, in strong array.
What was his creed? This wise men cannot tell,
Yet those who knew him, watched him, loved him well,
Knew that his faith was faith in loving deed,
A Christlike faith greater than written creed.
What was his life? A life in kindness spent
Of gentle-hearted thought and generous hand,
Wherein did ever more and more expand
Love, simple piety, and brave content.
We laid the Master in his grave to-day
As the last Autumn gold was swept away.

(From the volume of MS. poems, p. 92.)

O GOD OUR STRENGTH

O God, the strength of those who war,
The hope of those who wait;
Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
And those who keep the gate.

We draw the sword to keep our troth
Free from dishonour's stain,
Make strong our hands to shield the weak,
And their just cause maintain.

Give to our hosts in battle's hour
  Firm hearts and courage high :
Thy comfort give to those who fall ;
  Thy peace to those who die.

Breathe on our land the spirit calm
  Which faith in right bestows,
And in the hours of dark suspense
  A faith which stronger grows.

In Thee alone we place our hope,
  Thou keeper of the just,
And Thou, through fight and fire and fears,
  Wilt justify our trust.

Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
  Who makest wars to cease,
O let this be the final war
  That ushers in Thy peace. Amen.

Marriage Hymn

LORD, WHO HAST MADE HOME-LOVE TO BE

Lord, Who hast made Home-Love to be
  An angel-help to us and ours,
Watching in sweet fidelity
  Above our weak and cradled hours,
Bless where we love, we humbly pray ;
Make strong the love Love gives to-day.

Thou Who hast bidden hearts to beat,
Who makest human love so sweet,
Deign with Thy Love their love to meet !
    Father of Love, be near them.

They leave us, but they still are Thine :
When life with life doth intertwine,
Fill Thou their Love with Life divine—
    Father of Life, be near them.

Thou Who didst smile on love below,
And when the wine of life ran low
Didst give a richer, ampler flow—
    Great Son of God, be near them.

Thou Who in years of grief untold
Didst Love's triumphant might unfold:
Grant them the love which grows not old—
True Son of Man, be near them.

Our life is Thine, though life be ours:
Help us to live its fleeting hours
In use, not waste of human powers—
Spirit of Life, be near them.

Let Love the rule of right maintain
Unchanged through change and strong through pain,
Till Love to perfect strength attain—
Spirit of God, be near them.

Lord, Who hast wisely willed that we
More of Thyself in life should see,
And makest changing life to be
The unfolding of Love's mystery—
Grant that as love and life shall grow
More of Thy Love we still may know.

The Vision

"The Vision is yet for the appointed time, and it hasteth toward the end, and shall not lie: though it tarry, wait for it."—Habakkuk ii. 3.

Once bright my early visions shone
Aglow with morning gleams:
Now other thoughts possess my soul,
And I have lost my dreams.

Now task and toil in life's affairs
All claim my careful mind;
Faded the rosy tints of dawn,
My dreams are far behind.

Those dreams! I ask them not again;
Only for strength I pray
Fitly to do my duty, Lord,
My burden bear each day.

And should perchance some vision rise
Marked with Thy Cross divine,
Be mine the heart, O Christ, which can
Exchange its dreams for Thine.

For nobler far Thy visions are
  Than those which thronged my head:
Give me to think Thy thoughts, O Lord,
  And by Thy will be led.

I am content! Fulfil Thy dreams!
  In Thy light let me see:
The best that I have dreamed, O Lord,
  In Thine restored will be.

God of our Fathers

God of our fathers, Who hast set
  The bounds of Britain's Empire wide,
  Enlighten us, lest led by pride
We should Thy providence forget.

O'er foaming seas and regions vast
  Still flies the flag to freedom dear,
  Let not Thy people shirk through fear
The glorious burden on us cast.

Give us the courage that can face
  Each duty high, each toilful task:
  Give us the simple faith to ask
The faithful guidance of Thy care.

Grave ills, like clouds, around us brood;
  Unseal our eyes that we may see;
  As Thou didst make our fathers free,
God of our fathers, make us good.

Redeem our land from party strife,
  From soul-destroying luxury
  To self-reliant liberty,
And God-respecting ways of life.

Stretch forth for us Thy guiding rod
  That we, renewed to trust in Thee,
  May in Thy service still be free,
O God, our God, our fathers' God. Amen.

The Jubilee Hymn

For the priceless gifts of knowledge which by genius now are ours,
For the ever patient science which extended human powers,
For the girdle which has girdled with quick sympathy the earth,
For the intercourse of nations which checks the steps of dearth,
For the deepening sense of brotherhood which makes all nations one,
For the dawning love by which, O God, Thy Will may yet be done,
We praise Thee, O God.

O God of knowledge, in Thy Light,
May we the world behold,
And see the law of brotherhood
In love and not in gold.

For the art that passes knowledge, and exults o'er the defined,
For the broadening life of culture which has lifted and refined,
For the voices of the singers who have purified our thought,
For the painters who from Nature new revelation caught,
For the tellers of sweet stories who have melted while they taught,
For the great desire which daily grows to live the life we ought,
We praise Thee, O God.

Great God of gifts, be ever near,
That when Fair Art we see,
Through beauty so divinely sweet,
Our souls may rise to Thee.

For the bond of love which strengthens in the fire of constant trouble,
For the quick response to crying need that bringeth blessing double,
For the sorrow that cemented, for the good prince still lamented,
For the tenderness excited, over hopes so early blighted,
For the queenly heart which, broken, made sympathy her throne,
For the greatness born of justice, not of policy alone,
We praise Thee, O God.

O God of comfort, Whose abode
Is not alone in Light ;
Unfold to us the higher law
Of Charity and Right.

For the word which, heard in many tones, One Love is yet proclaiming,
For the glorious devotion, which our indolence is shaming,
For Thy Kingdom, wide extending, for the evil that is ending,
For the good which we have seen, for the greater good unseen,
For the wisdom all-inspiring to uplift our power of knowing,
For the Love which stooped to raise us, who in Thy Love are growing,
We praise Thee, O God.

O God, make all earth's varied notes
To blend in one sweet tone,
And fashion of our broken lights
The Rainbow round Thy Throne. Amen.

The Union Jack

(*Lines on giving my grandson the Flag.*)

Dear Grandson, take this flag from me,
And let it tell to you,
Its glorious tale of ancient days,
Of noble deeds and true ;
And follow it, where'er it floats,
Right onward, never back ;
For you're a little British boy,
And here's your Union Jack.

Now first its triple colours mark,
High meaning in each hue :
Red—flame of love ; white—blameless life ;
Beneath Hope's heavenly blue :
Then bear these colours joyously,
Though threatening clouds be black ;
For you're a little British boy,
And here's your Union Jack.

Unfold its story from the past,
For written here you see
How time has woven triple strands
Of saints and races three !

Then pray their mingled spirits glow
In love which grows not slack;
For you're a little British boy,
And here's your Union Jack.

Be bold as good St. George, who braved
The dragon's fiery breath
To save the weak from shame and wrong,
Heedless of pain and death.
Wage holy war for all oppressed;
All evil things attack:
St. George's Cross is on your flag—
Red in the Union Jack.

Dare face the salt adventurous sea
For country and the Cross,
Which once of yore St. Andrew bore
To find a gain in loss.
So single-hearted steer your way
Along the ancient track:
St. Andrew's Cross is on your flag—
White in the Union Jack.

Stand fast for truth and scorn a lie,
Hate frauds that snake-like creep;
Like Holy Patrick drive them forth
As serpents to the deep.
King Christ shall stand at your right hand,
Before you—at your back:
St. Patrick's Cross is on your flag—
Red in the Union Jack.

Now take your flag and wave it high,
The triple flag made one:
Bear it in fight right loyally,
Till the last field be won—
Till truth and love and liberty
No race on earth shall lack:
Then shrine it high, all battle-rent—
A stainless Union Jack.

"Go into the Village over against you."

In the great world, aching with many needs,
We often dream;
And our fond hearts imagine dazzling deeds,
And in our dreaming everything succeeds;

The mountains topple over at a touch,
To cleave the seas for us is not too much.
Lord! wake us from our dream.

Lord! wake us from our dream to see
Things as they are;
The lowly place where humble duties wait,
God-given duties at our very gate,
The work which makes for service, not for fame,
Which buries self and setteth forth Thy name—
Deeds near, not dreams afar.

"WHAT SHALL I FOR ENGLAND DO?"

Say, what shall I for England do?
The land which gave me birth,
The land where purest freedom dwells
That ever shone on earth;
The land of valiant days and deeds,
Mother of noble men,
Who set their mother on her throne
By sword, by plough, by pen.

We are the men whom History made,
Whom iron-visaged Time
Hath led through victory and defeat
To liberty sublime;
And mingling Northern men and South,
Strong sense with Celtic fire,
Then bade us, fused through furnace heat,
To greater things aspire.

And thus in old Time's roaring forge
A stalwart race was bred,
Who, bold in faith and enterprise,
Far o'er the world hath spread:
They forced their way to lands of snow—
They felled the forest trees,
They hoisted up the Empire flag
Far over Southern seas.

They planted out courageous sons,
Who never were afraid:
They drove the plough, they kept the sheep,
They handled well the spade,

Brave men, who crossed the sundering sea,
Built greater than they knew,
Who, building up their lonely homes,
Built up an Empire too.

The stirring conflicts of the past
Send life-blood to my heart:
I hear the call of other days
To rise and play my part:
To take the flag or e'er it falls
From some brave dying hand;
To hold it high, to live! aye! die
For God and Fatherland.

What shall I then for England do?
I'll train me thew and frame,
That strong in body I may be
Worthy my English name—
That heart and muscle, hand and foot
And brain be ready all,
And fit at England's bidding,
To answer to her call.

I will some seed for England sow,
Where'er her furrows lie,
That golden fields may rise for her
Beneath a broadening sky.
And I will help to fill her homes
With men of stalwart breed,
To worship her with stainless heart,
With truth and golden deed.

Or I will bear old England's flag
Far over stormy seas,
And plant it on the Polar plain,
Swept by the Southern breeze.
And while I bear it Truth shall be
The guardian of my tongue,
And honesty shall mark my deeds,
As English bards have sung.

Or I will man her frontiers far,
And sentinel will stand,
And guard my country's honour there,
In some lone barren land:

And in the solitude by day
  And darkness of the night,
I'll muse on England's destiny,
  And keep my courage bright.

Or in rough lands beyond the waves
  I will peg out my claim,
And there I'll build my homestead,
  Named by some English name ;
And there, where wolves went howling,
  And tangled forests grew,
Like my forbears before me,
  I'll drive my furrow through.

Say, what shall I for England do,
  Whose hero-blood was spilt ?
I'll serve thee here or overseas,
  My country, where thou wilt.
Nowhere can I an exile be,
  Tho' leagues of ocean foam :
If o'er me floats old England's flag,
  Then every place is home.

Before Thy Throne, O God

Before Thy Throne, O God, we kneel !
Give us a conscience quick to feel,
A ready mind to understand
The meaning of Thy chastening hand ;
Whate'er the pain and shame may be,
Bring us, O Father, nearer Thee.

Search out our hearts, and make us true,
Wishful to give to all their due ;
From love of pleasure, lust of gold,
From sins which make the heart grow cold
Wean us and train us with Thy rod,
Teach us to know our faults, O God.

For sins of heedless word and deed,
For pride ambitious to succeed ;
For crafty trade and subtle snare
To catch the simple unaware ;
For lives bereft of purpose high,
Forgive, forgive, O Lord, we cry.

Let the fierce fires, which burn and try,
Our inmost spirits purify ;
Consume the ill : purge out the shame,
O God, be with us in the flame ;
A new-born people may we rise,
More pure, more true, more nobly wise.

O God, in Penitence and Hope

O God, in penitence and hope to Thee
Thy people come, distressed, yet not dismayed ;
Our guilt by War's red glare revealed we see,
But for that guilt we know the ransom paid :
In Jesus' Name before Thy Throne we fall,
O pardon, strengthen, shield, and save us all.

Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be turned,
Apart from Thee all effort is but vain ;
Avert the doom our sins have justly earned,
In every heart revive Thy work again :
In Jesus' Name before Thy Throne we fall,
O pardon, strengthen, shield, and save us all.

Farewell to his Dog George

Farewell, dear George, the noblest of thy kind,
Of sturdy frame, kind heart, sagacious mind,
Firm-set upon thine ever nimble feet,
Wide-chested for thine active habits meet ;
Of open face and wide reflective brow,
Faithful, consistent friend, we know thee now !
As strength, we know, when youthful powers decay ;
As light, we know, when perishes the day.
Of well-trained thews, so hearty and so hale,
Firm-natured with thy double-circling tail,
Of tender speaking eyes and strength of limb,
Was ever pug-dog seen the like of him ?
Home-guardian, watchful for full thirteen years,
In thought of thee e'en Medicine sheds some tears.
Familiar figure in the Ripon streets,
His form was pictured on the magic sheets,
In current literature his portrait seen,
His exploits chronicled in magazine.
And breathless multitudes the tale have heard
How George saved Sultan * with his doggy word.

* The Bishop's Persian cat.

But now his life is lived ; his tale hath end ;
His epitaph, " True warden, faithful friend."
No more he'll sit reflective on the rug,
Deep wrapped in thought, a Socratean pug ;
No more with swelling comfort breast the fire,
No more long breaths of deep content inspire ;
No more with pleading paw and mute appeal
Draw near expectant at the evening meal ;
No more with dance more eloquent than talk
In glad impatience ask the daily walk ;
No more with eager hand on table laid
The toothsome biscuit dext'rously persuade ;
No more extended on the sunny lawn
He'll chortle, bask, or with contentment yawn ;
No more his muzzle, cleverly mislaid,
He'll lowly cringe the law's hand to evade ;
No more for fine at session-house attend ;
No more claim half the city as his friend ;
No more his pattering paws his pace reveal
Beside us as we mount the venturous wheel ;
No more he'll greet us glad returning home,
As one who knows how sweet it is to roam ;
No more ! But here my eager pen must stay,
Life is no more the same since he's away.
Dear George, we cannot all thy virtues tell,
Our hearts are silent as we say farewell.*

PARODIES

The Motor-car

Life is fleeting and the roadway
Clearly shows us what we are :
" Dust thou art "—to dust all turning,
Sure was spoken of the car.

Passing motors all remind us
We may make our pace sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Cloudy stench and dusty grime.

Dusty grime which perhaps may smother
Some poor traveller on the road,
A mad, sneezing, blinded brother,
Crying loudly, " You be blowed ! "

* The Bishop published a long poem to his cat, " Poor Betty," in *Further Pages of My Life*, pp. 168, 169.

Carts to smash and tyres to borrow
Are our destined end and way:
Fare we worse or well, to-morrow
Let's go faster than to-day.

Let us then be up and doing—
Traps or any other fate—
Broken down, pursued, pursuing,
Learn to scorch and learn to wait.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make a big success,
And departing leave behind us
Headlines in the *Daily Press*.

Headlines which perhaps another
Wishing to be known in vain,
Some unadvertising brother,
Seeing shall buck up again.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To quench her terrible thirst;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
For her husband had got there first.

When questions were asked in Parliament as to what honour would be conferred on Captain Kane of H.M.S. *Calliope*, in recognition of his services in bringing his vessel safely out of Apia, the First Lord of the Admiralty replied: "That Kane had only done his duty, and that if he had lost his ship he would have been court-martialled."

So the Bishop wrote:

What shall be done for Kane?
Who did his vessel save
With skilful hand and heart as brave;
What shall be done for Kane?

What shall he have?
"We solve the knot,"
Cries the First Lord, impartial:
"If Kane had failed, he would have got
Our pickle rod—court-martial."

Then talk no more of praise or gain,
Our English principle is plain:
When storm-winds rise to hurricane,
If Kane escape he 'scapes the cane!

A Distich on Sir T. L.

"I wish that I could lift the Cup;
I'm sure that it would lift me up."

I have included some of his other verses in the chapter "As Mystic."

CHAPTER X

AS COURT CHAPLAIN

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

Dean Wellesley of Windsor, in June 1877, invited the Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, then Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, to preach before Queen Victoria at St. George's, Windsor. The pleasure which the invitation occasioned its recipient was not unmixed with sadness He thought of the joy that it would have given his loyal and unselfish wife so lately lost to him. He wrote as he recalled it: "I was as a man upon whom a sunbeam has fallen while an icy wind seems to pierce him through."

He felt the ordeal of preaching before Royalty —those were not democratic days—and he was greatly relieved when it was over. The sermon must have made a good impression, for during the next five years he was invited once a year to preach before the Queen. In 1879 he was appointed Honorary Chaplain, and in 1882, the year in which he became Canon of Windsor, he had his first interview with Her Majesty. Archbishop Tait had died a few days before the Sunday appointed for the annual sermon. The sermon

expressed the high regard which the preacher had for both the character and statesmanship of the late Primate. The Queen, who shared his admiration, was pleased by the sermon. As a result the preacher was invited to dine at the Castle. The Queen conversed with him about the dead Archbishop, and then passed on to a subject the thought of which, when she had leisure to reflect, seems hardly ever to have been absent from her mind—the dead whom we have loved and lost. Are they aware of the conduct of those they have left behind? If we rejoin them in the future, will they not have advanced so far in holiness and knowledge that they will be unable to experience any pleasure in our society? The preacher replied sympathetically and optimistically. From that time onward he became a valued religious teacher.

The chief bond between the Queen and her chaplain was the sense of bereavement. How deep that sense of bereavement was in the case of the Queen appears in all biographies of her, and not least in the latest by Mr. Lytton Strachey. Although William Boyd Carpenter had married a second time, the loss of his first wife was one which time and varied interests and new relationships failed to heal. He knew what bereavement meant in his own case, and so he was able to realise what it meant in the case of others. It was this which drew the Queen towards him at first, as it had drawn her towards Alfred Tennyson. Both Alfred Tennyson and William Boyd Carpenter had been bereaved, and each had faced his bereavement, not in a spirit of pagan despair, but of

Christian hope. Hence both were a source of consolation to the Queen. Although bereavement clouded her life, yet it was bereavement lightened by Christian hope. Moreover, her strong sense of duty and her intense interest in public affairs, combined with her many pressing domestic and social obligations, led to the contraction and concentration of her feeling of bereavement to special times and seasons, particularly anniversaries. It was then that her chaplain was as a chaplain most highly valued.

Soon after this first interview he was permitted to write to the Queen, and all his letters to her were carefully preserved and two volumes of them bound. After the Queen's death they were presented to their writer by Edward VII. In this singular series of letters the memory of the dead is the theme which predominates, and the part played by the Bishop is that of consoler. The two following letters from the Queen show how highly his services were appreciated :—

One would wish that there should be no changes, and that all should go on as it was ! To have new faces—who did *not know former days*, nor those who were the life and soul of them—is among the many trials of my tried and darkened life. One shrinks from those who cannot *feel* for, or rather those who have never *known* even, *what was*. I know *no one* who has more kindly entered into my feelings and borne with the sinking, yearning of my poor wounded heart than yourself.

(Osborne,
1st September, 1884.)

Windsor Castle,
Dec. 14, 1885.

I cannot address you in the third person—but must thank you very very much for your two extremely kind letters and the beautiful words which have accompanied the letter received this morning. It was a great disappointment to me and all of us—that you could not be here yesterday to give us one of your beautiful sermons —nor at the touching service to-day. The singing was beautiful and the Dean's prayer was so nice and appropriate. Let me say now that if we are all alive next December I hope you will preach here on the Sunday before and attend the service on the 14th.

All you say is so true! But this aching void and yearning for those who helped to bear the *great* blows and stripes and to cheer and assist in so many many ways—seems to increase as time goes on—as their help is cruelly missed and most painfully and immensely needed as age creeps on! It is this which makes all sadder and harder to bear!

I hope your daughter is going on well and that neither you nor any of the others of your family have got this troublesome complaint.

Yours truly,
V. R. I.

She became godmother to one of his daughters who died as an infant. On the death of her godchild she wrote to him the following kind and sensible letter :—

Windsor Castle,
26th June 1885.

I have this morning received your kind sad letter informing me that your dear little girl, my

godchild, has passed to that blessed Home to which little children are said so specially to belong—when our Heavenly Father calls them away from here!

The cross,* of course, belongs to you both. Perhaps Mrs. Carpenter might *hereafter* like to wear it as a double remembrance.

Your kind heart and mind so full of comforting, deep, and beautiful feelings and thoughts—will surely be much occupied with the little spirit above! Strange and mysterious does it seem when so young a soul—totally uncomprehending the things of this world, except in the awaking knowledge of those around it—departs from hence! What *can* its work be now? One loses oneself in trying to speculate, and better not to try. We know they are safe—safe from the trials and sorrows of this uncertain tho' still beautiful world.

I will not to-day reply to your last kind letter, for which many thanks, but will do so when I have time and leisure.

Beatrice wishes me to say how much she grieves for you.

Ever yours truly,
V. R. I.

When another girl was born he asked her to stand godmother to her, but for reasons which Sir James Frazer of *The Golden Bough* can best explain, she firmly declined, yet with true feminine ingenuity and kindness of heart indicated in the following letter how the child might become possessed of a Royal godmother :—

Balmoral Castle,
November 4th.

My dear Bishop,

I have received your letter and submitted it to the Queen. Her Majesty, while being

* A present to her godchild.

naturally much pleased at your kind wish, would strongly urge you not to think of asking her to be godmother to this new little daughter of yours. The Queen is not superstitious, but she is bound to say that she does not think it advisable to name the child, newly born, after the one that has been lost, as she has seen several instances in which it certainly brought sorrow, instead of Good Fortune, to the infant. If you would like to connect this child in some way with the Queen, Her Majesty would suggest your asking Princess Beatrice to stand, giving it the name of Beatrice instead, to which you could add Victoria if you liked. Her Majesty trusts you and Mrs. Carpenter will not be vexed by this answer, but Her Majesty has a very strong feeling on the subject, and it is for your sakes that she gives this answer. I hope Mrs. Carpenter is making a good recovery and that you are well yourself.

Believe me ever,
Yours truly,
JANE ELY.

For the Bishop the supremely royal person was Queen Victoria, the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of a host of emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses.

When he became a Bishop she told him that she felt that there was no one so fit to be a Bishop as he, and he felt on his part that she was the Queen of queens, "a splendid and loyalty-evoking figure"—to use his own phrase coined to describe her in earlier life. As the years went by he might have applied to her the words which Wordsworth addressed to his wife :

I saw her upon nearer view
A Spirit, yet a Woman too . . .
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

The friendship became closer as time passed. When her Jubilees were celebrated, the Bishop entered with heart and soul into the festivities, not however as a courtier, but as an affectionate friend and ardent patriot. He composed hymns and odes, wrote articles and eulogies, delivered sermons and addresses, exalting and solemnising the occasion.

As her health failed she desired to see him more and more frequently. He thus describes his last visit to her:

"I preached my first sermon before the Queen in July 1877. I preached the 88th and last on the last Sunday of the century—30th December 1900. The last time I spoke with her was on the last day of the century, 31st December, just three weeks before her death. I had been summoned to Osborne at the close and opening of the year on several successive years. Indeed, I passed the old year and met the new at Osborne for the last three years of the century. Accordingly, I was bidden there for the closing Sunday of 1900. When I arrived on the Saturday I heard that the Queen was unwell, and would not be at dinner. On the Sunday morning she was not allowed to rise in time for morning service; but she sent me a message, asking me to arrange a short service for the afternoon, at which she hoped to be present.

We had the service in the yellow drawing-room, as being more convenient of access than the chapel. A harmonium was brought in, and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice played. The service was short, lasting little more than half an hour. It was the last Sunday of the year and of the century, and the thought of the fleeting of time was uppermost in all our minds. We were nearing one of those striking pauses, as it were, when all felt bound to look before and after. So I spoke of the changelessness of God, from the words, 'Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.' Then followed Faber's hymn, which the Queen liked, 'Angels of Jesus, singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night'; and so, with, as it were, the sound of welcoming bells, this last service of the year and the century ended. I saw the Queen once more. She asked me to delay my departure till the Tuesday, that she might see me before I left. She spoke of Cimiez, and of her hope to go there. She asked me to come. We talked over dates, and we fixed the time for my coming. We spoke of other things. She was not well, but not nearly so depressed as when I saw her earlier in the month. I left her about nine o'clock in the evening; thus I bade her adieu for the last time on the last day of the last century."

On her death he wrote from Osborne to the Bishop of Richmond:

Osborne.
Feb. 1, 1901.

My dear Bishop,

. . . I knew that your thoughts would be with me, for indeed I have lost one who was one of the sweetest, truest, and best of friends. My remembrance of her friendship and kindness is unclouded by anything which could mar the

absolute simplicity of intercourse: I held no official position—there was no question of any favour to ask or to receive: it was a friendship without any *arrière pensée* on either side, and without the suggestion of the punctiliousness which might have arisen from official relationship. I have bidden good-bye to Osborne—probably for the last time. What its future is to be, I think no one knows. Except at Cimiez, Osborne was the place in which one saw the Queen in the most simple and friendly surroundings. It is like a dream, but it is a dream which will also be full of the golden light which true love and kindness can create. . . .

Besides the bond of sympathy and sorrow between the Queen and her chaplain, there was the hardly less important bond of similar religious views and ecclesiastical tastes. I know of no better concise account of the Queen's religious standpoint and activities, than that given by Prof. Jacques Bardoux: *

"Les traditions, les rites, les paroles d'un christianisme sans frontières étroites et sans théologie rigoureuse suffisent pour guider et consoler la Reine" (p. 48).

". . . Elle se préoccupe uniquement de confier évêchés, archévêchés ou canonicats à des prêtres d'une pieté indiscutée et 'd'un réel savoir.' Elle répugne à tous les embrigadements sectaires autant qu'aux bigoteries surannées" (p. 47).

In short, she was a devout liberal Christian with an immense fund of practical common sense

* *Victoria I, Edouard VII, Georges V* (pp. 47, 48, 2ème édition, 1911).

and a high sense of duty, and the Bishop's sermons attracted her by their liberal sympathies and simple practicality as much as by their eloquence. They attracted also the Court officials and the various foreign relations and connections of the Royal Family. Whenever there was a gathering of royalties at Osborne or at Windsor it became customary to have Bishop Boyd Carpenter to preach. In this way he came in time to have a very large acquaintance with royal personages.

The Public Orator of Cambridge University, in presenting him for his honorary degree, claimed for him *inter omnes hominum ordines sive in pauperum tabernis, sive regum prope turres, in laboribus sacris spectatus probatusque.**

He was popularly regarded as a favourite of the Court. It was usual in certain circles to speak of "the courtier Bishop of Ripon." He had charming manners, brilliant conversational powers, unfailing social tact. He knew how to please, and he was at the pains to please, but he used his gifts and opportunities in the spirit of a Fénelon or a Bossuet. That quaint seventeenth-century divine, Thomas Fuller, depicts in his *Holy State*, "the Good Bishop," at Court, and Boyd Carpenter's diaries and correspondence furnish close parallels to the policy and activities there described:

"If call'd to the Court he there doth all good offices, betwixt Prince and people, striving to remove all misprisons and disaffections, and

* Among all classes of people, whether poor men in their cottages or kings in their castles, he has been esteemed and approved for his sacred labours.

H.M. GEORGE V. AND THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

From a photograph taken by H.M. Queen Alexandra, and published with her gracious permission.

advancing unity and concord. They that think the Church may flourish when the Commonwealth doth wither may as well conceive that the brains may be sound when the *pia mater* is perished. . . . He jointly advanceth the pains and gains, the work and wages of Ministers, which going together make a flourishing Clergy, with God's blessing, and without man's envy.

"His mortified mind is no whit moved with the magnificent vanities of the Court: no more than a dead corps is affected with a velvet herse-cloth over it. He is so farre from wondering at their pomps, that though he looks daily on them he scarce sees them, having his eyes taken up with higher objects. . . .

"Yet he daily prayeth God to keep him in so slippery a place. Elisha prayed that a double portion of Eliah's Spirit might rest upon him. A Father descanteth hereon, that a double portion of grace was necessary for Elisha, who was gracious at Court, lived in a plentifull way, and favoured of the Kings of Israel; whereas Eliah lived poorely, and privately: And more wisdom is requisite to manage prosperity than affliction." *

The Queen Victoria Clergy Aid Fund, established to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, is one of these parallels. The Bishop's correspondence with Royal personages, of which a small selection is included in this chapter, indicates that he was always conscious of his obligation to be a Christian educationist. This is conspicuous in his suggestions as to reading and in his gifts of books: a practice particularly commended by Thomas à Kempis, who rightly reasons that if he who gives a cup of water to

* "The Good Bishop," in *The Holy State*, pp. 8 ff. (1st edition).

a disciple shall not lose his reward, much less shall not he who gives to a fellow-Christian a book containing the words of eternal life.

A striking example of the use which Boyd Carpenter was able to make of his position as a royal chaplain appears in his *Diary* under December 7, 1890. That year General Booth had brought forward his scheme known as "Darkest England and the way out." The Queen viewed it with some uneasiness, and consulted Dr. Walsham How, the then popular suffragan of the Bishop of London. Dr. Walsham How stated the objections to it rather strongly. His letter was submitted to Boyd Carpenter for his judgment when he was staying at Windsor Castle. After noting the day's service and sermons and calls in his *Diary*, the Bishop proceeds :

"Received a letter of the Bishop of Bedford *re* Salvation Army—Queen wishing opinion—wrote opinion. . . . Dined with Queen, Connaughts, Battenbergs, etc., etc. . . . long conversation with Queen on social matters anent Booth's scheme. Sweating, charity, and morality. She asked me to write down what I had said. In Drawing Room chat about Systematic Giving—and stories."

The Bishop left among his papers a draft of his statement to the Queen. It is as judicious as it is charitable and is worth preserving. It runs as follows :—

NOTES ON THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD'S LETTER ON THE SALVATION ARMY

(1) *On the sphere of its Influence.*—Not the East end—Not the slums—Lower Middle Class. This is true : so far as my judgment goes.

(2) *On the home-influence.*—Parental authority undermined. This is true, but not exclusively true of Salvation Army. It is true of Ritualists and Romanists.

(3) *Money-getting.*—This true—but I do not think it ought to be made an objection. They cannot maintain their organisation without money, and General Booth does not get a farthing from the Fund.

(4) *Irreverence.*—There is ground for this accusation. No doubt their methods are vulgar—but there is an irreverence which is irreverent in manner, but not in intention. A poor man, on hearing the story of the Prodigal son, said, "A d——d good father that." Will any one say that this was irreverent? I don't think that it is true that the Salvation Army teaches want of Reverence towards God or man. Of course individuals differ.

(6) *Emotional.*—If this means that religious influence is effected through the emotions, it is true. But here no one can much object. All great movements, religious and political, have appealed to the emotions. Unintelligent people only begin to think when their brains are stirred through emotion.

If it means that the influence goes no deeper than the emotions—then I should say that while the preaching of Religion under any auspices shows results which are only passing results—it ought not to be made a cause of complaint against the Salvation Army that it expresses the same results.

The Bishop of Bedford does not mean that the Salvation Army can show no case of deep and real change. Indeed, he admits later on that they have some real cases.

There are now five men who have between

them undergone 140 years of imprisonment, but who are now working with the Salvation Army. They are better there than thieving or spending time in prison.

(7) *The danger of attracting the undeserving classes to London.*—This is a real danger and the one to which the greatest attention needs to be given. We want to diminish the flow of population to the Metropolis.

Farm-colonies in the country for the young lads who would drift to London to be lost there would be valuable.

I wish the Educational Department would consider ways of encouraging Farm-schools to give a taste for country life, and through this a readiness and a desire for Colonial Life. Again, if the well-to-do classes would set the example and go abroad and open up land and invite the young lads to go out, it would be good.

Those who can't work or won't work must always be hopeless folk to deal with. For those who can't work, Hospitals and Poor Houses must exist. For those who won't work "the cat."

(8) *The money given will strengthen the Salvation Army.*—For one, I honour General Booth for saying that he must be a Salvationist first, and a philanthropist afterwards. He is a deeply religious man. He believes that no lasting good can be expected of man alone. He believes that the Spirit of God can change men's hearts and lives. When he gets the outcasts under his influence he wishes to preach this. He will not rely on philanthropy to save them. In this he is quite consistent, and perhaps also he teaches us a lesson.

Are we relying too much on organisation and too little on the help of that Spirit who can breathe the breath of new life into the spirit of man?

Booth, at any rate, has a hope for the outcast. To have a hope is halfway to saving a man.

But all the same, money can be given to the Farm-Colony or to the Stretton scheme without expressing any approval of the religious views or methods of the Army.

Another example of usefulness as a Court chaplain appears in the following letter :—

Balmoral Castle.
Sep. 28th, 1883.

My dear Mr. Boyd Carpenter,

The Queen desires me to say, she will send her photograph to the person who sent Her Majesty the Pincushion. I return you the leaf and the lace and Her Majesty will give an order to the poor worker, if either some specimens could be sent or some lace flounces already finished, flounces or lace for trimmings. I leave this on the 5th, so if it cannot be sent before that, would you send it to Lady Southampton, who will be here till the 9th Oct. ? I return you the letter also, and all would have been sent sooner but the Queen has been very busy. Her Majesty often speaks of you, and says talking to you is such a real comfort to her. I hope you are well and your family.

Believe me ever,
Yours very truly,
Jane Ely.

But Boyd Carpenter's activities at Court were not mainly social, philanthropic, and educational. They were essentially religious. Technically the Royal Family are the parishioners (*parochiani*) of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but in many cases the Bishop of Ripon acted as his curate. He prepared a number of the Royal Family for

Confirmation, assisted at their marriages, took part in their coronations, ministered to them on their death-beds, attended their obsequies. The performance of these duties was by no means formal: the Bishop took the warmest interest in them; and on occasions was deeply affected by them. In his Diaries and in his correspondence (especially in letters to his second wife) he relates many incidents which indicate this, but I have been advised that a number of them are too intimate for publication.

The Bishop was brought much into contact with the Kaiser, and regarded him as a sincere and zealous Christian, a very able administrator, and a genuine lover of peace. I remember the Bishop telling me in pre-war days that the three personalities which had impressed him most by their force and vitality were Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, President Roosevelt, and the Kaiser.

King Edward, "the great apostle of peace" (ὁ μέγας ἀπόστολος τῆς εἰρήνης*), was quick to utilise the Bishop's influence with the Kaiser to promote a better understanding with Germany. An example of this is seen in the Bishop's Diary under the date November 8, 1902, which records a visit of the Bishop to Sandringham. The German Emperor was a fellow-guest, and the King instructed the Bishop to treat in his sermon the theme of the desirability of friendship between England and Germany, and the Bishop notes that he consulted the King beforehand as to the line he should take. The Emperor professed to

* This title comes from an article on Edward VII in a Greek newspaper which I read in Smyrna in 1909.

be much impressed by the sermon, and the King requested that it might be written out for him. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Balfour, who also were present, congratulated the preacher.

The Bishop was the Kaiser's guest on several occasions. The last occasion was in June 1913, when he went with a deputation representing an Alliance of Christian Churches to offer the Kaiser a congratulatory address on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. The Bishop then noted a change in the Kaiser's manner. He seemed to have lost his old confidence and appeared apprehensive, and spoke of the dangerous position in which Germany was placed. It was mainly fear, false patriotism, and the pressure of his *entourage*, so the Bishop believed, which led the Kaiser to take the fatal step which deluged the world in blood. The following letters from the Kaiser to the Bishop speak for themselves. No doubt vanity and superficiality are evident in them, but also alert intelligence, real kindness of heart, and deep religious feeling. The Bishop regarded them as sincere.

Neues Palais, Potsdam.
12/1/1902.

DEAR SIR,

I am deeply ashamed that I left your kind letter so long unanswered, but the amount of work was very great and left me no time for correspondence. I am deeply moved by your kind words and wishes, the retrospect of the last year and the prospect of the coming one. I can only reciprocate the wishes heartily and also try to repay by them the debt of gratitude I owe to

you for the kind help and sympathy you gave me and all my family in those awful August days, when our beloved mother was removed after the most terrible and hardfought battles Heaven ever sent man to fight was over. It was an awful year, to think that I had to attend at the passing away of dear grandmama and my mother!

Mother and daughter two great queens each in her way! But I am thankful to the Lord that I was able to live with them and hope that I shall never be unworthy of them!

With best wishes for the New Year,

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM.

P.S.—Something most interesting to theology has just been discovered. A few months ago some small unseemly clay tablets found in Assyria —now in the British Museum—were deciphered, and to the Amusement of the professor the inscription ran, "Jehovah is the Lord." Date 2300 before Christ, *i.e.* hundreds of years before the Jews left Egypt and came to Canaan or existed as such! The inhabitants of Mesopotamia were already *monotheists* and used the word "*Javeh*," which means the "Great," the "Mighty," and which one thought was a specific Hebrew denomination. The real word for God is *el*, the *goal*, the ultimate end, etc., and the inscription runs: "Javeh . . . ilu"! This is what I call a "revelation"! It opens new vistas for our historical theology.

Neues Palais, Potsdam.
25/xii/1904.

DEAR SIR,

Your kind letter, I am so sorry to say, reached me just too late for my informing my

son of your wish. He had just left when I got it, so I was unable to do anything more. I have been much on the move this autumn; and consequently my correspondence was not always able to reach me in time. I am so disappointed that I could not fulfill your wish, and so is the Empress too; we both would have been so glad if our boy had met your son! As a small gift for New Year's day I enclose some postcards with views taken in our Park here, among them the historic castle of "Sans Souci" and the windmill! They are all coloured photos taken straight from nature without being touched by any man's hand—a new invention showing all the softest tints, no human brush could ever produce even in the finest water-colour. And besides a Souvenir of H.M.'s successful visit to Kiel.

With sincerest wishes for a merry Xmas and a happy New Year,

I remain,

Ever your true and admiring friend,

WILLIAM I.R.

Berlin.
17/i/1905.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your kind letter of the beginning of this month I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for its contents and the nice treatises or essays accompanying your kind lines.

It seems to me that the principles laid down in the Xmas evangile are not well respected in these latter years, and that we are still far from "Peace on Earth and Goodwill among men." If one has till now managed to assure Peace to one's own country one must be very thankful to Providence, and pray that no one else may arise to disturb it or break it, and do everything in

one's power to keep one's own "sheep" from flying at each other within the fold! Your suggestion about the coloured Photos is right. They are produced by taking three photos after each other, a red, blue, and a yellow one. I send you some more samples, partly from the Moselle, partly from Tyrol, showing how well the softest tints in great distance come out; the snow-clad hills are wonderful in their effect. Dr. Jeremias has published some more pamphlets about Mesopotamian Religious history, which I will send you soon. Begging your pardon for troubling you with these little details.

I remain,
Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM I.R.

Neues Palais.
27/xii/1906.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

Sincerest thanks for your kind letter and the kind wishes for New Year, which I heartily reciprocate. Your letter has interested me very much, and as soon as the book is in my hands I shall certainly study it. I have myself been trying all my life to adapt, nay, to reconcile modern life with its numerous intricacies and sometimes superhuman tasks to the words and exhortations of the Saviour and His apostles. It is by no means easy, but yet most fascinating and interesting. Often moments came when in a dilemma of choice I was at a loss how to act, and fell back on His admonitions. I chose His side. The result was something not what I anticipated, even the contrary! But then what feeling of hope and trust even in the adversest of moments pervades you; "the conviction of having done right, of having *a good conscience*," and thereby

feeling Him on your side; also in distress, what a staff to lean upon! My wishes are sincere and warm for you and your country of 1907! *Quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit populis Anglicis et Germanicis!* Providence gave me a great boon of its kindness in the form of a sweet new daughter-in-law as a Xmas present, as my 4th son August-William, the student of 19! is engaged to his cousin Alexandra of Glücksburg! Enclosed I send you some sights from our Park and its maker the great Philosopher on the throne.

With sincerest compliments,

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM I.R.

Berlin.
2/ii/1907.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

It is really most kind of you to send me your wishes for my birthday and the most interesting book. I fervently hope and trust that Providence may listen to your prayers and that this year may be a peaceful one for me and my country as well as for the whole world. Especially I hope that the demon of invidiousness and of jealousy who has so often done mischief may be kept tightly chained down. As soon as my social obligations and my work leave me a little time to breathe, I shall proceed to methodically work through the book.

You will of course have observed the energetic way in which a great part of our People have declared against socialism and atheism, and how they cast the pernicious yoke of the socialists from them. The surprise is very general in the foreign countries, who are mostly at a loss to find an explanation. Many have been ventilated, but nobody has up to now suggested, whether this

may not be a work of Heaven, who at last woke up the sleepers and the sluggards. May it be so and remain so!

By-the-bye, I see in the papers that an English Clergyman has developed a "new Religion" of his own, declaring against the Saviour as Son of God!

Is this true? And what do you make of it? How did he manage to come to such a conclusion?

I send you enclosed a little book written by one of our military Chaplains of the Garrison Church in Potsdam, who fought in Africa for 1½ years. It is simple and very touching, and enables the reader to gauge what splendid soldiers and excellent Christians my men are, and how deep the feeling of Religiousness is implanted in our lower classes. The photo shows my sons and me on New Year's Day on our way to the Parade.

With my sincerest compliments,
Ever yours truly,
WILLIAM I.R.

Berlin.
31/i/09.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,

I have to thank your kindness and friendly interest for two letters, which I am only now able to reply to, as the information which I had to gather from the authorities was vouchsafed to me with the delay usual in red tape and green baize. But I am most happy to be able to help to smooth the path of your son Archibald during his intended stay in Germany for the study of social and Poor Law questions. The secretary of state for the Imperial Home Department (*Staatsecretär des Inneren*), H. von Bethmann-Hollweg, has declared himself only too

pleased to proffer any aid your son should wish for. He is ready to place any amount of statistical and other official material at his disposal. Once your son is here and has reported his arrival through the British Embassy, I will with pleasure receive him and arrange a meeting with H. von Bethmann-Hollweg ; during this conversation the *modus procedendi* can be discussed. During your son's stay I shall have everything prepared for his visit to my property Cadinen near Elbing in West-Prussia for the study of the way my labourers are housed. I had the pleasure of an English gentleman's visit to Cadinen last year, a Mr. Hill, land-agent of Lord Alington at Crichiel, who came there for the same purpose.

Now let me thank you most heartily for your kind wishes for Xmas, New Year, and my birth-day. The prayers of kind friends will, I am sure, be heard above, and help to strengthen one to bear the heavy task, especially when they come from so elevated a soul and all-inspiring spirit as yours. You have no idea what a treat you gave me in sending me the *Conversations with Christ !* That way of treating these weighty questions and complex material is as original as it is fascinating and refreshing ! That is a manner that must appeal to the most dull-minded and dull-souled person alive !

The person of the Lord is humanly brought into a contact with you—so to say, on a level with you—as never before ; and then by the clever description of the psychological stages through which the Saviour passed during His work at a soul. He slowly rises from out His worldly brothers and teachers, etc., and soars high above them, the Son of God, but the *Saviour* at the same time ! I am so enthusiastic about the book that I sent it to my highest clerical adviser Dr.

Dryander and Sup. Gen. Faber—a good English scholar—whom I think you must have both met here; they both are quite excited at the book and have declared it so excellent, that they want translations as soon as possible for its dissemination among the Public!

The Bible you sent is very interesting and most appropriate for the modern people; it reminds me of an experiment Dr. Weizsäcker, the eminent Swabian preacher, made with the New Testament of which I enclose a copy. Let me know when your boy comes over.

And believe me,
Ever your faithful and true friend and admirer,
WILLIAM I.R.

Neues Palais.
22/xii/1909.

(*Confidential.*)

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I cannot let the old year pass away and the new one come in without sending a few lines to wish you every blessing from above. May your work among men be prosperous, and may they gratefully accept the Gospel of Peace and goodwill towards each other, which is more needed now than ever! The *Conversations with Christ* never leaves my table at home or abroad; wherever I gave the book to man or woman, Protestant or Gentile—pardon me, I mean Catholik—the book carried everything before it and enraptured everybody. I send you the copy of a translation into German which is now being sold for Xmas by hundreds. It was just in time; the spirits are prepared and eager, and I am perfectly convinced it will do enormous good—Xmas is to be a time of Peace, reflection, goodwill and kind feeling among men and nations! But what a

Babel of discordant notes is rending my ears over here from old England! What vile lies and slanderous calumnies are being circulated and sown widespread among your people about mine and me! What inciting to hatred against England's blood relations is being meted out on the platforms in this Holy Week! Your people seem perfectly mad! Who can have the brazen-faced impudence to charge me and my country openly with meditating the immediate destruction of England! Me a Protestant ruler, the grandson of the greatest Queen England had, in whose arms she drew her last breath, whose life's work is to teach the two nations to respect and esteem each other, and to draw them together for the welfare of the World's Peace and Protestantism! I don't dream of attacking England or surprising it, or what you like, because I have a conscience and feel responsible to God for my acts! May you and your colleagues from the Pulpit cast oil on these troubled waters, a fine work for the Church!

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM I.R.

Berlin.
6/ii/10.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

Will you kindly accept my sincere thanks for your kind wishes for my birthday, which coincide with my prayers and hopes. It would not be deserving the honour of the name of a Christian if we were inclined to give up hoping that in the end good must win, and lies and baseness and bad must give in. So there is only one thing to do, and that is to patiently go on working for the good, as an instrument in God's hand, and leave it to Him, when He thinks fit to let the effects appear. The world derisively

calls such people optimists. I am one of them! To know my labour appreciated and furthered by prayer and thought by men like you, is encouraging. The German translation of *The Son of Man among Man's Sons* has given me great pleasure, and I have read some chapters with all the interest they so ably command. It is already in the hands of some of my clergy and of all my children; whilst *Conversations with Christ* are being distributed broadcast among my friends, creating satisfaction and admiration everywhere. Even Catholic ladies and priests have written full of appreciation and deeply affected by its study. The discussion about Christ is very animated here just now, so the book was a perfect Godsend! Spiritual and Religious questions are on the platform, showing that there is a thirst and seeking for light! Thank God! An exchange of views by letter between H.M. the King and me about the relations of our two countries has shown our notions to be at a perfect unison.

With best thanks and wishes for your welfare.

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM I.R.

Berlin.
28/iii/10.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

The book I venture to send you will, I hope, be of interest to you, as it follows lines akin to those taken up by you, to bring the Saviour's figure and personality nearer to the public, to place Him, so to say, into the centre of modern life. The German translation of your *Son of Man among Man's Sons* has given me great pleasure to read, for it corresponds to my mode of thinking and it is so very attractive by the

able manner with which it shows the marvellous and versatile way in which the Lord takes a soul in hand. Revealing His talent in the knowledge of men and the victorious power He wielded over their souls. I sent the book to the leading spirits among my German Clergy here, and received the most rapturous and admiring answers from all sides. I even was able on Sundays to detect its influence on their sermons, some of them directly alluding to the book and to your person. It appeared in the nick of time just when a liberal professor in public lectures started the idea that Christ had never existed. This roused the people, and on the following Sunday over 20,000 people stood before the Cathedral and the Palace hats off singing Luther's thundering war hymn, " Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"! And even now the churches are crammed by people craving to hear about the Saviour. Bernard Lucas's *Conversations* is being bought by the hundred! You have done enormous good to my Capital and to me, for which warmest thanks.

WILLIAM I.R.

S.M.Y. *Hohenzollern*, Drontheim.
20/vii/10.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,

The idea of the European Churches uniting in a declaration in favour of Peace and friendly relations between the Nations is very sympathetic and congenial to me.

I don't for a moment doubt that in Germany this idea would be well received and be met with corresponding feelings. Anyhow, I could answer for the Prussian Protestant National Church, whose *summus episcopus* I am; whom surely the other Protestant churches of the different German Principalities would follow.

R

But the case presents itself under quite a different aspect in regard to the Catholic Church ; here the Bishops would probably join the manifestation singly, provided they were unable to extract a common decision from the Episcopate as a body. It is difficult to predict their line of action, depending as they are on the directions issued to them by the Vatican.

Such being the case, I think it would be the most rational mode of proceeding if you were first to seek to gain information as to what is the opinion of the English Bishops of the Roman Catholik Church on the movement in question. Your information would give a good clue to the degree of willingness which the Catholiks were prepared to show in joining the declaration.

I am most grateful for the kind interest you took in the trouble with my wrist. It was a large nasty carbuncle, which had to be operated and took about 6 weeks to heal, creating severe pain before being opened. Thank God my hand is all right again. I am still under the impression of the burial of the late king ; and most gratefully remember the sympathetic attitude and faultless behaviour of the enormous crowds.

The task I have most at heart is the maintenance of the Peace of the World. I shall be happy indeed and thankful too if I can be sure that my last visit to England has really created a feeling of Peace and friendship towards us and has left the impression you so kindly mention.

Our Norwegian journey is most successful, as we are blessed with a cloudless sky and an Italian sun !

With many respects to your wife,
I remain, my dear Lord Bishop,
Ever yours truly,
WILLIAM I.R.

N. Palais.
8/i/1912.

MY DEAR CANON,

I have to thank you for several letters and the most interesting book of your life, with the pathetic pages about my beloved mother and her passing away. How far those terrible hours seem to be from us now, nearly a quarter of a century!

Your book *Witness*, etc. has been translated and the translation, preceded by an introduction written by Dr. Dryander, was published shortly before Xmas. I sent a number of copies to clergymen, lay friends, ladies, and men old and young, men of science and soldiers, and to my great joy from all sides come back letters full of warm gratitude and ardent admiration and what is very instructive *satisfaction, i.e.* "that is what we want." "You have struck the note!" The flint is emitting sparks. God give they may kindle a warm fire! The upholding of Peace last year was indeed a task of unwonted size; thanks to Heaven Force we once more succeeded! But to speak plainly, it is really an absolute calamity for the entire world, to see the methods adopted by your influential men towards my country and the unqualified speeches they indulge in. They raised a deep feeling of hot indignation and of deepest distrust among my countrymen! It is high time they should stop that game and alter their manners!

With best compliments to your wife,

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM I.R.

Neues Palais.
5/i/13.

My dear Dr. Boyd Carpenter,

Many thanks for your kind letter and New Year's wishes for Peace, which I heartily reciprocate. I need not assure you that I am working with the utmost energy to try and save Peace for the world! The task is arduous and necessitates much patience, as the Powers though in principle are all agreed to preserve Peace, yet some of them have their back-thoughts and clandestine ambitions not allways in harmony with peaceful issues. However that may be, I don't despair, feeling as I do that I am working at the bidding of a Higher Power who said, "Be ye content with My grace; My Power is strong in the weak!" and as my work is for the good of mankind. I thank you for your interesting "Life's tangled thread," in which I found reflections very akin to those I have been making about life myself. I send you a very interesting collection of Sermons of some of our best preachers, which may interest you.

Believe me ever your most ardent admirer,
William I.R.

New Year card from the Emperor.

With my best wishes for 1914.

I read and re-read your delightful *Apology of Experience* and am enthusiastic! It is just what we want as a weapon to fight all modern nonsense! Science helping theology! I gave it to Harnack, and hope you will allow translation into German. I want to sow the book broadcast over my country!

In hoc signo vinces!

William I.R.

Neues Palais.
13/i/1914.

My dear Dr. Boyd Carpenter,

I herewith send you enclosed the translation into German of your excellent *Apology of Experience* which was made by Prof. Harnack personally. He was just as much struck by your paper as I was. And he immediately after its perusal declared that it was necessary to give it as wide a publicity in Germany as possible by translating it. He also added a short postscript from himself, which I venture to think you will find very complimentary. I am scattering the translation far and wide among clergymen, officers and *ladies!* To my great joy I have already received a number of letters, which show how deeply the readers of both sexes have been moved by your words, and how well adapted your way of treating this great and all-absorbing theme is for the spiritual requirements of this stormy period of social and religious life and its problems. I am sure your treatise will create a very deep commotion in my country and much to its welfare, and I shall do everything in my power to foster the growth of the plant, and to fan the flame of a fire of which the Lord Himself said, "I have come to kindle a fire on earth; I wish it were already aflame."

With my sincerest thanks for the great boon you have bestowed on all of us, who are convinced Christians.

I remain,
Ever yours truly,
William I.R.

This appears to have been the last letter which the Kaiser wrote to the Bishop.

The Bishop sent him a letter on August 3, 1914, which it may be assumed he received. It exhibits the Bishop's deep belief in the Kaiser's sincerity.

Riversea, Kingswear.
August 3rd, 1914.

SIR,

From this quiet spot where I came after an illness, I venture to write to Your Majesty. The kindness you have always shown me and the memories of other days constrain me to do so. My heart is troubled by this terrible confusion of interests which has led to war. I am sure that Your Majesty deplores this calamity: I know what ideals have filled your thoughts, and I recall how often we have spoken of those dreams for the future which were dear to Your Majesty's heart and to mine.

I can only hope still and pray that the worst form of the calamity which threatens may be averted; for I am without power or influence; but Your Majesty is strong and can wield an influence which is second to none. May I ask with all respect and (may I add ?) with all affection, whether even now at the eleventh hour, it would not be possible for Your Majesty to exert your influence to restrain the over-eagerness of some of those whose rashness may cause yet further trouble ? I am ignorant, of course, of diplomacy, but it seems to me—an outsider—that it is a terrible and irrelevant conclusion that an act of folly and wickedness like that for which Servia is held responsible should involve all Europe in conflict. Is there nothing that can be done ? I can understand Austrian susceptibilities and indignation. I can understand Russia's fears that Servia may be crushed, but surely these fears could be allayed by generous and honest assur-

ances? and surely Austrian resentment might be restrained and limited to the punishment of the offenders? Forgive me, Your Majesty, forgive me that I write my thoughts. I do so as one who feels that peace is the truest glory of peoples and princes: I do so as one who feels and knows that peace is dear to Your Majesty: I do so as one who feels that his heart yearns as I know Your Majesty's heart yearns for the highest good of the world, and not for any Earthly Glory. I have no right to urge any personal plea: I can only do so in apology for my boldness in addressing you at all. But (may I say it? if it should be the last letter I can write) I have felt such a true deep love for Your Majesty—such a confidence in your generous friendship—such a faith in your ideals, that I should feel it as a personal loss and disaster, were any shadow to darken the bright memories of past years for me. Is it too late to suggest even now a conference in some neutral country like Switzerland at which wise men from each country interested, aided by Your Majesty's counsel and support, might devise a policy which would not wound the honour or compromise the security of any Power? My heart bleeds and my whole soul is sad as I write. All these are Christian lands. Is there not a way to be found towards conciliation and peace?

Do forgive my writing, and let me remain, Sir, as always,

Your Majesty's grateful and
respectfully affectionate servant,
W. Boyd Carpenter.

To His Imperial Majesty,
The Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.

On December 18 of the same year the Bishop wrote again, but in a sterner strain, predicting the

closing of the Kaiser's life in darkness. The letter never reached the Kaiser. Lord Stamfordham was compelled to decline to transmit it as breaking the law which prohibited "corresponding with the enemy."

The Bishop had received many presents from the Kaiser, and on the occasion of the Kaiser's silver wedding gave him a clock in which the minutes were marked on the pages of a little book which were turned over in rapid succession. With it the Bishop sent the following lines—not unworthy of the "conceits" of a Donne or of a Cowley:—

> Take, Gracious Sir and Madam, with my rhyme,
> My little gift, a chronicler of time,
> Whose quiet finger, like an ancient sage,
> Doth firmly hold, then turn the frequent page.
> Thus quick and bright, like stars that disappear,
> The passing days have brought the silver year.
> Glad days they were, despite the hours of grief,
> And sweet their tale; for love did turn the leaf.
> And for the leaves unturned you have no care,
> Nor seek to read the future written there;
> For God is love, and be life long or brief,
> God marks the days, and He doth turn the leaf.

The Bishop came much into contact with the Queen's eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, afterwards the Empress Frederick of Germany and mother of the Kaiser Wilhelm. The contact ripened into warm friendship. There was a mental and spiritual affinity. In her mental outlook and in her comprehensive sympathies the Princess was more masculine than feminine—that is as the Victorian Age estimated these things. The Bishop wrote of her after her death:

"She had read; she had thought; she had travelled; she had observed; she had mixed with many of the foremost minds of the time; she had taken practical part in many great and humane enterprises. Consequently, her range was large, and her mental equipment was well furnished and ready for use. Conversation with her could never become insipid; while the earnest-mindedness with which she took up a subject saved it from dwindling into pedantry.

"From the first she was full of kindness to me."

She came and stayed with him *incognita* at the Palace at Ripon. He stayed with her towards the close of her greatly suffering life in Germany. The Bishop thus describes the last days of his visit to her at Friedrichshof in the Taunus:

"The month of May was drawing towards its end. We were close upon the 24th, Queen Victoria's birthday. 'I should like,' the Empress said to me, 'to have the Holy Communion on mamma's birthday.' Accordingly, on the 24th, in her own room, as she lay upon her couch, we held the little service. If a benediction waits where two or three are gathered together, we might claim it, for we were just three—the Empress, my wife, and myself; and, with reverent memory of one we all loved well, we fulfilled the dying wish of Him whose love was victorious over death.

"Then came the day of parting. The Empress was not able to get up. We saw her in her room. She gave my wife a bracelet of her own, which had some family associations. She gave me a seal, which had been Queen Victoria's, and was in the room in which she died. . . . The Empress

bade farewell to my wife, kissing her. She detained me, and then laid upon me one last duty: 'When I am gone, I want you to read the English burial service over me.' She explained to me what steps might be necessary; and so I left her, assuring her that I would fulfil this sacred trust. I never saw her again. . . ."

When the Empress died in August 1901, the Kaiser Wilhelm invited the Bishop to fulfil her wish. This he did. The Kaiser and all the members of the family were present. The Bishop writes:

"When the service ended, the Emperor knelt for a few moments in silent prayer by his mother's coffin: against his mourning dress the red, white and blue of the Union Jack which covered the bier, stood out in strong contrast. The German Funeral Service was held on the Sunday (August 11)."

The Kaiser decorated the Bishop with the Prussian Royal Order of the Second Class with Star for his ministrations to the Empress.

I have selected two of the Empress Frederick's letters to the Bishop, one written in the early days of their friendship, one towards its close. The first, with the clear distinction which it draws between the essentials of the Christian faith and their successive forms, indicates the quality of her mind which appealed to the Bishop. The second letter deals with her terrible sufferings, and is a tribute to her kindness of heart.

Osborne Cottage.
Aug. 22, 1884.

The Crown Princess thanks the Bishop of Ripon a thousand times for the book, which she has read with the greatest pleasure! Many a remark and opinion expressed struck her as so true, sensible, and full of feeling The Crown Princess also thought it very pleasant reading and interesting from many points of view.

When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their acceptance of it) I am reminded of a discussion of an Englishman with an advanced radical of the Continent (a politician). The latter said, "England will become a Republic as time advances." The Englishman answered, "I do not see why she should; we enjoy all the *advantages* a Republic could give us—(and a few more) and none of its disadvantages!" Is it not suited for a comparison with what one often hears: "The days of Creeds are gone by"? . . . I say—No. You can be a good Christian, and a Philosopher, a Sage, etc. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true for ever and for *all*. The forms they take are *endless*—their modes of expression varied. It is *so* living a thing that it will *grow* and *expand* and *unfold* its depths to those who know how to seek for them!

To those *thinking*, the hoard of Traditions, of Legends and Doctrines which have gathered around it in the course of centuries, remain precious and sacred—to be loved and venerated as garbs in which the *unifying* underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong and cruel and dangerous to disturb them, but meanwhile the number of men who soar *above* the *earthborn smallness* of outward things continues to *increase*, and the words in which they

clothe *their souls'* conception of Christianity are *valuable* to mankind—they are in advance of the rest of human beings—can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom; so were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets, and thinkers. That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the Mission of the *Church* on Earth has *not* come to an end.

The Bishop must excuse this hasty scrawl and the words suggested by Mr. Hinton's book.

Schloss Friedrichshof, Cronberg, Taunus.
Dec. 1st, 1900.

From my Bed.

Dictated.

My dear Bishop,

Although not able to do much in the way of writing, I long to thank you for your very kind letter of Nov. 17, and for the sympathy you express so valued by me. This has indeed been a sad year for us, and the thought of the Queen's affliction—and that of my dear sister is grievous indeed, and the anxieties and trials our dear country has passed through are felt most keenly by me, in the same measure as I rejoice with true gratitude whenever good news arrives.

Of my own sufferings I will only say that though I do not consider myself the object of a curse, they could not be better described than by the following passage well known to you: "In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning!" (*Deut.* xxviii. 67).

Hoping that Mrs. Boyd Carpenter and your children are well, and wishing you a peaceful Christmas in your delightful home at Ripon,

(The following is written by the Empress herself:)

I remain ever, my dear Bishop,
Yours very sincerely,
DOWR. EMPRESS FREDERICK AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

I hope my tree is alive and growing.

The Bishop's relations with the Kaiser were of a most cordial character and were well known. A German Professor lecturing in Cambridge was addressed by one of his audience after the lecture.

"Where do you come from?" asked the Professor.

"From Ripon," replied the clergyman.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, "the Bishop of Ripon is a friend of our Kaiser."

He was known in that capacity throughout the whole of Germany. The Kaiser not only admired his eloquence, but believed that his particular way of presenting the Christian message would be of great service to the German people. It seemed to him that the Bishop bridged the gulf between the professors and the pastors, which so badly needed bridging in the interests of religion in Germany. Hence the Kaiser recommended the Bishop's books to all Germans who could read English, and he even had some of them translated into German.

In 1916 the Bishop published an interesting estimate of the Kaiser and of his relations with him.

The following letters from Prince Henry of Prussia (the Kaiser's brother) and his wife indicate

how much the Bishop was consulted in religious matters and how much his judgment was trusted.

Herrenhaus, Hemmelmark.
September 3rd, 1911.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I hasten to thank you for your very kind letter of the 29th, and at the same time to express my deep regret on your having to retire from your official post!

You know, and must have felt it, how all of us, who have known you for so many years, have a feeling of the deepest respect towards you, and that we look upon you as one whom we may trust and consult, whenever we choose, be it under ordinary circumstances, or be it that we are in trouble!

I sincerely trust that you will grant us this privilege in future, and that we may come to you whenever we feel we need your valuable advice!

The Princess shares my views and, I am sure, will send you a line! Hoping, that you may enjoy the best of health for many years to come, and asking you to remember me to your dear wife, always, my dear Bishop, your

So very deeply devoted and grateful
HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Berlin Schloss.
Jan. 18th, 1902.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

We arrived here two days ago, and I have been able to ask the Emperor about the book of Mr. Arnold Forster. . . . I thank you most heartily for so kindly sending me your beautiful sermon "The Angel Hours of Life,"

which I prize very highly, and have also read and re-read, with much comfort, the little book *My Bible.*

Believe me, yours very sincerely,
IRÈNE, PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Kiel.
Jan. 7th, 1903.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I now hasten to thank you most heartily for both the books you have so kindly given me as a Christmas greeting, and for your kind letters of good wishes. I have been going through the books with such pleasure, but your own fills me with such gratitude, as it gives form to so many questions and answers one has often puzzled over how to bring to one's children, and this will be such a help to me now.

I am so vexed to think that I never yet thanked you for your history of the Church of England, which has been of the greatest interest to me. Alas! the second time we were in London this summer, I asked too late to see you, and you had already left. Your beautiful idea of all Protestant Churches uniting has never left me, and I often wish it were feasible.

According to my knowledge all over Germany by degrees a feeling is growing apace, and a desire being discussed and thought over—how it could be made possible to unite the various Churches of the various principalities.

We have no Prayer-books in the sense that the Church of England has—merely a so-called Hymn-book—with appendices containing prayers for various conditions in life; sometimes the form of the whole service to be held for the Sovereign's Birthday is added, the Collects and the Epistles for the year; Luther's small catechism and the

Augsburg Confession (*credo*) are added in the Lutheran churches.

But even in the various towns of the principalities these Hymn-books vary.

In Prussia the Hymn-books of the provinces have been revised, and in Prussia the military churches have one Hymn-book now. My Father interested himself to have the Hessian military Hymn-book as like it as possible.

Corresponding somewhat with the high and low Church of England are the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches. You can imagine how many difficulties are to be got over—but once the step taken I believe your beautiful wish would be more easily realised.

What I should immensely like to know and understand is the whole organisation of the Church of England—in view of the clergy and their Bishops, and what their rights are in Parliament.

Once more let me thank you most heartily for your last book—it will be a real comfort to me. I shall never forget the shock I got when still very young when some one said to me that the Bible was a book one could not go by, and the like more, and I felt so hopeless to find an answer.

I shall be so glad also to keep the first book on St. Paul's Epistles—I find the Synchronism at the end such a pleasant help for the History of those times. What charming editions those little books are! such a pleasant size to hold in one's hand and to take about with one—and then the excellent print!

Hoping you are all very well, that you will kindly remember me to Mrs. Boyd Carpenter and accept this little Photo of my children and husband, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

IRÈNE, PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

The four following letters, dealing with Russia, three of them from the late Czarina, have a pathetic interest and will help to refute the diabolical efforts to blacken the character of a good Christian woman, but one quite unfitted to dictate a policy in affairs of State. The Princess Henry of Prussia was the Czarina's sister.

Kiel.
Dec. 28th, 1905.

My dear Bishop,

Most heartfelt thanks for your so kind letter of good wishes with those beautiful verses you wrote, and the charming book of Poems by Whittier, which is quite new to me and has such lovely passages. I shall prize it very much, I assure you. The Prince joins me in sending you our truest good wishes for 1906 and that it may be one of joy for you and yours.

I just received letters from my two sisters in Russia; they avoid touching on political matters excepting just mentioning the anxiety they are in for the welfare of their country. It is grievous times they are going through. At Zarskoe the Empress is out of those terrible sights and sounds, but my eldest sister Ella at Moscow is not—although fortunately she left there before these last barricade fights took place to join the Emperor for his Namesday. They both occupy themselves chiefly for the sick and wounded returned from the war. Alise goes almost daily to a hospital in the Park of Zarskoe, where she even reads to the poor soldiers in Russian—she has a school for them where they do basketwork, and tailoring, carpentering and boot-making—for those poor souls who have been amputated—and she says

those with one arm learn also very quickly. Then a newly founded Hospital for *Babies* where nurses are trained for *Nursery* work, wh. is a great failing in Russia, cleanliness and neatness being one of their very weak points, also answers well. She started it this summer and is quite proud of her success so far, as she is constantly seeing them at work—it is really a school for nurses in better families, nursemaids, etc. Then her two trains are still running for the sick and wounded in Siberia—and her *depôt* of clothing and necessaries still greatly in demand. All this is some comfort to her in these sad times. My sister in Moscow has many institutions she is at the head of, and especially one hospital where now in her sad widowhood she goes twice a day to and says: "My hospital is an intense comfort to me; I never thought it could be so calming to know those simple souls with their little interests, their great faith in God, and unbounded patience—how they bear their own wounds is marvellous; one feels so small next to that patience. Never worry for me, nothing prints itself on me to make me nervous physically or morally—I have a feeling of belonging to those who suffer—that I want to be my aim in life; personal sorrow is gone, there is no room for it. Serge (her husband) is at rest, such rest we on this earth can't find: how can and dare I long for him to return? I have and will stand alone—I who never did a thing without his advice, it seems strange to me. I manage it—but what must be must be, and perhaps that is my strength that God does not allow me to lose courage, it is work, work, and I feel well, etc. I have much more comfort than Ernie (our brother now nearly two years ago when his little girl died) had and none of those worries, etc. All only live to give me pleasure, and perhaps the hardest thing

for me now is not to become selfish. I have a constant battle with myself; it is not good to spoil people. All charity-work gives so much joy in spite of many a very bitter disappointment, but that is good—it pushes one on."

I have only written this out for you ! ! !—who know us all almost—that you should have a peep into her sweet unselfish nature, so full of love and faith. So true, so simple, never gaining any influence except by her deeds and never pushing herself forward, always keeping in the background. You can well imagine how she is adored—but her life is in God's hands, and nowhere else would she be happy at present. She knows all the failings of the Russian character, but also their good points. She is no dreamer. Forgive me writing all this about my own dear sisters—but you kindly asked after them, and I thought you might like a peep into their inner life so sacred to us.

Once more every good wish for you and yours from

Yours truly,
IRÈNE, PRINCESS HENRY.

Zarskoe Selo.
*Dec. 29th, 1902. Jan. 11th, 1903.

DEAR BISHOP,

It was with greatest pleasure I received your very kind letter and book. I thank you most heartily for both. For me it is indeed a great happiness to find old friends have not forgotten me, tho' I live so far away. How much has occurred since last we met ! joys and sorrows followed each other in rapid succession. I cannot

* The double dating of the letters, Old Style and New Style, has an historic interest.

imagine England without beloved Grandmama. How well I remember sitting by her side, listening to your beautiful sermons—one you kindly gave me at Windsor!

Yes, indeed time flies fast and we have so much to do in our short sojourn on this earth, such manifold tasks for all of us to accomplish. What joy if in any small way we can help another wanderer bear his heavy cross or give him courage to battle bravely on! How many faults we have to try and master!—the hours seem too scarce in which to fulfil all our tasks.

My new country is so vast that there is no lack of work to be done. Thank God the *people* are very religious, *simple*-minded, childlike and with boundless love for their Sovereign and faith in him; so that bad elements and influences take a time before rooting amongst them. But much patience and energy are needed to fight against the wave of discontent which has risen and spreads itself all over the world—is not the End soon coming?

Are you never coming over here? I should be *so* happy to see you and show you our little four-leaved clover. Our girlies are our joy and happiness, each so different in face and character. May God help us to give them a good and sound education and make them above all brave little Christian soldiers fighting for our Saviour.

Alas, I have not much free time, but when I find a spare moment I sit down to read. I am so fond of Boehme and many of the German and Dutch theosophists of the 15th and 16th Centuries—there are such splendours [in them] and they help one on in life, and make everything so much easier to bear. Can you tell me of any English authors, as I know no old Philosophers?

But my letter is becoming too long. May I

hope to hear from you again? It would indeed give me great pleasure.

I remain,

Yrs. sincerely,

ALEXANDRA.

Zarskoe Selo.
Jan. 24th./Feb. 7th, 1913.

DEAR BISHOP,

I hope you do not mind my calling you by the old familiar name. You must excuse me not having answered your kindest of letters any earlier, but I have been so ill again with my heart—the months of physical and moral strain during our Boy's illness brought on a collapse—for seven years I suffer from the heart and lead the life of an invalid most of the time. Thank God our Darling is getting on so well, he has grown very much and looks so strong, and we trust before long to see him on his legs again running about. It was a terrible time we went through, and to see his fearful suffering was heartrending—but he was of an angelical patience and never complained at being ill; he would only make the sign of the Cross and beg God to help him, groaning and moaning from pain. In the Orthodox Church one gives children Holy Communion, so twice we let him have that joy, and the poor thin little face with its big suffering eyes lit up with blessed happiness as the Priest approached him with the Holy Sacrament. It was such a comfort to us all and we too had the same joy—without trust and faith implicit in God Almighty's great wisdom and ineffable love, one could not bear the heavy crosses sent one. You too have gone through such terrible sorrow in the loss of your dear son, and I feel it is this which made you think of us in our anguish. God bless you for your loving Christian friendship, deeply valued as coming as an echo out of the past.

Well do I remember your kind talks to me in Windsor and several letters I had the pleasure of receiving from you.

The school of life indeed is a difficult one, but when one tries to live by helping others along the steep and thorny path one's love for Christ grows yet stronger, always suffering and being almost an invalid, one has so much time for thinking and reading and one realises always more and more that this life is but the preparation to yonder real life where all will be made clear to us. My children are growing up so fast and are such real little comforters to us—the elder ones often replace me at functions and go about a great deal with their Father—they are all five touching in their care for me—my family life is one blessed ray of sunshine excepting the anxiety for our Boy. I do wish you could see them some day!

I am sure you regret having left York[shire] after so many years, but hope that your new nomination may be a pleasant one.

God bless you.

In old friendship,

ALEXANDRA.

Zarskoe Selo.
Jan. 20th/Feb. 2nd, 1915.

DEAR BISHOP,

As there is an occasion for sending a letter to-day, I hasten to thank you for your kind new year's wishes wh. I heartily reciprocate. You cannot think what pleasure it gave me hearing from you—every word from an old friend in times of great sorrow or anxiety acts as balm upon the heart. We can only trust and pray that this terrible war may soon come to an end—the suffering around is too intense. You, who know all the members of our family so well, can under-

stand what we go through—relations on all sides, one against the other. And the gross disappointment of seeing a country morally sinking into such depths, as Germany has, is bitter to behold. It is all so wonderful! And France, where systematically the government was trying to crush out the influence of Church and Religion, has been obliged to get Priests for the army. Well certainly, prayer and work alone can help one through such times of sorrow.—You kindly asked after our children, thank God they are keeping well; the two eldest daughters help me very much nursing the wounded, dressing their wounds, looking after their families, and so forth. I overtired my heart again, so had to give up my hospital work for some time and I miss it sorely. It does one no end of good being with those brave fellows—how resignedly they bear all pain and loss of limbs! "Christ suffered, so we must suffer too" —many such a word do you hear from the lips of a suffering soldier. But I must close my letter now. Kindly remember my dear ones and me in your prayers, and believe me,

Yrs. sincerely,
ALEXANDRA.

The Bishop became Clerk of the Closet to H.M. Edward VII. in 1903, and preached on a number of occasions at Sandringham. The King treated him with consistent kindness. The two following letters indicate their cordial relations:—

Sandringham.
December 27, 1902.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,

Accept my warmest thanks for the beautiful edition of *La Vita Nuova di Dante* with the charming illustrations by Rapitti, which I am

delighted to be the possessor of; also for your kind letter with all your "Season's Greetings," which I reciprocate most heartily—the pretty card.

This has indeed been a wonderful year for me—which is now rapidly approaching its close—and I cannot be sufficiently grateful for God's mercy in having preserved my life during my dangerous illness and enabled me to be the principal actor in that solemn and interesting ceremony this summer.

The illustrious archbishop who performed so important a part on that occasion has just passed away. He was a great man who will, I feel sure, be justly appreciated for his straightforward qualities and kindliness of heart! His name will always be found in the pages of Ecclesiastical History as one worthy of being always remembered.

This year has now passed away without losing another member of our family. We all rejoice at the birth of a fourth grandson as it is a great joy to his Parents, and I thank you most warmly for your congratulations.

I ask your acceptance of the enclosed calendar, and that the coming year will give you strength to continue your arduous duties is the fervent wish of

Yours very sincerely,
EDWARD R.

Sandringham.
December 27, 1903.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF RIPON,

Many thanks for your kind letter and good wishes for Xmas, which I reciprocate most heartily.

Let me also thank you for your pretty verses and for the very interesting engraving you obtained

at Paris, which I am very glad to possess as it will always remind me of my first visit with my beloved Parents and eldest sister to that beautiful and interesting city in 1855 when I was a boy. The engraving was taken in that year when we visited the Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugénie during the first International Exhibition held at Paris! At that time we were great allies with the French, and I am glad to think that we are so again now and that our endeavours may be for maintaining peace—and preventing other countries from going to war, which would indeed be a sad commencement of the New Year which is so close at hand!

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD R.

The Bishop prepared an interesting memorandum for the King on the functions of the ecclesiastical members of the Royal Household and the relation of the chaplains to the Dean of the Chapels Royal and to the Clerk of the Closet, which appears to have cleared up certain questions of precedence and to have led to a clearer definition of duties.

On February 20, 1905, the Bishop had an interview with the King at Buckingham Palace in Order to receive instructions for his approaching visit to Berlin. He is bidden to assure the Emperor that he will find in the King "a kind relative and true friend desiring the interests of friendship."

"We cannot control the Press in either country, but," added the King, "it is more easy to do so in Germany than here."

On May 3, 1910, the Bishop, as Clerk of the Closet, saw King Edward alive for the last time. The King had fixed the day for a newly appointed Bishop to do homage. His Clerk of the Closet writes:

"The King went through the little ceremony with his usual grace and cordiality, but I felt that it needed more effort on his part than usual. He was pale and looked fagged; but his kindliness did not desert him. When the formal function was over and the new Bishop rose from his knees, the King addressed him in a few sympathetic words. 'You have a large diocese,' he said to the Bishop, 'and a great many parishes in it,' and then, with a half-humorous air he said, 'and some of them are not as good as they ought to be,' and he looked at me as he added, 'We know that, don't we?' I admitted the truth. Then the King said to the newly made Bishop: 'They will need a firm hand.' This closed the interview. We bowed ourselves out. It was the last time I saw him alive. It was a Tuesday. On the Friday night he passed away."

After the death of King Edward, the Bishop was appointed Clerk of the Closet to H.M. King George V., and took part in his Coronation in June, 1911, which he describes in a somewhat subjective way in a letter to Dr. Pulleine, Bishop of Richmond:

14, Wilton Street, S.W.
June 27, 1911.

My very dear Bishop,

At last I have a free moment to write and wish you all good health and reinvigoration through your holiday. The great day is over with its fatigues and its splendour and its joy. It

was a day very wonderful and very grateful to many hearts. There was widespread happiness; the crowds moved about smiling and expectant: there was no disorder: and at the end of the day few, very few cases of intemperance. Everything spoke well for the morale of the multitude.

The service in the Abbey was, of course, impressive: that is the natural and almost conventional word, to use; but it means something more than that the ceremonial was stately and the assembly decorous and splendidly clad; it means that there was a veritable feeling of reverence and godly regard which diffused itself throughout at any rate the worshippers who were near to the centre and theatre of the scene.

A German remarked to me that the evident earnestness of the King and Queen during the service was striking and felt by all. It was more than a great pageant; there was prayer or the spirit of prayer all through. The most touching moment was (as it struck me) the moment when the boy Prince of Wales did his homage to his Father; he is a shy lad, but he came forward bravely, knelt at the lowest step of the throne—declared his homage—rose and went up the remaining steps, touched the crown on his father's head, kissed him on the left cheek according to the custom as he passed, the king drew him to him and kissed him. It was pretty and natural; it wrought strongly on me; for I could not keep back the memory of the grandfather and great-grandmother of the little lad who did homage with such simple grace; it was wonderful to think how like a dream the great reign of the great queen had gone, and the eventful reign of the late king and that the weight of empire had fallen into younger hands and that people were speculating whether the great ceremony which

had drawn so many thousands together were destined to be the last coronation in English History. And yet here was the great gathering of loyal British folk ; men of might and leading were collected in numbers : the great men of the Empire were there and all seemed stable, strong and instinct with genuine loyalty—yet so seemed the States-General in France on the Eve of the Revolution. Happily, however, England is not France, and there is a sobriety of wisdom in English character. The whole ceremonial went off without any serious failure ; indeed, it proceeded with marvellous smoothness and the little infractions of ordained orders were very few and quite insignificant. Once there was a pause—we had gone forward to "lift" the king into his throne ; the anthem had commenced during which the homage was to be done to the newly enthroned king. The first homage was the Homage of the Church—the Archbishop of C. was to lead the way. We waited while the Archbishop paused at the foot of the throne ; people began to wonder at the delay ; but it was explained when we knew that the King had said, "Let me be quiet here for a moment"—a fine instinct, which could only be expected and obeyed.

I had, as you know, to carry the Bible—I found early in the day what a sore and grievous burden had been put upon me ; when it was handed over to me together with the somewhat solid and weighty cushion, I began to ask myself whether I could carry it till the moment when I could hand it over to the Archbp. I placed it on the ground while we waited ; at last the procession began to move forward, and I picked up my burden, and assuming what nonchalant gravity I could I stepped onward, flanked by the Bishops of London and Winchester, both happier than I

in the lighter burdens of paten and chalice. I felt that the procession—slow and stately up the length of the Nave and Choir would be a test of endurance: I knew that the moment we halted the sense of weight would be increased. To use Milton's words (but don't apply them too narrowly) "Nathless I so endured" till we reached the Northwest corner of the Sanctuary, where we were bound to stand till the King had been presented to his loyal subjects for their recognition: East and South, West and North, the challenge to recognise and acknowedge the King was given, and East and South and West and North declared their recognition and acceptance of their lawful sovereign by crying, "God save King George"; and all through the short ceremony, which to me seemed long, I had to stand, feeling the burden of the Bible and cushion growing continuously heavier: the muscle of my arms began to twitch; I shifted the position by my hands, but the untried muscles which were thus brought into play cried out against the imposition. But I had said to myself, "the matter must be seen through and there must be no failure," and so it came to pass that I was able without mishap to hand the great red-bound Bible into the Archbishop's keeping. But after I had parted with it, my hands and forearms shook and trembled for some 20 minutes, I think, and even as much as three hours later I felt the tremor in my muscles. So you see there were minor tragedies veiled beneath the stately solemnity. But I must cease my chatter and send you our love and all good wishes.

Ever yours affectionately,
W. B. Ripon.

I had the pleasure of spending part of the afternoon of the Coronation Day with the Bishop

in his house in Wilton Street. He had invited some of the old Ripon students to tea. He certainly seemed none the worse for his heroic exertions, and I do not think that he even referred to them. I remember his speaking of the cope he had worn. I think it had recently been presented to the Ripon Diocese by the second Lord Masham. Then he said, "You like a bit of ritual, Major, we will have the cope out." So the cope was produced, and directed by the Bishop one of our old members (Mr. Lamplugh) put it on and walked the length of the drawing-room in it.

In 1912 he was made a Knight of the Victorian Order.

The following letters indicate his happy relations with the present sovereign :—

Marlborough House.
May 28th, 1910.

My dear Bishop,

Your most kind and beautifully expressed letter of the 7th inst. touched me to the heart and was a comfort in those first hours of my great and overwhelming sorrow. Thank you most sincerely for all you have said. You are indeed right, the burden of my new responsibilities is heavy, but the sympathy and the prayers of my people will be not only a consolation, but help to me. No one knows better than you, all I have lost. Thanking you and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter once more most warmly,

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
George R.I.

Sandringham, Norfolk,
Jan. 21, 1913.

My dear Bishop,

I thank you for sending me the verses which you wrote on the Union Jack for your grandson. My children will read them with great interest. They ought to have them in every school. Alas, in these days it is most necessary that patriotism should be taught to every child and what the Empire means to them. . . . I was so pleased to see you here the other day and that your health is quite restored again.

Believe me, my dear Bishop,
Very sincerely yours,
George R.I.

Sandringham.
Dec. 23rd, 1917.

My dear Bishop,

I hasten to send you a line to express my best thanks for your kind letter with all its good wishes for Xmas and for the little ash-tray which you have so kindly sent me. We are indeed passing through difficult and critical times, but I feel sure that the country is sound and will rise to the occasion and that before long we shall have a settled and honourable peace.

The Queen and I have come down here with the family for a little change and rest.

With all good wishes for Xmas and the New Year 1918,

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
George R.I.

The last letter from the Princess Louise offers consolation to one who had been her consoler.

Roseneath, Dunbartonshire, N.B.
25th Sept., 1915.

DEAR BISHOP,

I did not like writing to you the first few days of your great grief and loss, as I knew how overwhelmed you would be and I felt it would be an intrusion, but pray believe me my sympathy for you is very deep. I remember but a little over a year ago when you kindly helped that all might be fitting and devout at the Abbey for my dear husband. Little did I think then that you were to be stricken in the same way so soon. God knows best and He will help. But the sorrow, the loneliness, the desolation is none the less severe, only He gives us courage to go on which we otherwise would not have—therefore as I know this awful desolation so terribly well, I can with all my heart feel for you.

Then no one will understand or feel more than you the departed one's nearness and power of helping. May you get comfort and strength given you in your sorrow.

Your dear book *The Communion of Prayer* is always my companion and support.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

LOUISE.

It is probable that those who do not believe in the political philosophy of Edmund Burke and know as little of human nature as they do of English History may question whether any good purpose can be served by such incongruous persons as Court Chaplains, and the memoirs of Mr. Pyle may seem to support their doubts.* Some

* *Edmund Pyle: Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain.* (Chaplain to George II.) Annotated and edited by A. Hartshorne (1905).

acquaintance, on the other hand, with the manifold and beneficent activities of Boyd Carpenter as a Court Chaplain, combined with the reflection that the creation and maintenance of good feeling and mutual understanding between different classes is an extraordinarily important function in a State, will provide sound reasons for believing that the position of a Court Chaplain is really neither incongruous nor useless. Like most difficult positions the holder of it has in many cases not simply to perform functions, but to create duties and discharge them conscientiously. Boyd Carpenter did much of this creative duty.

To be a good Court Chaplain, as to be a good anything else, one must have the temperament for it. Undoubtedly Boyd Carpenter had the right temperament for a Court Chaplain. His last message to his sovereign, "Sir, I send you my loyal love," showed that. It summed up and expressed that spirit of ardent and sincere devotion which he felt to the Royal Family during the forty years that he was privileged to serve them as an ambassador of Christ.

CHAPTER XI

AS MYSTIC

" Proclaim the faults he would not show :
Break lock and seal : betray the trust :
Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THERE was the side which Boyd Carpenter turned towards his fellow-man and there was another side of himself which he turned towards God. When his portrait was presented to him and many kind things were said, the Bishop reminded his auditors of the three John Smiths. " The man the world thinks him to be, the man he thinks himself to be, and the man he really is."

The side of himself which the Bishop turned to men was the first. William Boyd Carpenter the eloquent preacher, the charming host, the gifted bishop, and so on. The man to be admired and envied.

The second was the side he turned to God. How very different it was! The Bishop kept a very private and intimate diary. To some strong and taciturn natures it may seem strange that he did so, but he had the æsthetic temperament. To be moved, immediately compelled him to self-expression. Here he is seen not joyous and

accomplished, but weak, suffering, anxious, conscious of sin and imperfection, scrutinising his motives, confessing his failures, craving forgiveness and strength. The private diary indicates that he was in the truest sense a *religious* man—that there was for him a *bond* between himself and God. It shows that religion was for him the deepest thing in life—the realest and most fundamental of human experiences. In all the great crises of his life he came near to God. There is a phrase in the *Psalms:* "Roll it upon Jehovah." It was what Hezekiah did with Sennacherib's letter. It was what Boyd Carpenter did with all his troubles. The diary is much too intimate, as it is much too long, for publication. It extended over thirty-four years—from July 24, 1884 to October 23, 1918.

It is full of his family relationships, and when the nearest and dearest of earthly ties were severed by death the entries in the diary are poignant and not for any human eye. With the thought of God—and how true is this to fundamental religious experience, whether of primitiveor civilised man!—is bound up the thought of the dead. The Bishop was twice married, and his devotion to and dependence on both his wives was remarkable. Moreover, his devotion to the first, "my darling Tricksey," did not weaken with the growth of his devotion to the second. Many passages consist of meditations on his first wife's grave at Highgate, which he visited on the anniversaries of her marriage-day and death-day up to the time of his own death. Illness or some other cause occasionally compelled non-observance of

these days—but very seldom. In this devotion to the dead one sees a link between him and Queen Victoria, as it was also a link between the Queen and her great Poet Laureate.

Under September 28, 1884, Ripon, he relates memories of his wedding.

"Twenty years ago—O God, my God—it seems but yesterday. What a dream is life! I drop into truisms. But these trite things are not bald or tame when seen through the light of love and memory. . . . There is the house and there the church—the children's eager faces around the path and garden—the service is over—the handfuls of flowers are being flung at our feet—we walk up and down the old familiar garden paths—the sun is shining—within the guests looking at the presents . . . but we walk up and down outside the windows, amid the sunlight and within sound of the birds. It is our wedding-day—it is twenty years ago. . . . O God, on this my wedding-day—knit up the broken threads of my life—knit me to Thee and to her who is with Thee—make me follow her in faith and patience. . . ."

Under January 17, 1887, Ripon, he writes:

"Ten years, O my little darling—Ten years ago—Should you come to us, we would welcome you and you should be Queen again. . . . O darling! darling, you are not forgotten. . . . This day we lost you—yet I think you seem less far away: I have learned to think of all life as in God. . . ."

And so on from year to year her wedding-day and death-day are commemorated with moving

expressions of unchanging devotion. Often the Bishop breaks into verse in which he addresses her :

> " And will you know and welcome me
> And claim me as your own,
> Or will you in your larger life
> My poor life have outgrown ?
> Ah no ! Ah no ! all live to God,
> In Him—life, love abide,
> Your larger life—my lesser life
> His love sets side by side."

Pressed flowers and sprigs of yew from her grave intersperse the pages of the diary.

For May 20, 1914, written June 27, 1914, occurs this entry :

" This sprig I plucked from my darling's grave on May 20—the 50th Anniversary of our engagement. Maude went with me. . . . All my thoughts were of those sunny days in Tetsworth, when Tricksey and I played croquet, and then on the eventful day in the drawing-room, shy and tongue-tied, we agreed to wed. Too shy even to kiss her, I was : so sacred a thing was a kiss, for except my mother and aunt I had never kissed a woman."

Possibly such entries are much too intimate to be printed—but they reveal a side of the Bishop's nature which should not be ignored. Strong, pure, loyal family affection played no small part in his life. He not only loved, but he needed love. He lived for love. The words engraved on the tomb of Charles Kingsley might as appropriately have been engraved on that of William Boyd Carpenter : *Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus.*

After his second wife's death comes the entry:

"*Sept.* 5, 1915.—Oh! what great troubles didst Thou show me! The day is bright; the Sabbath-quiet is on the streets. I was at the early service in the Abbey: entering, I saw Margaret in the pew before me. . . . God, my Father still and always, Thy love has taken my loved one; and my life is cleft in twain: and yet somehow there has come to me the sense of thankfulness, the assurance as if from a friend that all is well. . . . We laid her remains in the cloister of the Abbey on Sat., Sept. 4. All was quietly and peacefully done. Without Harry's * help I should have been lost indeed. The love of the children has been a wonderful comfort to me —God, I thank Thee!

". . . We had the service, as I had wished—not the long wonderful but somewhat tedious argument of 1 *Cor.* xv., but *John* xiv. 1–7, preceded by the glorious passage of *Wisdom* iii., 'The souls of the Righteous.' For Psalms we had 128—our Wedding-Day Psalm and *Psalm* 23. The last hymn was John Monsell's 'I think of Thee'—I found it in the collection at Riversea, and I read it to her the last night: I read also *John* xiv. 1–7. The two verses of Matthew Arnold's 'Calm soul of all things,' I found in the Hymn Book at Riversea, and we both had read it together and liked it well. Oh! the calm resigned trust of my dear Childie.† How beautifully she ripened in character—Christ-like and sympathetic with such practical sympathy!"

"*Dec.* 4, 1915.—It is Douglas' ‡ wedding day. . . . O dear Lord, dear Lord, my heart is sad and

* His eldest son.

† His name for his second wife.

‡ His youngest son who fell on the Western front. The son of his second wife.

broken with the weariness of this lonely sorrow. . . . Douglas is married. O dear Childie, dear Childie, how we missed you to-day!"

"*April* 17, 1916.—Our wedding-day—thirty-three years ago. Dear, dear Childie mine. . . . Oh! the wonder as I look back—the wonder of your dear love."

"*Sept.* 2, 1916.—Minnie * came to town with me. After my arrival, when we had had tea, we went out to get flowers to lay on my darling's tombstone. We returned home just before six: a telegram was on the hall table: I opened it and read sympathy on the death of dear Douglas. Only that morning I had had a letter from him saying that he was well and speaking of the time when he would be able to tell us all that he was not allowed to speak of then. It was a blow which left me unable to understand or believe the news. . . . Dear, dear Douglas—simple-hearted, thoughtful, unselfish. . . . One thing came to my memory—a few days ago as I was meditating—there came to me a sudden burst of music and my feeling was they are glad in heaven, and I thought of my dear Childie Maude. What day was it this experience came to me? Was it on Tuesday the 29th? The day when dear Douglas fell in action, as the War Office telegram, which arrived on Sept. 1, told us.

"Once before I heard the music. It was in 1877 as I walked up the Holloway Rd. my heart aching for the dear child wife, Tricksey, whom I had just lost."

"*April* 1, 1917.—When I came back from Church, I heard that God had taken my dear brother Archie.† I dare not think—I am the last

* His daughter, the wife of Canon Tollinton of Tendring.

† The Rev. Archibald Boyd Carpenter, Rector of St. Olave's, and formerly of St. George's, Bloomsbury.

left of the old home. They want me to give up preaching to-night, but I have promised, and somehow it seems easier to go on, and besides, should a personal grief interfere and cause trouble to others? O my Father, sustain me; help me to do some little good somehow and to some poor children of Thine before my end comes."

"*Jan.* 24, 1918.—Forty-one years ago to-day we laid my Tricksey's little body in the grave at Highgate. . . . O dear God, make me so to grow up in likeness to Thee that I may not in that other world be far from her."

The Private Diary abounds with confessions to God and prayers for strength and guidance. He confesses that he has been vain and ambitious, and yet it is hard to see when or how he was guilty of yielding to these temptations. His confessions, although he would not so have regarded them, are largely his justification. He writes under July 24, 1884:

"But my heart reproaches me—Did I not try to shape my course for favour? Did I not often think of things which ambition dreams of, or which friends told me were sure to be? O God, I am a weak poor creature—I write as in Thy sight—I have had strong ambitions—Yes, O God, my Lord—I confess—I deplore—I repent—I hate these vain thoughts and did try and leave all to Thee—I did try to fight them down—and I yielded, I yielded—I was beaten often, often—I will not hide that truth—I was vain and foolish—Yet, God my Father, I did strive to go back to Thee—to escape those empty thoughts—I did believe in Thy Providence and wisest knowledge—I never sought, I never asked for anything—and this

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER.

From the Portrait by Hugh Riviere in Ripon Hall, Oxford.

[*i.e.* the Bishopric of Ripon] I hardly dreamed of. It was not in nature not to think of something when Mr. Gladstone came to Church—and people chattered. But in truth, O Lord, Thou knowest that I did most desire that Thou shouldest rule and settle my life for me—And, O God, what I most have wished Thou hast withheld from me—and where I never thought to go there Thou didst send me. I wished for Beckenham—Thou deniedst it me—I bless Thee. I wished for Blundellsands—Thou didst send me to Maidstone. I hated going—but Thou didst send me—I bless Thee! I wished for Windsor—Thou didst keep me from it—I bless Thee. I wished for Kensington, when it seemed likely to be put before me—it was not Thy will—I bless Thee. Thou didst send me here—I bless Thee. I should have liked Windsor again—it was not Thy will—I bless Thee. I see Thy hand in withholding what I wished, and in giving what I wished not—I bless Thee. . . .

"And now, O mighty, gracious God—forgive the wasted, unprofitable, sinful, dark hours of the past—Make me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me—Give me the true wisdom that I may know how to go in and out among Thy people and to deal well, wisely, justly, lovingly to all. Make me to grow like to Thy Dear Son—in His strength alone I can go—He is my life—Make me to go in His Mind of truthfulness, gentleness, righteousness, and love. . . . For the future I leave all to Thee—my children, my darling Maude, my affairs, my means—all must be in Thy hands."

These prayers and meditations—communings with God, examinations of self, outpourings of prayerful affection for his loved ones—pen in hand, unveil a life striving to be hid with Christ

in God; a soul seeking to dwell in heavenly places, and drawing strength and consolation from the spiritual world: they reveal the secret of his tireless energy and wide influence. It comes out clearly in the following prayers :—

"*Dec.* 22, 1884, *Ripon.*—O God, the Father of Light and Wisdom, make me to be full of Thy Light, and to this end give me diligence in study of right and truth. O Thou, whose word is everywhere and in all things, give me a wide and clear understanding of Thy ways. Enable me to be a True Teacher. Waken my dull heart. Enkindle within me an ardent zeal. Bestow on me a calm judgment that I may know how to go out and come in among Thy people."

"*July* 25, 1886, *Ripon, My Consecration Day.* —O consecrate me afresh, my God. Make my thoughts to be consecrated thoughts, and my motives all holy—Renew my will. Give me to be ever under Thy Influence and ready to respond to Thy Spirit. Help me to live each day in Thee. Amen."

He felt too dependent on human society.

"*Aug.* 18, 1886, *Ripon.*—My God and Father, . . . I know that it is needful for me to learn to live alone, and to stand alone, to be without friendships which I should love to have."

"*March* 17, 1887, *Ripon.*—O God, Who art great, and hast been my God these many years —be my light and my guide—Enable me to be the thing Thou meanest me to be. I am afraid of being a man of my own fashioning—formed by a latent pressure of selfhood or selfishness—instead of being Thy man and Thy servant!"

"*Chichester Bishopric. Oct.* 30, 1895, *Ripon.*—

Lord! help me. I need wisdom. I go to London to-morrow to enquire about Chichester, the bishopric of which has been offered to me. I ask Thee, O Lord, who hast been more than good to me, to give me wisdom. Show me some token of Thy Will. Wherever Thou wouldest have me be, there would I wish to be. . . ."

"*Nov.* 4, 1895.—I have decided to stay. My heart was to go. I longed for the sunny south, the quicker moving and keener-minded life of London, the comradeship of the congenial spirits of the great heart of England. . . . I distrusted my inclination and nothing came to second it. Here was the harder and heavier work. . . .

> "Guide Thou my feet—choose Thou my way,
> Mete out my duty day by day,
> Let not the past bring forth regret,
> Let me not dream of joys not yet,
> But live and love the daily task,
> And find in duty all I ask."

"*Death of Queen Victoria. Jan.* 28, 1901, *Ripon.*—O great Father, my heart is sore smitten . . . a dear, kind, thoughtful Friend, who filled so large a place in my life, has gone. I called her Queen since the time I began to speak. I saw her when I was eight . . . for the last quarter of a century I have been brought into contact with her, being privileged to render her such poor service as I could offer. . . . No blow since I lost my darling wife has smitten me like this. There are so very few on whose kindness—faithful kindness I can safely rely, and she was one."

"*Sept.* 25, 1909.—Forty-five years ago I was ordained deacon—God forgive me my weaknesses and my forgetfulness. The changes which seem

impending in my life are like the closing of the book in one sense—What shall I write? I have left undone the things which I ought to have done, and have done the things which I ought not to have done."

"*Sept.* 29, 1909.—The question of the offer of the Mastership of my old college is brought near: to-day the final letters arrived. May God guide us! I dread going: I dread staying."

"*Aug.* 14, 1911.—On Friday I saw Mr. Asquith and intimated my wish to resign Ripon: to-day I sent a letter to the King to ask his permission to do so. . . . The offer of a canonry at Westminster came to me on Sept. 25, 1911, and so my wish for a platform was granted—God is good."

"*Sept.* 11, 1912.—To-day we leave for America. . . . One thing I desired most of all—love—and this He has given me: so that round me as the days of life close in, a glad sea of love does encompass me.

> "They who feign would serve Thee best
> Are conscious most of wrong within."

"*July* 7, 1911, *Riversea.*—If I were to write down my chief fault, I should call it timidity. Always have I been so, shrinking from action—with strange misgivings—and yet ought it to have been so? . . . Ah! my Lord, forgive me my lack of courage."

"*July* 10, 1911, *Riversea.*—I have been reading my chronicles written 50 years ago. I want to be honest. Are they, though weak, yet marked by more ardour than my heart can feel now? They read to me as though the emotions of piety were more fervent—as though there were less worldliness of aim than I could claim now. My longing now, if I know myself, is to be of service—it is self which has mingled in all that I have ever done."

"*Aug.* 30, 1918, *Westminster.*—I have come up from Riversea* for work, but also, I think, for work which will take off our minds from the sad memories of these days of the anniversaries of loss (Aug. 20–Sept. 1).

"Eileen † is with me, and our joint sorrows linked by these near anniversaries have been a tender bond of sympathy between us. Dear Lord and Comrade Divine through years of sorrow, and alas! of sin—my heart has been sad and my soul storm-tossed of late."

The last entry is on Oct. 23, 1918, Westminster.

"This one record of God's goodness. I prayed that Hester ‡ might find a home. The prayer is answered and I have heard what makes me happy about her husband.

"I have prayed for the end, being oh so willing to go—And I think He is answering my prayer.

"But I want to send messages to my dear ones."

His last letter was written to his third daughter, Mrs. F. E. Wentworth-Sheilds, on what he knew was his death-bed, but with characteristic consideration he makes no reference to it.

6, Little Cloisters, Westminster.
Oct. 17th, 1918.

MY DEAR, DEAR MOLLY,

How I wish you were to be with us to-morrow! for then I would have given you a Birthday Kiss. You must forgive a line in pencil written in bed, but it is a little line sending you

* His house on the Dart in Devonshire.

† Mrs. Douglas Boyd Carpenter (widow of his youngest son), now Mrs. Cecil Pelly.

‡ His youngest daughter, Mrs. A. MacCallan.

dear love and greetings. O my dear, dear child, I dare not go back over the memories of the 50 years since you came a welcome guest into our home; but there are many many sweet and loving memories of those years. But I can say, my darling, that every day I find myself thanking God for the love and helpfulness you have brought into my life. Don't let Frank be jealous of this, for he and you are one in the happy friendship you bring to me.

There—I must stop. Eileen forbids me a pen: she thinks a pencil means less exertion. God bless you, my darling.

Ever loving O. D.

W. Boyd Carpenter.

After relating his friendships with the great ones of the earth in *Some Pages of My Life* and *Further Pages of My Life*, the Bishop concludes with a chapter headed "The Greater Friendship." He writes:

"I wonder whether I can tell the story of a wonderful friendship which has been mine, and which lies, like the scenery of the stage, unchanged, behind the busy activities and entrances and exits of the actors? It has been like the sky, which is always there, no matter what scenes have been enacted below. It has been like my own identity —something which is the same, whether my years were few or many. I can hardly tell when it began, but it must have been when I was very young that I first became aware of this friendship —not that I called it or could have called it friendship, for I was too young to know what friendship meant: but nevertheless early, very early, the feeling of a comradeship to which I might turn came to me. . . ."

"'Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not,' wrote the Wise Man of the East, and as I look back upon this friendship which so gently and gradually disclosed itself to me, I feel that though it was always personal to me, yet that it was, at least in spirit, an inherited friendship. It came with a kind of unspoken assurance that it was no new thing, sprung suddenly upon my life. . . .

"He said to me, 'There is a path which can gratify desire, but there is a path in which you can be helpful; the choice is before you, and the choice must be your own.' And so it came to pass, chiefly, I think, because I feared to tread the path of my desire, I chose the path he spoke of; for I had learned to trust him, and I did not trust myself. Thus the whole scope and prospect of my life was changed. I cannot say that any new enthusiasm possessed me for the path which was then chosen. It was perhaps a dread of following my own wish, a fear lest I should be swallowed up in the lower ambitions of life: it was a choice made by my will under the influence of the will of a friend whom I had learned to trust, and whose friendship was becoming more distinctly personal to me. . . .

"I know that whatever may happen to other friendships, this friendship will not fail. There has been no demonstrativeness in it, though it has brought me times of superlative gladness—a gladness calm, peaceful, and heart-sufficing. Its virtues have been its constancy, its tenderness, and its sanity. Thus it has had a character of its own, and it fills me with a confidence that I may rely upon it to the last; and perhaps when that wondrous hour comes when the road leads down the last slope which all must follow, and I come near to the dark waters over which the evening

mists lie thick, I shall find that true, faithful friend will be near at hand to give me a last word of cheer and perhaps a first word of welcome, when I set my foot upon the shore which is so far off and yet so near."

His Private Diary is really the story of some aspects of that unseen spiritual friendship which was the source and inspiration of his daily life. It was that spiritual presence in his life, and his awareness of it, which endowed him with moral and spiritual sensitiveness. Though he moved in the society of the great world and shared many of its interests and pleasures, yet it was this spiritual presence which made him ever aware that though in the world, he was not of the world. A little poem written by him many years before his death expresses the inner side of that world-renunciation of his which never manifested itself either in Puritanical prejudices or in conventional asceticism in his outward life:

O restless, eager, greedy world,
You have no power o'er my heart,
For in a region far from you
I dwell apart.

I hate your crooked feet and eyes,
Your narrow brows, your clutching palm,
Your hungry, spiteful, travelled tongue,
The foe of calm.

The skies of God embrace His worlds,
His stars look down on every night,
But on your vexed and troubled eyes
They shed no light.

For madness lives within your brain,
And fever burns within your heart;
From your hot breath, which withers good,
Doth peace depart.

O world! much less than vanity—
For vanity is empty breath—
The breath you breathe is worse than nought,
For it is death.

There is a power can lift the soul
Above this empty, deadly strife:
God's love to us, and ours to Him,—
For that is life.

Hence comes the strength which never tires,
The patient love, too great for scorn;
Who drinketh deep from out this Fount
Is ne'er outworn.

APPENDIX I

MEMORIES OF HER FATHER

By Mrs. Tollinton

Amongst early remembrances is one that stands out a good deal. My father was one of those who always worked before breakfast, and in those days, at Holloway in the north of London, he always used the drawing-room as his study : with eight children the third sitting-room was turned into a schoolroom for the elder children, while the nursery was left to the younger ones. We always went into the drawing-room before breakfast to see him, and he used to draw for each of us a picture of some kind ; mostly caricatures of people, odd-looking creatures rather after the style of drawings in Lear's Book of Nonsense Rhymes. There was generally some funny remark or rhyme written underneath. He used to try our powers of self-control by putting us in a row and making funny remarks and odd grimaces to see who would give way first : of the whole tribe only one of us was ever able to withstand his powers of mimicry and general funniness. I remember well one dialogue, during which we had to attempt to keep a straight face, the questioner appearing convulsed with grief in the beginning :

" The King of Morocco is dead."
" Is he ? Poor man. Where's the messenger that brought the news ? "
" He's taking off his boots and putting on his shoes."

His way of saying the last sentence in answer to our question about the messenger was so different each time

that we were never found prepared with sufficient seriousness.

One of us always walked to church with him on Sunday morning, and my own memory of his silence thro' the walk and the pace he set, which generally resulted in my having to trot the whole way, is very vivid: to the end of his days he retained his quickness in this respect, and one felt a general sense of impatience in him when he had to walk more slowly; he liked to be quick over everything that he did.

After my mother's death we were all sent to live at the seaside for over a year in consequence of delicacy in one or two members of the family. His visits to us there were always a great pleasure, and in the summer-time, when he and his brother were there together, they would often bring a rug up on the downs, and then each child in turn was placed in the rug, holding two corners round its waist, and the other two ends were taken by my father and uncle, who then rushed down the side of the downs as fast as they could, causing quite a delirious delight to each child in turn: one imagines it must have been rather an exhausting process for them.

He was fond of writing plays in the holidays: these were acted sometimes by the two brothers only, one taking the part of a woman; a shallow bath on one occasion, having been painted as a clock, being placed on the mantelpiece to point to a terribly late hour; nearly always a song was introduced, the words of which were sung to well-known tunes. When we were older we had to act in the plays ourselves and sing. I remember the verse of one song which was sung by my eldest sister, she being the heroine of the piece and my eldest brother the hero:

"George, is it true you are going away,
Leaving your Ruth for many a day?
But courage and faith will bear us through,
If every day we be thrifty and true.
Chorus. Thrifty and true, thrifty and true,
If every day we be thrifty and true."

Before my mother died it was the custom for the older members of the family to repeat at the end of breakfast Latin declensions, and the words *Mensa* and *Dominus* are always accompanied in my mind by the vision of the breakfast table where my mother sat at the head, and he always round the corner beside her and not at the other end of the table. He had at that time a very weak digestion and could only eat certain things, and my mother went to the South Kensington School of Cookery during the last winter of her life in order to help and know how things should be cooked for invalids.

On every Christmas Day at dessert time, to which all who were sufficiently old came down, we were obliged to repeat a piece of poetry chosen by him. I remember learning in this way Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," "Tritemius of Herbipolis," "Ode to the Nativity," parts of "The Faërie Queen," and many other poems; his own memory for poetry was astounding and the range from which he would quote was very wide.

He was a keen swimmer in his young days, and during our stay at the seaside we used all to bathe together, and no roughness of sea deterred him or his brother. I remember one occasion when it was so rough that we children were continually being knocked down by the waves; it was impossible for us to get beyond the breakers; my father took my youngest brother, then about five, in his arms and swam out with him, but the waves were so strong the child was swept out of his arms. It was only a minute or two before he was recovered, but we were frightened. Both he and his brother seemed without any physical fear in their nature, and it was difficult for them to enter into the feelings of some of the children not so happily endowed.

As young men he and his brother used to go for long walking expeditions into Wales from their home in Liverpool. He belonged to the volunteer corps in Cambridge when he was an undergraduate, and was cox of his college boat and very keen about rowing all his life.

He had the same indifference to danger in a boat that he had in swimming. I remember once in Cornwall our being in a boat that was leaking badly, so much so that my stepmother and I, sitting in the steering seat, had to place our feet against the sides of the boat to keep them dry ; he and my eldest sister rowed the boat, and laughed and talked with amusement at my stepmother's anxious face. There was quite half a mile to row; and I remember being very frightened myself and hoping I did not reveal it.

His relations with his elder brother were of an unusual nature : the elder always calling the younger " Mummie," and on every occasion when he needed the help of any one, he would wire to his younger brother to come and see him and ask his advice. The elder brother was one of those highly strung, artistic, and poetic natures, wholly irresponsible, and whenever occasion required sympathy or advice, " Mummie " was sent for.

After he was made Bishop of Ripon attendance at the House of Lords obliged him to be in London for a time and he took a flat in town, and whenever he had a free evening he would go out and walk along the lighted streets, dropping into any old book-shop that we passed, where he would sometimes stand dipping into first one book and then another for an hour at a time, always staying to talk to the owner of the shop, whose interest in the books was often very keen. At other times, we would find out quaint places of worship and go in and listen to all that was going on : Little Bethels, Salvation Army services, upper rooms at the seaside, people preaching in the park, on the seashore, all were of intense interest to him, and he was always ready to sympathise where there was genuine earnestness, even tho' there was little education, and theological knowledge was absent. On one Sunday evening we went to hear Spurgeon at the Tabernacle ; the sermon was on Eli and his sons, and it has left a lasting memory with me. My father was, however, recognised, and an elder or deacon came to ask

him to go on to the platform, so we crept out. On our way home we looked in at another church. I have no idea of its name, but we listened to the last part of a sermon by Cardinal Manning, and the contrast between the two men could not have been more strikingly shown : I can remember now things that Spurgeon said, but not what he was like ; I cannot recall anything that was said by Manning, but can never forget the refined, clear-cut, marble-like face as seen in the pulpit. Another evening we heard General Booth at his headquarters in Oxford Street.

My father's sermons to children preached in Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, were most interesting and eagerly anticipated. At one time I went about with him a great deal in Yorkshire to the Confirmation services ; they were a source of great fatigue to him. Sometimes he would have three in a day and always two during that particular season. It speaks much for his powers of speech and vital earnestness that I could hear the same address six times in succession and still listen to it with interest. I do not think any one could forget the quiet tenderness of his voice as he prayed over each candidate during the long services in big industrial centres, where it was necessary to confirm three candidates at a time in order to avoid undue length of service. Coming home by train, for there were no motors at the time to which I am referring, he would be very worn out and sometimes try to get a little sleep ; at this time he was not a good sleeper, and over-fatigue and meals at different hours and in different houses were apt to upset his normally weak digestion.

One year I went to Ireland with him, and we visited Dublin and Belfast. At the latter place there was a most wonderful meeting in the Town Hall for men only. It was thrilling to see this very big building packed with men ; to hear hymns sung by them, the roar of sound that rose up accompanied by the beautiful organ, and the dead silence in which the m en listened to my father

and the applause at the end. That occasion and the one when he spoke at the Mansion House in London on behalf of the persecuted Jews in Russia stand out in my mind as unique. The Mansion House was crammed; I stood with a friend at the back of the room, very interested in the strange faces of the audience. His speech was long, and I do not think I ever heard him speak like it: it was impassioned and uplifting, and no word in it that could cause bitterness or increase hatred. I can only describe my own impressions of that meeting; it seemed to me that he himself grew physically bigger as he spoke, and when he ended his speech with the verse

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free:
God's truth is marching on,"

it was almost more than one could bear. Such a tornado of enthusiasm and cheering broke out that it was frightening; men waved their hats and yelled, put their hats on sticks and waved them in the air; the applause was so prolonged as to seem unending. I have always looked back to that as the greatest occasion at which I was present in the life of my father as a speaker.

I do not suppose those who heard him speak would have credited him with nervousness, but he was intensely so, and I remember hearing him say that his nervousness was so great that often when he arrived in the pulpit he could remember nothing of what he was going to say, and that he only knew where the text was, but that after giving that out gradually the subject would begin to unroll itself. I often heard him tell people that you must trust your memory and then it would not fail you. He was careful in his preparation of speeches and sermons, making many notes and using a skeleton outline, but once upon his feet he had no need to use them. It was a source of much amusement to us as children to hear

it stated that he wrote out his sermons and learned them by heart. This statement was made from time to time, even being repeated after his death in, I believe, the *Times* obituary notice.

It was, however, entirely without foundation. He wrote a great deal in preparation, but his sermons were not written out in full before delivery, and if, for purposes of printing, he had occasion to write out a sermon afterwards, the task was one he found exceedingly irksome.

From time to time, going about with him, amusing circumstances would arise, as, for instance, when we went to Aske, Lord Zetland's Yorkshire seat. It was the first time I had been there, and while dressing for dinner I heard a knock on my door, and my father came in to say that his knee breeches and apron had not been packed, and he wondered what to do. There was a large house party, and it was a little worrying to find oneself without the proper kit. I asked him what we could do, and he said the silk stockings were there and he thought if we folded the trousers tightly round his legs and pulled these over, letting the trousers hang a little over the knees, it might pass ; so we attempted this in the midst of great merriment, for I laughed till I cried helping him ; and still there was the apron to devise. For this we cut off part of the silk cassock and folded it round him. Fortunately at dinner we were some distance away from each other and in the drawing-room afterwards, for it would never have done to look at one another. I do not think many men would have been found with whom such difficulties were only a matter for amusement, for there was no trace of annoyance on his part.

In Dublin, when I was with him at the Archbishop's house in St. Stephen's Green, I was unable to get a maid to lace up my frock : it was in the days when they laced up all down the back. There were a number of people coming to dinner, and an " At Home " afterwards, and I suppose all the maids were busy ; my father came to my room before going down and found my plight,

and he came to the rescue, but again I was so overcome with laughter at the little gentle pulls he gave and his anxiety as to whether the lace would break: however, all was successful in the end. Any joke or good story that he heard was always brought home by him and retailed to us. His way of telling a story was such that one was bound to laugh and be amused, even if the subject was not such as to cause great amusement if we had simply read it or overheard some one else tell it.

In the evenings at Ripon he would often read to us, Shakespeare very frequently, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and older plays. De Quincy was a favourite author; among poets Browning and Tennyson were often read to us. He always collected short pieces of poetry that pleased him in the newspapers and magazines and brought them home to read to us. "Brer Rabbit" was a great favourite of his. He was a wonderful reader and able to adapt himself to all the different personalities in a play and give us a living interest in them all. At one time backgammon was a game he liked very much, and also bezique. I can remember chess being an intense interest with him. During the interval between my mother's death and his re-marriage he played chess with one of his children each evening, or else whist. He would sometimes be very annoyed if one made a wrong move or played a wrong card; but when he became absorbed in a game of chess he was quite oblivious of time, and I have myself frequently fallen asleep while he was contemplating a move and have been waked up to continue the game. Towards the end of his life bezique was the usual game. He did not like being beaten at a game, and we used to be amused at the way he would say to his opponents who had made very little when adding up the score, "Good" and "Quite good."

He was fond of music, but it was chiefly melody, not harmony, which appealed to him, and having no technical knowledge of the building-up process in music, he naturally was unable to appreciate it as much as he might have done. He liked a good voice, but purity of tone unless accom-

panied by some power of emotion was to him of little value. The violin could be to him such a source of torture that he was never anxious to hear it, though I have known him enjoy the viola and piano together. I have heard him mention the harp with pleasure, and I think it took him back to his young days when his mother played it. It was curious, in one of his sympathetic and æsthetic temperament, that he did not seem to be able to understand the possibility of a pianist feeling himself unable at times to play particular things, or to realise how much depended on mood in music, or that the same song or piece of music should be instinct with feeling at one time, and at another time dead. He was conscious of the difference, but he did not seem able to understand it. He himself had a charming voice, quite untrained, but very pleasant, and we used as children to hear him sing " A wet sheet and a flowing sea," " Wings to bear me over," " Come into the garden, Maud," " What would you do, love ? " " The open window."

He was not by nature a demonstrative man, not even to his children, nor was he a man who naturally understood children, but he depended very much on the affection of those about him and was very susceptible to atmosphere, realising at once by slight indications in people in the way of reserve a difference of opinion even when it was not openly expressed. As his children grew older, they were better able to understand his character and appreciate it. One remark made during the last three years of his life, " that he felt all his children were his friends," illustrates his pleasure at this relationship. I do not think that any of his children felt that he belonged to an elder generation than themselves. During these last three years it was sometimes a pain to hear his expressions of gratitude for any little thing done for him. After he went to Westminster he delighted very much in having room and opportunity for welcoming the different members of his large family who came from so many various parts of the world.

The War was a terrible blow to him, and at the moment of his death one felt sorry to think he had not lived to know of the Armistice, but later on one felt that perhaps it was a mercy, as the great change in the nation as a whole, which became so apparent, was one that would have troubled and disappointed him deeply, and we were glad to think he had been spared that knowledge. He regretted bitterly that he had not accepted an offer made to him by Lord Roberts in the years preceding the war. The offer was that my father should go round the country with Lord Roberts speaking on behalf of the National Service League, hoping to arouse people to the sense of their need for an efficient force to protect their own country in case of war breaking out. At the time of asking he had so much on hand that he felt it impossible, and he mentioned his regret several times as for a missed opportunity.

He was in London during most of the raids, and could never be prevailed upon to stay indoors. He and his daughter-in-law who lived with him used to go out round the Cloisters, and visit those who were congregated in the Norman Crypt. The Westminster boys were always there, and many of those who lived in the Abbey precincts. The Westminster boys spent some of the time in playing chess, which amused him. He used to visit the Dean, who during the raids sat in the Abbey ; and the policemen on duty outside. At one time he and Canon Wilberforce watched the Zeppelins from the Canons' garden with the greatest interest. Beyond the want of sleep he did not seem to feel the strain of the raids as many people did, and I have sometimes wondered whether he was not almost hoping that the end might come to him in that way, for he had undoubtedly a great longing to be gone, and life had become increasingly sad in many ways in these last years. He had lost his wife and felt his strength and powers diminishing, and had no desire to live unless he could continue to work at his best.

He had a prescience if trouble or any great change

in his life was about to occur, and in a diary that he left we read of the different occasions, when some great event was coming into his life, that he " heard music." " I have heard the music again. What does it mean ? " and the next entry would speak of some special occurrence.

During the last year of his life he was intensely interested in finding a suitable house near some University to which the small Theological College he had founded at Ripon could be moved, and he spent days in going from place to place inspecting houses and judging of the possibility of their being transformed into a convenient residence. The College had been closed down during the War, but he felt there would be great need for it when the War was over. Of all his interests, and they were many, this was the nearest to his heart and occupied his thoughts very greatly during those last months, and in his last moments filled his mind. He spoke of it to several of those whom he saw, talking of the aims of the college, and his great desire for men to be trained for the ministry who would combine spirituality of life and outlook with the desire for truth above all things. Unfortunately, he did not live to know of the establishment of the college in Oxford.

He was spared a long illness, being ill less than a fortnight. He had been to speak at a large meeting in the city, and complained of feeling very cold when he got back, the illness beginning with a very bad attack of shivering. The doctor who came the next day pronounced it influenza, and pneumonia developed a few days later, but it was not until about five days before the end that the doctors thought the situation very grave. He died early on Saturday morning, October 26. On the Wednesday previous to that he asked one of his daughters not to try and keep him, and the last entry in a diary which he kept for more than thirty years he wrote, " I have prayed for the end—being oh, so willing to go. And I think He has answered my prayer."

The next day we all marvelled at his mental activity.

He was most desirous to settle all his affairs, so that no difficulties might arise when he was gone; he saw his solicitor and made a slight alteration in his will, and he sent for several people to come and see him. The Archbishop of Canterbury came to say Good-bye to him, and he then commended to his care and interest his beloved College. He wished to see the Dean and Canons of Westminster and also Mrs. Carnegie, of whom he was very fond, but the doctor reminded him that she was not strong, and it would not be wise that she should come, and he said, "Oh no, she's too beautiful to be allowed to run any risk." He dictated some letters. The impression left on one's mind was that of some one in a hurry, who had no time to spare. He asked his children about different people whom he had been in the habit of helping with money, and whether they could still continue to keep up his custom. He was delighted to have a cable from his daughter in Australia sending her love, and wondered at not hearing from his son in Egypt. (At that time private cables were much delayed owing to the needs of the War Office, and my brother did not get the telegram reporting my father's illness in time to cable to him.) He received the sacrament on Thursday, and asked that Canon Charles should administer it; he gave complete directions for his own funeral service. That afternoon he slept a little, but was quite bright and interested when his son-in-law arrived, and he talked again about the College.

He passed a bad night, and his children were with him; so long as he could clasp the hands of some one of them he was quite tranquil and content. When his daughter-in-law, who had gone to lie down for a little and had to be hurriedly called in, came in with her hair all loose, she knelt beside the bed; and my father looking at the beautiful masses said, "Oh, you wonderful thing!" Early on the Friday morning he asked a daughter sitting by him, "What time is it?" and on being told nearly eight o'clock, the Abbey bells ringing for the early cele-

bration, he lay, saying at intervals to himself, " So long, so long. So slow, so slow." The impression of some one hastening to a trysting-place and eager to be there is the only way I can describe what one felt continually during those days. He retained a quaint sense of humour all along, and on the doctor finding him really better on the Friday afternoon and telling him that if he would make an effort, it was thought they could pull him through, he made no reply, but remarked when the doctor had gone, " I am sorry for the doctor, but I can't oblige him." His simple and trusting faith was manifested in his remarks. He said, " Christ has been with me all the way ; He has never left me " ; to one who came in laughing, he said, " At the heart of laughter there is love." He was conscious until almost the end, and it seemed that he heard the music once again as he had done before, for it was as if he were crooning softly in response to some unheard melodies that he passed away.

APPENDIX II

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER

By the Rev. Dr. Samuel Bickersteth
Canon Residentiary of Canterbury

My friendship with him dated from the year 1881, when, as Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, he gave me a title for Deacon's orders at the Trinity Ordination of the Bishop of London (Dr. Jackson). He was not examining chaplain, but had recently been appointed to help at the Ember Seasons by personal interviews with the Ordinands. From that time, for six and a half years, until January 1887, I saw him in closest intimacy, first in London, then in Ripon. Again, during the last six years of his twenty-seven years' episcopate, I was Vicar of Leeds, the chief city in the Diocese of Ripon; and after his resignation of that See, during the last two years of his earthly life, "canonical leisure"—his at Westminster Abbey and mine at Canterbury Cathedral—enabled us to stay with one another and to renew and deepen our friendship.

I well recollect the first interview I had with him in December 1880, at 7, Queen's Gardens, the house he had rented, there being no official Vicarage. I called to answer his letter offering me a curacy at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. I think he was quite as nervous as I felt myself, and I soon discerned that he was never likely to be a hard taskmaster, or in the least overbearing. On the contrary, it struck me that there was something appealing in his manner, as if he hungered for friendship,

and rather wanted some one to cling to. Anyhow, I know that I fell in love with my future Vicar then and there. I asked him about some of the books I was reading for Holy Orders, which evidently he thought rather too conventional. To start him off on such topics was to enjoy a treat, for he was not one of those orators who must have a crowd in order to be eloquent. He was a brilliant and copious talker, and the effect of his loftiest flights of eloquence in the pulpit was equalled, if not excelled, by the inspiring words which he would pour out by his fireside, or during a walk, often causing his hearer's heart to burn within him by the way. Later on I discovered it really helped him when he was working out the argument of some long-premeditated sermon, or say a Bampton Lecture, to walk for an hour or more under the trees in the less public parts of Kensington Gardens, or later in the lanes around the palace at Ripon, while with vivid gesture and apt words he unfolded and emphasised his ideas. If his hearer, remembering that even an anvil is of use on which to hammer out an argument, plied him with hard questions or with criticisms, so much the better was he pleased. It was reward enough to be assured that the time thus spent had refreshed and not fatigued him, and had helped him to beat his music out. At that first interview, one reply of his was characteristic of his innermost spiritual convictions about which he was by temperament and conviction very slow to speak. I had remarked that while I was looking forward to pastoral visiting, house to house, I felt that to stand in the pulpit, especially at Christ Church, would be a terrifying duty. He looked at me, and said, " Why so ? If you have a message to bring to me at any time from any one else, you would try to give it as simply and as accurately as you could, and that is all that preaching really is." I am convinced that this simile expressed his ideal and his practice. When I used to see the Bishop's slight form bowed in prayer upon entering the pulpit, I was sure that his West End congregation, his

University hearers, or maybe three thousand worshippers at Leeds Parish Church, would soon be hearing what he at all events believed to be the message which the Christ had given him for them.

As a trainer of curates the Vicar was not a help to a man who did not make it his business to interpret unexpressed wishes and try to carry them out. He was not a born ruler of others, and seldom gave any detailed instructions or definite plans ; but, on the other hand, if one did anything for him carefully and with intelligence, his thanks were so spontaneous, and sure to be expressed with such charm, that it was a perpetual spur to effort.

Boyd Carpenter was not made to live alone. His sensitive and sympathetic disposition made him sociable and averse to solitude. Which of his intimate friends will not recall the half-eager and wholly wistful air with which he would ask one of them, when perhaps he was only going out to post a letter, or on his way to keep some engagement, " Won't you walk with me ? Are you too busy ? " and then, as you started off, " How delightful ! " If he craved for sympathy, no less surely could he give it, understanding by that word, however, " rejoicing with those who do rejoice " quite as much as sharing in the sorrows of those in anxiety or suffering. My marriage followed my ordination within ten days, and he took the liveliest interest in our first home above a shop in Spring Street which leads up to Paddington Station. He timed a letter to reach me in Oxford where the marriage took place on the morning of the wedding day. As it reveals his heart and shows the relationship which had already knit us to each other, I will give it :

7, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, W.
20th June 1881.

My dear Bickersteth,

I must send you greetings and all good wishes. May God our Father give you the deepest and truest blessings. I shall think of you to-morrow. I need not assure you that my heart and my prayers will be with

you. From out an overshadowed life, I can the more pray God to give you joy, for the sadness of my lost sunshine but serves to make me feel keener sympathy with you now that the sunlight is breaking over your life. I must not write more, nor venture on words of counsel; your mutual love and your common faith will give you silent and wiser counsel than all the most friendly homilies. One word only may I say—Choose some portion of the Bible to read together on your Wedding Day and on each anniversary as it recurs. It will give you the power of sweet remembrance when years of change have swept in between you and the joyous morrow. Forgive the suggestion. I give it out of my own memory. Take this bit out of my life. On the evening of the glad day of love we read the 23rd Psalm. As years came by we read it. It became full of meaning; it spoke subtle counsels; it struck the keynote of our life together. On another evening we read it together, and the words have grown and deepened in their meaning to my sense. But I must stay. May God give you His Presence, and keep you in His love till your lives end.

Ever yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER.

It is not surprising that he won our enthusiastic admiration and stirred within us a loyal desire to serve him. There lies before me a batch of his letters, characteristic in their graceful and grateful thanks, conveying my quarterly stipends, though he never could remember the dates when they were due. I quote from one:

May, 1884. "I am sending a cheque as a present as well as the stipend. I want you to make what use you like of the enclosed. You will be sure to find some way of getting rid of it. If you want a reason for sending it, I will give you a wayward man's, because I like. If you want a reason why I send it now, it is because the Christ Church authorities have made up their accounts, and sent me a certain balance, and in this harvest I like you to share. If you want another reason I can't give it, except the opposite of the reason for not loving Dr. Fell, as the old rhyme stateth."

His residential Canonry at Windsor for three months in every year generally took him there in May or June, the height of the London season. His plan was to come up and preach at evensong in Christ Church unless Queen Victoria sent for him after the St. George's evensong, which not infrequently happened. When he was free to come he could not arrive at the church until well on into evensong, gliding into his place during the General Thanksgiving, which with his appearance took on a new meaning for me. It was therefore necessary always to be ready to occupy the pulpit if he was kept at Windsor. The morning congregation of Christ Church included seven or eight judges, many barristers, journalists, men of affairs, and the church was always thronged by visitors waiting to get a seat if the parishioners and pew-holders were absent. On one occasion, Dr. Phillips Brooks, then Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Boston (afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts), of whose printed sermons Boyd Carpenter was a diligent student, came to preach, and by the rapidity of his utterance, no less than by the close reasoning of his argument, he soon held spellbound the crowded church. His text was, "So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf" (*Exod.* xxxii. 24); he satirised the sin of evasion and self-excuse.* This famous American—a Goliath in body as in mind—came to meet my Vicar and my Father (afterwards Bishop of Exeter) at breakfast in our rooms. The conversation happened to turn on attendance at daily services, and when the Vicar asked Dr. Brooks if they were well attended in Boston, he replied by saying, "My curate is small in stature," casting a humorous glance at Boyd Carpenter; "we found ourselves alone the other day in church, and he said, 'Who shall read the prayers?' and I answered, 'I think you had better, as you will have the larger congregation.'"

He would never willingly wear the gaiters of a Bishop, mainly because he greatly disliked such tight-fitting

* *Sermons preached in English Churches*, p. 43.

garments, but also because they made him more noticeable in the street. Shortly after he was a Bishop, I was with him at St. George's, Windsor, when we met the present Primate who had recently been made Dean of Windsor. I said to the Bishop, "You see how you ought to be dressed." "No," said he. "I think it is a custom best observed in the breeches."

Whatever may be felt about Boyd Carpenter's own preaching, it can never be said that it cost him little. His "Lectures on Preaching" delivered at Cambridge tell something of his plan of preparation. When I knew him, he used to write out scheme after scheme, sometimes "scrapping the lot," and then, greatly daring, he would rearrange, within a few hours of preaching, the whole argument, even after days of previous work. He was very slow to give advice about preaching, and only with difficulty was induced to have a conference with his Ordination candidates on that point. Like Henry Melville and H. P. Liddon, he owed something to his voice, which was musical; and to his mastery of articulation, which was perfect. He once told me that after he had been two or three weeks at work as deacon in the huge parish church at Maidstone, he was going to London after preaching the previous Sunday afternoon, when he had made desperate efforts to be audible. In the train he met a man who said to him, "I didn't hear you, and I never shall until you cease to make an effort. Begin softly, and you will compel us to be quiet and attentive in order to hear."

Boyd Carpenter would sometimes quote the words of Mr. Bucke, his subsequent Vicar at Lee in South London. "Begin slow; speak low; rise higher; catch fire; when most impressed, be self-possessed." Undoubtedly, he had the power of magnetising or fascinating the ear by his eloquence; but nobody could say that he had not also read widely and strenuously, and wrought out a scheme for every sermon he preached. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce is credited with saying, "Some men prepare themselves, some men prepare their

sermons." I am positive that the Vicar did both, and most carefully; but he was free from the ostentation of parading his reading, leaving it to others to discover it if they too were readers, though I used to think that sometimes he forgot the saying, the more you say the less people remember, for his sermons seemed to be overlong. Carlyle says, "The gifted man is he who sees the essential point," and that was strikingly true of many of his sermons. He would ruminate on a subject for months and even for years before he preached on it. The first time he preached at Oxford University, on a Whit Sunday, on Elijah on Mount Carmel, he told me that he had longed to take that subject for years and never dared to do so until he thought he could see what he was meant to say. On another occasion he said, "I try to avoid the tyranny of words, and submit to the domination of ideas." Both in conversation and in preaching he had a happy knack of summing up in a terse phrase the point he had reached by a long approach and by an elaborate argument. Some of those sentences stick in one's memory, as when he once said to the then rich and fashionable congregation at Christ Church, "And so you see many men will take God as the patron of their successes, who will never let Him be the purifier of their spirits."

In one kind of preaching he was not an expert, and he knew it, viz. children's sermons. Once a month, on a Sunday afternoon, when a London vicar, he tried to get over this difficulty by composing and reading parables to the children, some of which were subsequently published under the title of "Truth in Tale." I think I heard them all preached, and although not without charm as imaginary stories, they were far above the heads of the children, attributing to them a subjective experience of life beyond their years, and so failing to hold their attention. Nor was he any use at catechising. In a sense the same criticism may be made of his Confirmation addresses, which, though moving to hear, dealt too largely with general principles, and failed to give definite and

detailed instruction to young Church folk at that impressionable age, on their own spiritual life, on sacramental worship, on Bible reading or on civic and Missionary responsibility. It always seemed to me he was apt too easily to take for granted that his hearers were ready to apply to themselves and their own environment, the principles of action which he had revealed by his masterly eloquence.

Nor do I think he found it easy at any time to give directions in spiritual matters. No doubt this was in part due to his innate dread of assuming too much authority over young and growing minds, especially in spiritual matters. I used, however, not infrequently to hear their side and know that they felt, Why can't the Vicar—or subsequently, the Bishop—tell us exactly what he wants us to do? Yorkshire hearers are severe, even to the point of sarcasm, and I have heard a famous and learned preacher referred to by the exclamation, "What was all his tarradiddle about nowt?" Such a shrewd old critic once said, after hearing Boyd Carpenter, "All stoof to be consoomed on premises," meaning she carried nothing away: but, emphatically, that was not the impression of most of his hearers, as one could tell from the arguments which arose out of his sermons. So capable a witness as Sir Clifford Allbutt, for many years resident in Leeds, now Regius Professor at Cambridge, told me that he felt certain that the Bishop's frequent and fervid insistence on great principles and the cardinal virtues which should illustrate and adorn human life, especially the conduct of those who profess and call themselves Christians, had done unknown and untold good in the teeming cities of the West Riding, where the greatest activity both of mind and body may be said to be money-making. Up to the very end of his twenty-seven years' Episcopate, the churches both of the cities and villages were crowded to the very door whenever their Diocesan preached, Nonconformists on all such occasions being conspicuously present also. His last sermon in the

Diocese in October 1911, immediately before his resignation of the See of Ripon, was preached on a Sunday evening, in Leeds Parish Church. For vigorous earnestness in commending his message, for fertility of illustration, and for lucidity of argument, it struck me as being as remarkable as those I had heard him preach thirty years before. If there was any falling off it was in his tendency to use more words to hit off his meaning than he would have done earlier. Such a flow of words and rapidity of utterance as were natural to him would have been a snare to any man who did not force himself to read and think. Shorthand writers always expected him to use 170 to 200 words a minute. I doubt if he ever fell into the mistake satirised by John Henry Newman, who once blamed those who in the course of their oratory start a hare and pursue it. The Bishop had not been trained by an excellent mathematical master at Liverpool Institute, and later on had not graduated as a Senior Optime at Cambridge University, without acquiring the habit of clearly mapping out his thought. The argument of his sermon, he used to say, he liked to see as clearly as if it was written on a wall or on a blackboard, before he gave it to others. The consequence was, that after hearing his sermons I could always reproduce their scheme, and did so month by month in the Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, Parish Magazine, the fidelity of the reproduction often pleasing him, though probably my hero-worship of him may have a little amused him. So nervous was he before preaching that he greatly disliked, at Leeds Parish Church, the formality of two vergers and eight Churchwardens, each with a wand of office, "processing" up through the long chancel to stand outside the altar rails to precede him to the pulpit. One of the vergers once said to me, "Ay, but the wardens must nip in quick, or they'll never head off the Bishop, and he'll be in the pulpit before they've started."

In July 1917, being in residence, I was able to nominate him as evening preacher at Canterbury Cathedral.

Taking as his subject, "A certain man had two sons," he pointed out that the master-light of the parable was not to show a prodigal son primarily, but to reveal the Father's character as tested in having to meet human failure in the older as well as in the younger son. Again, in August 1918, he motored me over from Riversea at Kingswear to Brixham on a Sunday evening, where he was preaching to fishermen from the words, "Lord, increase our faith," and showed how the obstacles which met us in life were only to be overcome by renewed confidence in God and only by the use of methods which He could bless, Christ's schemes being invariably larger, nobler, and more far-reaching than ours.

Doctrinally, the Bishop's mind marched with the Modernists, to use the designation recently coined for what would have been earlier called Broad Churchmen, and he kept pace with them up to the end. Quite early in his clerical life it must have been evident to Low Churchmen among whom he was born, bred, and trained at Liverpool, and among whom he held his first two curacies, that they, as a school of thought, would fail to hold him; just as some years before they had not been able to hold F. W. Robertson. That distinguished man was curate at Cheltenham to the Bishop's uncle, Dr. Boyd, afterwards Dean of Exeter. The Bishop more than once told me what an effect Mr. Robertson's development and experiences had made on his own mind. The Bishop was too much of a born advocate not to belong to some school of thought, nor was he equally able to understand them all. To the end of his life he had congenital sympathy with the Evangelicals, but with High Churchmen it was not so, though individually he respected and loved men like John Eddowes of Bradford, John Sharp of Horbury, or John Wild of Leeds.

His Irish temperament made it difficult for him to say No, when a direct and immediate negative would have been really the kindest thing to some eager applicants for a sermon or a lecture. His frequent phrase was, "It

would be very nice to come," or " I should like to very much," which was not unnaturally interpreted by them into a promise that he would come, and it then fell to his chaplain to camouflage the fact that his engagement book was already thickly studded with duties undertaken on that very day. The question was sometimes asked, Would Boyd Carpenter have been of more use to the Church, with his eloquent tongue and busy pen, without a huge diocese to administer? Or, to put it from a diocesan point of view, " Did the See gain or lose from having a Bishop everywhere in demand? " It is not easy to answer these questions, but it is quite certain that while he was very capable of taking shrewd views about business, and not in the least a visionary or a dreamer, yet no one could preach and lecture as he did with unfailing freshness and versatility without reading constantly and widely, and both reading and writing books take up a great deal of time. Boyd Carpenter's untiring keenness is what strikes me as much as anything in looking back upon his character. He had quite his full share of trials, yet I should doubt if he ever in his life made them worse by brooding over them. He would force himself to turn to some other subject rather than to be hypnotised by a trial or even a sorrow. His habit was to keep himself always interested and abreast of the busy life and interesting people among whom he had so wide an acquaintance. Pictures, the drama, coins, stamps, as well as the last novel—all of them interested him. One result was that he was a fascinating companion on a railway journey. Also I know few things more delightful than either to hear him read aloud something which had touched him, like " The simple tribute " which records an incident in Abraham Lincoln's life; or to make him tell you the plot of some novel. This buoyancy and keenness were probably in part temperamental, but he no less carefully cultivated them from the laudable motive to glorify God and to do good. He seldom failed to say to his Confirmation candidates,

" If you have any gift, it is a reason for redoubling your efforts toward your self-improvement not for reducing them." He would say to them also, " God has granted you light. Let some bright beams fall on the darkness of the world around you before you die."

Nothing became him better than the noble dignity of his departure from the fever and the fret of life, and from this world of passion and of mystery. All the last actions of his life, right up to the very end, made it plain that the love of God, about which he had so often discoursed, was the main assurance upon which he built all his hope for time and for eternity.

APPENDIX III

MEMORIES OF BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER

By Another of his Chaplains

Under modern conditions there is much detail in the life of a Bishop. A diocese produces abundantly small issues which only the Bishop can settle. It cannot be said that these were congenial to him; he did not find, as some men do, joy in the minor points of administration. Still, they were there, demanding attention, and they received it. He was quick to realise a situation, and to suggest a way out when one was wanted. His dealing with parochial issues was kindly and considerate; if he felt impatience he suppressed it, and he was never cynical. Deputations would arrive to present their views on any given matter, and always went away feeling that their point of view had been fully understood, yet possibly feeling also that the issue was perhaps not so overwhelmingly important as they had believed.

He had a very real sympathy with the clergy in trouble and difficulty, though he was not infrequently impatient of what may be called the clerical standpoint. I have heard him say that it was a Bishop's function to be a layman to the parson and a parson to the layman. For several years, while I was Resident Chaplain, I did a good deal of correspondence for him, and recall his alertness, his quick judgment, his readiness in suggesting solutions for difficulties, and not less his sense of the risk that in the excessive organisation of modern life,

we may lose sight of the big issues in the mass of its detail.

He was determined, whether consciously or not, that the small things of life and of duty should not prevent the great things being kept steadily in view.

He was akin to the poets, rather than to the philosophers. Such studies as are to be found in his *Son of Man among the Sons of Men* give a more real insight into his mind than *The Permanent Elements of Religion*. I do not think the ultimate questions or ultimate uncertainties, worried or troubled him, though he would discuss them with interest. The earlier Evangelical associations of his life, from which he had moved in some respects far enough, left him as their best influence a certain simple serenity of conviction, and the bases of his belief were of the spirit rather than of the mind. I do not think he felt, as others have done, the pressure and burden of the issues which days of change arouse, and he consciously held that the old faith could live with the new. One of the best things he wrote was the *Introduction to the Holy Scriptures* in the Temple Bible series. Any reader of this will feel that while the difficulties are faced there is no real loss of faith. It was this kind of outlook that made him of such true help to dwellers on the borderlands of belief.

He was a good talker, and could be an interested listener. He had to an unusual degree the power of entering into his subject, and consequently could arrest attention even when speaking on matters of little intrinsic attraction. Stories seemed amusing when he told them which on other lips would hardly have provoked a smile. He had no dry humour of the Scotch type, but a fund of natural gaiety, which would ever show itself when the surroundings were congenial, and which went far to keep him so young in spirit as to the end he remained. He had a great memory for good stories, and a quick eye for the incongruous elements in a situation. But I never heard him tell an unkind tale, and caustic or

sardonic jests were little to his mind. He would sometimes discuss subjects, serious or otherwise, with detachment, as open questions, but at bottom he had the human quality of liking to get the best of the argument, just as he always liked to win at a game of cards, or, in earlier days, of tennis. He wrote a wedding hymn, "Thou who hast made Home-love to be An angel-help to us and ours," for the wedding of the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. Sir Walter Parratt composed the music. It is always a matter of surprise to me that this hymn has not had more vogue and recognition. For whatever my judgment may be worth, it is quite the best wedding hymn I know. Words and music alike would amply justify the little extra practice it would demand from an average choir.

He had great belief in the possibility of co-operation between the Evangelical and Liberal schools in the Church of England. Possibly he underrated the difficulties, though I once heard him assent to the remark that it was less difficult to spiritualise a Liberal than to liberalise an Evangelical. From Liberal Catholicism he hoped little, and I cannot recollect ever hearing him discuss the writings either of George Tyrrell or of Von Hügel. But in the main he tended to minimise ecclesiastical distinctions, and I can recall many meetings of Rural Deans or of Diocesan Committees at Ripon at which, under his presidency, a spirit of singular and beautiful harmony in common work would prevail among men of very divergent schools of thought. He had great respect and admiration for many High Churchmen, though this was usually on personal grounds. It was the men and their work and devotion that appealed to him, and his regard for them was quite characteristic, as perhaps was also his real inability to understand their doctrinal point of view.

The last conversation I had with him was shortly before his death. He spoke much of what was then "The College," and is now "Ripon Hall." He had

spent much time over this, and believed that real service might be rendered to the Church of England by training men for the ministry on the broad lines of intelligence and devotion. "It is the large idea we want"—those were his actual words. This project, already in part realised and since brought in his memory to a fuller maturity, was the item in his long and varied public life which was most in his thoughts as the end drew near.

R. B. T.

APPENDIX IV

A Sermon preached in Ripon Minster

On January 22, 1922, by the Venerable R. H. CHARLES, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, at the dedication of the window * erected in Ripon Minster in memory of Bishop Boyd Carpenter.

"I have fought the good fight."—2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

WHEN Bishop Boyd Carpenter resigned the See of Ripon after an Episcopate of twenty-seven years he wrote in the first volume of his autobiography, " I can therefore

* BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER MEMORIAL WINDOW

This Window is placed in the North Aisle of the Nave, near the Pulpit, and the main subject (which occupies both lights) is the scene of St. Paul preaching at Athens. He is standing on a terrace, in front of a portico, above the heads of his audience to whom he stretches down his hand.

The audience is a group of old and young men, philosophers and soldiers, more or less in the costumes of the time, or as the Renaissance conceived it, while the scene is made unmistakable by the view of the Acropolis and the Parthenon seen through the pillars of the portico; and the whole is brought into connection with the masonry of the window by a frame of tabernacle-work of English design.

The glass in the tracery tells the story of the Bishop's life by heraldic shields. The first on the left bears his personal arms; the second those of his College, St. Catherine's, Cambridge; continuing below with St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, the two Dioceses of London and Ripon, and the shield of Westminster Abbey.

At the foot of the window is a portrait of the Bishop himself, who kneels at a desk and is vested in a cope. His hands are folded and his crook is held within his left arm, and his shield, impaled by the shield of the Diocese, is at the end of the desk under the mitre which stands on it, and opposite on the right is a tablet bearing the dedicatory inscription. The window has been designed and executed by Mr. J. N. Comper, Architect, West Norwood, London.

claim, in one sense, to be a man who has a right to say *vixi.*" *

Now this word means, as you are aware, "I have lived"; in other words, "My active life is over." So wrote the Bishop, but I am convinced that no one who knew him during the seven remaining years of his life would agree with this his own forecast of his closing years. For those years were surcharged with spiritual and intellectual effort. Indeed, this statement of the Bishop recalled to my mind by way of contrast the following passage in Seneca, the ancient Roman moralist: "Life is long," Seneca writes, "if it is full. . . . Of what avail are eighty years to a man if these are spent in indolence? Such a man has not lived (*vixit*) but has been a loiterer in life: he has not died ripe in years but has long been dead."† Now of no period of the Bishop's life can it be said that he was a loiterer among the world's workers, and certainly not of the years when he was Sub-Dean and Canon of Westminster Abbey. It was during this period that I had the great privilege of his friendship; and it is from my knowledge of him during those closing years that I shall say to-day what I have to say.

With his earlier manifold activities in this Northern Diocese as well as elsewhere I cannot deal. With them you are better acquainted than I am, and they will in due time be chronicled in his life. His appeal went home, as you are aware, to all classes of society from the Sovereign on his throne to the humblest labourer, and whether he addressed the élite of the learned world or crowded gather-

The following is the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.
BORN 1841,
DIED 1918.
BISHOP OF RIPON 1884–1911.

A man greatly beloved alike by Princes and by people; a Preacher of righteousness; a Seeker after truth; a Friend of all men; a Servant of God.

* *Some Pages of My Life*, p. 327.
† Seneca, *Epp.* 93.

ings of working men in Leeds or other capitals of labour, he won gentle and simple alike by his natural eloquence, by his clear and logical thought, by his indescribable charm, by his profound earnestness, by his ever-ready compassion for unheeded sorrows, and his burning indignation over shameful and unrighted wrongs. Combining truth of mind and disinterested affection, he sought the spiritual good of others, not their love or praise. Accordingly they speedily discovered that he desired to help them for their own sakes, not to engage their interest to his own advantage. He never paltered with principle nor accommodated himself to the easy-going Laodicean spirit of the age. How seriously he felt his responsibilities one short anecdote will sufficiently set forth. We were one day discussing the difficulties of preaching. "Ah!" exclaimed this master of pulpit oratory, "sermons are prepared with apprehensions, delivered with misgivings, and followed with regrets."

All who knew the Bishop knew well how infirm his health had always been. And yet notwithstanding this infirmity his activity was stupendous. Nay; more; this very infirmity became a lifelong discipline: it enriched his character with a deeper sensitiveness and a wider range and power, and so enabled him to render greater service. This, of course, is no novelty in human experience. Seldom in this life is the best service rendered by men endowed with the best bodily health. The very capacity for the unhampered enjoyment of physical and even of intellectual energy often ensnares its possessor in things temporal and material, and gradually robs him of his capacities for things eternal and spiritual. Nay, more; when physical and intellectual energies are directed only to their own indulgence, they generally end, if they persist sufficiently long, in discontent, in cynicism and their own eclipse. Hence if we would seek those whose convictions of God's goodness are faintest and most easily shaken, whose contributions to the real well-being of the world are negligible or non-existent, we must go

to those who enjoy the good things of this life and enjoy them to the full, and claim such enjoyment as their own by natural and prescriptive right, and who regard any visitation of trouble, ill health or poverty as an unwarrantable invasion by Providence of their just prerogatives.

On the other hand, the habitual sufferers are those who least frequently doubt God's goodness and above all His goodness to themselves. They advance no prescriptive title to happiness or exemption from the trials incident to our humanity: their blessings are new every morning, and, under the disciplining hand of God, their courage and faith, their hope and love, reach ever-profounder expression.

Now to this latter class the Bishop belonged. His spirit was full of faith and hope and love. From those, therefore, who needed encouragement in the struggle of life, such encouragement he never withheld. He knew well the weight under which the awakened soul labours, and was assured that this burden needed no increment from the severity and harshness of its spiritual guides.

He was essentially a courageous man, and his courage gathered strength and resolution as the dangers grew more threatening. In fact, he recognised that the claims of duty became more imperative in proportion as the hardships and privations it entailed became more severe.

As a disciple of Christ he was perforce aggressive. He espoused many a weak and apparently lost cause, but he did not urge his convictions with bitterness, nor transgress the rightful limits of courtesy; he avoided personalities, and while he maintained strongly his own views he welcomed the freest expression of other opinions, however hostile to his own. He could not sully with an envious word the just claims of an opponent, nor withhold, when the occasion called for it, his ready testimony to his worth. But naturally there were limits. Absolutely unaffected himself, he could not tolerate affectation or cant or hypocrisy in others.

Two other characteristics should not be forgotten here. The first was his inextinguishable sense of humour. It was never lacking. This saving sense of humour, as it has been rightly designated, which not only lightens the burden of the outward world but also rescues a man from the peril of taking himself too seriously, even when he marches in the van of thought or action, lent an increased vitality to that other characteristic, so familiar to all who knew him, namely, his youthfulness of spirit—a youthfulness of spirit which, fed by the life of God within him, grew younger with the growing years, and was ever on the alert for fresh light and fresh adventure in things human and divine.

With such qualities the Bishop was naturally an optimist. To this optimism his own words bear testimony. "The victory of good," he writes, "is as sure as that God is in His heaven. Is it," he asks, "the best possible world in which we live? It is," he replies, "the best possible world, if we once allow the postulate that there is no victory without struggle, no safety without danger, no character without a hardy exercise of the will, no love without sacrifice. Do we complain of the sorrows of life, classing them with the insoluble problems of existence? We owe much of life's purest and happiest experiences to these sorrows." *

To the Bishop we might justly apply the words of Browning:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break:
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Naturally, for the victory of good he did not look to materialism. He writes: "As our knowledge of the physical world has grown, the philosophy which was known as materialism has declined." The best scientists

* *Some Pages of My Life*, p. 331.

have been obliged to disown it as an explanation of life. On the other hand; materialism is dangerous practically: for "as our power over the material world has increased, greater comfort has been possible; the standard of living, as it is called, has risen. Material comforts are more numerous. The demand for them is more imperative. The expectancy of enjoying them is more urgent." Hence he contends that "materialism in life is becoming a snare" . . . for that "the life is more than meat; the body is more than raiment. Man does not live by bread alone."

Only a spiritual explanation of life is, he held, possible. Indeed, his faith in immortality had something of the clearness of vision. Thought, goodness, love do not die. If they or rather the personalities in which they have won a living expression did die, then a light infinitely more precious than that of all the suns would be quenched for evermore.

But not only in the secular life is materialism a danger. It has in every age invaded and demoralised the religious life. Through materialistic conceptions of religion prayer has become "a magic formula producing effect without reference to the moral disposition of the man who prayed." * To the sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion "magical powers" have been ascribed. Hence they have been degraded to the level of "fetishes,"† and the Holy Communion is conceived as operating beneficially on the communicant independently of his spiritual desires and character. "The Christian ministry is degraded to the level of a heathen priestcraft." Similarly the Bible is treated as a "fetish" ‡ when a portion of it is read each day mechanically in the belief that the spiritual duties of the day are thereby fulfilled. "Apathetic and mindless attendance (or conversely, a

* See *Permanent Elements of Religion* (Bampton Lectures), pp. 188 *sqq*, 270, for this and the next few paragraphs. Quotations are, of course, in inverted commas. Here and there I have supplied the natural links and developed his thought in its logical direction.

† See *op. cit.*, 190, p. 277. ‡ *Op. cit.*, 190.

purely emotional attendance) at certain ceremonial acts is permitted to stand as a substitute for a conviction of spirit and reformation of morals," . . . "and the easy utterance of a few stereotyped phrases is allowed to pass instead of the noble argument of a regenerated life." * The ends of religion are forgotten "in the eagerness to preserve some unimportant details of an imaginary orthodoxy." The growing ceremonialism of our services, with its revived mediæval usages and superstitions, tends to degrade our worship into a mere play of the emotions, which, so far from quickening the conscience and proving a tonic to the spirit, acts only as an anodyne and a drug, and ends wholly in its own indulgence. Thus convention, ceremonialism, and orthodoxy too often stifle and destroy the very life of religion.

Orthodoxy or right thinking is indeed of importance to men and in its right place an invaluable help to the Christian life. Yet a man may accept intellectually an infallible creed, if there was such a thing on earth, and be no better than the devils, who (St. James declares) likewise believe, but make no spiritual advance: they only believe and tremble.

There is no one so dangerous to the Christian faith as the fanatic and dogmatist. Such persons compass sea and land to make one proselyte to their own intellectual creed, and having won such assent they are assured that they have done God's service, though in so doing they may have made their convert twofold more a son of Gehenna than themselves. Furthermore, should their efforts be crowned with much outward success, these propagandists speedily resort to persecution, and the history of the Church testifies alike to the cruelty and lack of scruple with which they pursue their so-called religious aims. "Heedless of the need of intellectual honesty or of the ethical significance of the Creed (the dogmatist) saw no alternative between the declaration of assent to a theological proposition and the eternal

* *Op. cit.*, 191.

damnation of a human soul. He made it possible for men to say, and to say it with a measure of truth, that orthodoxy was the sin against the Holy Ghost."

But the office of the Church is not to proscribe thought nor to dwarf the intelligence of its members. It is essential to its own completeness and catholicity to be as comprehensive as possible, and to make the amplest provision for the very diverse growths, spiritual and intellectual, of its individual children. It must not forget that its own wisdom is but the collective expression of the individuals that belong to it, and that in silencing the voice of some humble and thoughtful man it may be doing despite to the very Spirit of God, whose word it professes to honour and observe.

We have joined this day in consecrating a window—the loving work of the artist—in this ancient Cathedral to the memory of the Bishop. It is a fitting and noble tribute to his memory from this Northern Diocese. But the most typical and the most lasting and effective memorial, independently of the lives which owe their spiritual transformation to his teaching, is, I should say, the Theological College which he founded in this City and which has since been transferred to Oxford, where it is known as Ripon Hall.

It is beyond measure remarkable how much this College has already achieved in the world of religious thought. It *was* no accident that the truth-seeking and comprehensive spirit of the Bishop found expression in a College of the character of Ripon Hall, and we may further take it that it *is* no accident that the destinies of this College are being shaped by a Principal, who combines such great spiritual and intellectual gifts with independence of judgment, with a splendid courage, and a character of heroic mould.

I do not think that I am guilty of exaggeration in saying that the present Liberal Church Party, of which Ripon Hall is a vigorous representative, has drawn to itself the great majority of the most brilliant scholars

in the Anglican Church as well as many of the most devout minds in England, alike lay and clerical. It has already won a spiritual and intellectual influence, from which no living Church in Christendom is this day exempt, as the recent Girton Conference amply testifies.

Knowing thus the worldwide influence of the Girton Conference, and knowing also that Ripon Hall engaged the most serious thoughts and efforts of the Bishop during his closing years, I would invite your attention for a few minutes to the Bishop's teaching on the relation of Christ to our humanity as it is set forth in his Donnellan Lectures * and in a course of Lenten lectures delivered in the Abbey. "Religion," he teaches, "asks the whole man . . . a loving, feeling, willing entity . . . a personality." If God is to be known at all, He is to be known by that which is highest in us, and that is our personality. Now, "every religion seeks to satisfy man's sense of *dependence* by the setting forth of some god upon whose power or partiality or love man may rely. But the demand of the religious consciousness goes further; for most religions recognise that man wishes to enter into . . . *fellowship* with the Deity." This is a great advance, and "this is the moment when, in all ethical religions, the sense of discord between the soul and its own ideals begins to make itself felt." For fellowship implies likeness: hence even the beginnings of fellowship with the Divine produce internal discord and strife in the heart of man. "But when this discord and the happy sense of fellowship with the Unseen is reached" the soul recognises still higher tasks awaiting it. If it would maintain this fellowship it must essay these tasks, it must go onward and upward, it must be *progressive*. The third demand, therefore, of the religious consciousness is *progress*. These three stages of religious experience —dependence, fellowship, progress—are associated with our relations to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

In this process the religious consciousness becomes a

* *Witness of Religious Experience*, pp. 26 *sq.*, 52 *sqq.*

faculty of spiritual verification. The action of this faculty the Bishop studies in Christ's experience and in that of St. Paul, and proceeds to ask if these are distinguishable, and, if so, how they are to be distinguished. Now the spiritual experience of Christ is that of the Son who has never lost the sense of communion with His Father, who has always been conscious of the nearness and certainty of His presence, and has never exiled himself from that presence through any act of unfaithfulness. The experience of St. Paul, on the other hand, is that of the son who, having left God's presence and gone into the far country, has had to return thence, broken in spirit and contrite in heart. Herein lies the difference between the religious experience of the two. But this difference in the religious experience of Christ from that of all other men is evidence of the uniqueness of Christ's character. He is the one instance of the unique Sonship of God realised in history. "He is outside the religion of those storm centres which sin, self-reproach, remorse, and rooted selfishness occasion in others. . . . He is a pattern after which all may strive, but he is not a type whose counterpart can be found in any human being." *

Now this living Christ gives us the norm of human character and action. He is the ideal of humanity, but He is more: the facts of His life indicate the great spiritual law of life. His life must be realised and repeated in the life of His disciples. "Christ must not only be real in history: He must be real in (human) experience." † To the man that has been attracted by the Historic Christ there is no true and abiding peace till he has realised Christ inwardly. The outward Christ is a concrete fact, but a barren one till He becomes a living power in

* *Witness of Religious Experience*, pp. 99 *sq.*

† On p. 107 the Bishop draws attention to the fact that there has been a tendency to externalise these spiritual truths, and to teach that man attains unto salvation mainly by believing in certain historic facts or theological propositions rather than by realising these spiritual facts in his own life and conduct. This is, of course, by perversion of the Christian faith.

the heart. Christ's life, Christ's death, Christ's resurrection are merely outward facts, barren and ineffectual, till they are realised in the individual soul and the Historic Christ becomes the Indwelling Christ. St. Paul, emphasising this distinction, writes thus of the Historic Christ: "Though I knew Christ after the flesh, henceforth I know Him no more." On the other hand, as regards the Indwelling Christ he declares; "I live; yet no longer I but Christ liveth in me." Thus St. Paul claims, and the claim is reiterated in the religious experience of countless multitudes; that "He who was seen in the flesh long ago is a living Christ," * the same Christ that is alive in and quickening the souls of men to-day. The converging lines have thus come together: the one from the realm of historic fact, the other from that of man's religious experience: the Historic Christ has at last become the Indwelling Christ—the outward Christ has become the Christ in us—the assured ground of our highest hopes and of their sure and final consummation.

I must now draw to a close, but, before I do so, I should add that all that was best in the Bishop remained unaffected to the end: his religious faith and aspirations, his indomitable courage and patience, his kindness and never-failing courtesy, and in no less degree his literary interests, and his imaginative powers. Yet the past years of unsparing toil had brought with them their inevitable disabilities. Notwithstanding, the heavier the burden of the years the greater became the triumph of the spirit, and so he went on contentedly as of old with his reading and preaching, taking little account of the infirmities of the body through his increasing preoccupation with the things of the mind and spirit, and filled with the larger hope, that included all and excluded none that sought, in however diverse ways, to find God and to live unto Him.

The last hymn, which his children and friends sang

* *Witness of Religious Experience*, p. 102.

round the grave in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, expresses admirably alike his deepest convictions and his highest hopes:

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give and to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

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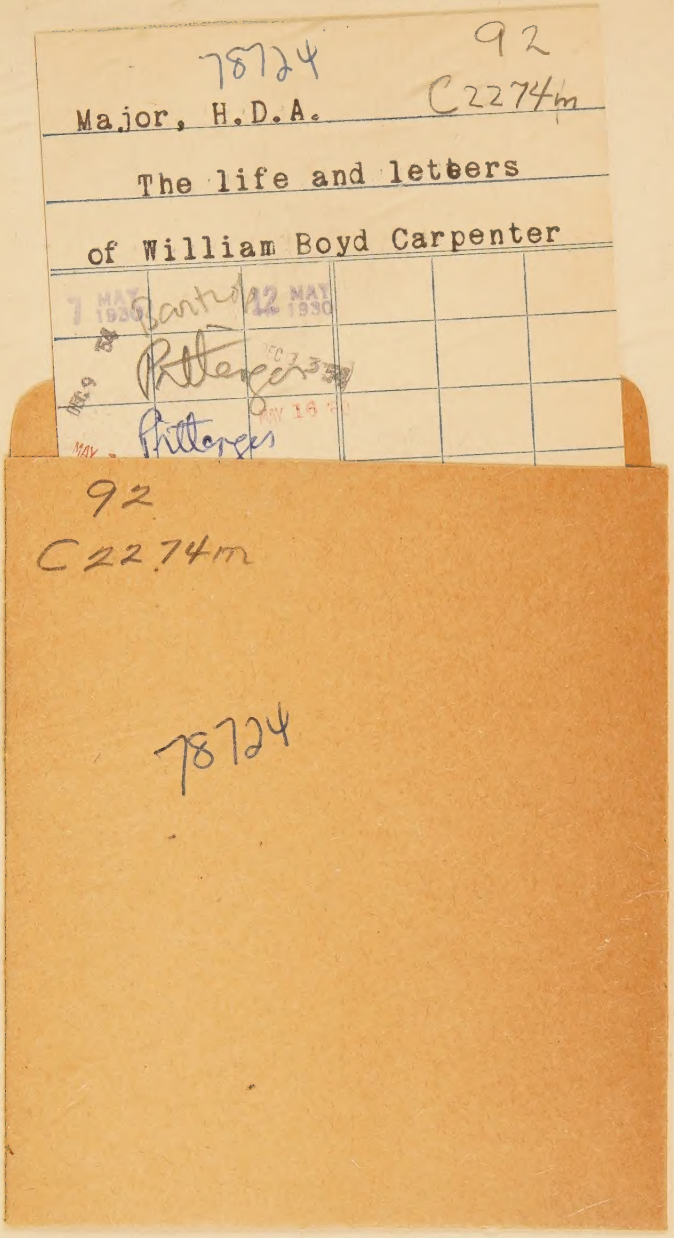
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